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Preface

IN response to requests for a book on American buildings on the plan of my *Turrets, Towers, and Temples, Romantic Castles and Palaces, Historic Buildings*, etc., I have endeavoured to gather here a number of houses, churches, forts and civic buildings that are doubly famous for their architectural interest and their association with historical events and distinguished personages. I have also included two monuments,—the Washington and the Statue of Liberty.

Of houses associated with Washington, I have selected Mount Vernon, Fraunces Tavern, the Hasbrook House at Newburg and the Morris-Jumel house, and to these the White House might be added, since he interested himself in the plans for it and even made a personal visit of inspection in 1792.

I have included a few simple houses that are types of the homes of the past and have become pilgrimage places to those who delight in reconstructing the social life of other days. Among these, the Whipple House is one of the best specimens of New England domestic architecture of the Seventeenth Century extant, and, having been judiciously restored, is now a museum of antiquities. Other New England types are represented by the Old Manse at Concord and the Clarke-Hancock house at Lexington.

The ruins of the Jamestown Tower carry us back to the first English settlement of the country, and the Cradock House in Medford, built in 1634 (the oldest house in New England), shows us what a house had to be in the early days of the colonists,—a fort as well as a dwelling, and a place of refuge in times of Indian attack. Another house that was also protected against Indian raids is the less-known Carlyle House in Alexandria, which was built about the middle of the Eighteenth Century.

Other forts are shown in St. Augustine, Sumter and Castle Garden. The latter also furnishes memories of musical and theatrical celebrities, gala performances, brilliant entertainments to distinguished guests, great mass meetings, and shows of the Crystal Palace order.

The Churches of Guadalupe in Mexico and St. Anne de Beaupré in Canada are shrines that attract thousands of devout visitors and rival in picturesqueness some of the pilgrimage-places in the Old World.

Two peculiarly individual buildings are also included: the curious bee-hive Tabernacle of Salt Lake City and the Palace of Chapultepec, built in 1785. As this was originally Montezuma's country-seat, it carries us back as far as any other scene in the book. The Cathedral of Mexico is also built on Aztec ruins. It is interesting to compare this edifice with the Cathedral of Havana, in both of which the Spanish influence is easily appreciated.

Two of the most admired productions of American architecture will be recognized in the City Hall of New York and St. Michael's, Charleston, which would almost

pass for a Wren church were it transplanted to the Strand. Fortunately it survived the Charleston earthquake. The Mission Dolores has been damaged by the San Francisco earthquake as this book goes to press.

To our list of fine architecture should be added Christ Church in Alexandria, Independence Hall, and the old Boston State House.

It is sometimes said there are no prevailing styles of American architecture; but even with the few examples gathered here, we are able to note a general taste. The style favoured by the Dutch William and Mary of England (who shared her husband's tastes), is revealed in many buildings from Boston to Charleston; and the Classic style of the Eighteenth Century, with its colonnades, porticos, domes and cupolas, is found everywhere and is constantly imitated, to-day.

E. S.

NEW YORK, *April 23, 1906.*

Contents

The Capitol, Washington 1
Joseph B. Varnum.

Within the Capitol 8
Charles Dickens.

Arlington, Virginia 14
Iza Duffus Hardy.

Carpenters' Hall 18
Benson J. Lossing.

The Cradock House, Medford 27
Samuel Adams Drake.

Fraunces Tavern 34
William J. Davis.

William and Mary College 43
John Fiske.

The Mission Dolores, San Francisco 53
Lady Hardy.

King's Chapel, Boston 58
F. W. P. Greenwood.

Some Buildings in Havana 68
Richard Davey.

St. Michael's Church, Charleston 78
William Gilmore Simms.

The Carlyle House, Alexandria 84

Independence Hall, Philadelphia 92
D. W. Belisle.

The Castle of Chapultepec 105
Thomas Unett Brocklehurst.

Parliament Buildings, Ottawa 110
Lady Hardy.

Mount Vernon 115
Arthur Shadwell Martin.

The Old Manse, Concord 123
Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Jamestown Tower 132
Charles Frederick Stansbury.

Nassau Hall, Princeton 142

Castle Garden, New York 144
Esther Singleton.

Monticello 151
Edward C. Mead.

The William Penn House, Philadelphia . . . 164
John F. Watson.

The Cathedral, Mexico 173
Thomas Unett Brocklehurst.

The Whipple House, Ipswich 178
W. H. Downes.

Fort Marion, St. Augustine 185
Iza Duffus Hardy.

St. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec 192
Anna T. Sadlier.

The Wadsworth-Longfellow House, Portland . . 199
Nathan Goold.

Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh . . . 205
Gulian C. Verplanck.

The Tabernacle, Salt Lake City 215
Lady Hardy.

The National Washington Monument . . . 220
Joseph B. Varnum.

The Clarke-Hancock House, Lexington . . . 225

Castle St. Louis, Quebec 236
J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.

Sunnyside, Tarrytown 249
Benson J. Lossing.

The Old Witch House, Salem 255
Esther Singleton.

Shrine of Guadalupe 263
Thomas Unett Brocklehurst.

Christ Church, Alexandria 268
Bishop Meade.

A Glimpse at the Houses of New Orleans . . . 272
Lady Hardy.

The Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal 277
Major A. C. Yate.

The City Hall, New York 286
Arthur Shadwell Martin.

The White House 293

The White House of the Confederacy, Richmond . 300

The Old State House, Boston 305
Edward G. Porter.

The Morris-Jumel House, New York 309

Fort Sumter 313
Iza Duffus Hardy.

Old Stone Tower, Newport 320
Benson J. Lossing.

St. Paul's Chapel, New York 325
Charles Hemstreet.

Faneuil Hall, Boston 332
Edward. G. Porter.

Liberty Enlightening the World, New York . . 338
Esther Singleton.

Illustrations

The Capitol, Washington	*Frontispiece*	
The Capitol (Rotunda)	*Facing page*	8
Arlington, Virginia	" "	14
Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia	" "	18
The Cradock House, Medford	" "	28
Fraunces Tavern, New York	" "	34
William and Mary College, Williamsburg	" "	44
The Mission Dolores, California	" "	54
King's Chapel, Boston	" "	58
Cathedral, Havana	" "	68
St. Michael's Church, Charleston	" "	78
The Carlyle House, Alexandria	" "	84
Independence Hall, Philadelphia	" "	92
The Castle of Chapultepec, Mexico	" "	106
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa	" "	110
Mount Vernon, Virginia	" "	116
The Old Manse, Concord	" "	124
The Jamestown Tower, Virginia	" "	132
Nassau Hall, Princeton	" "	142
Castle Garden, New York	" "	144
Monticello, Virginia	" "	152
The William Penn House, Philadelphia	" "	164
The Cathedral, Mexico	" "	174
The Whipple House, Ipswich	" "	178
Fort Marion, St. Augustine	" "	186
Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec	" "	192

The Wadsworth-Longfellow House, Portland . " " 200
Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh . . " " 206
The Tabernacle, Salt Lake City . . . " " 216
The National Washington Monument, Washington . . . . . " " 220
The Clarke-Hancock House, Lexington . " " 226
Castle St. Louis, Quebec . . . . " " 236
Sunnyside, Tarrytown . . . . " " 250
The Old Witch House, Salem . . . " " 256
Shrine of Guadalupe, Mexico . . . " " 264
Christ Church, Alexandria . . . . " " 268
Old Houses in St. Charles's Avenue, New Orleans . . . . . " " 272
The Chateau de Ramezay . . . . " " 278
The City Hall, New York . . . . " " 286
The White House, Washington . . . " " 294
The White House of the Confederacy, Richmond " " 300
The Old State House, Boston . . . " " 306
The Morris-Jumel House, New York . . " " 310
Fort Sumter, South Carolina . . . " " 314
Old Stone Tower, Newport . . . " " 320
St. Paul's Chapel, New York . . . " " 326
Faneuil Hall, Boston . . . . . " " 331
Liberty Enlightening the World, New York . " " 338

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

JOSEPH B. VARNUM

ON the 18th of September, 1793, the southeast corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by Washington, and a minute account of the ceremonial appears in the *Maryland Gazette*, published at Annapolis, September 26, 1793. It is mostly devoted to the Masonic ceremonial so usual at that day, in which "Lodge 22 of Virginia, that congregation so graceful to the craft," figures largely with "Grand Master P. J. Geo. Washington, Worshipful Master" of said Lodge. We are also told that there appeared "on the southern banks of the grand river Potomac, one of the finest companies of artillery that hath been lately seen, parading to receive the President of the U. S." The Commissioners delivered to the President, who deposited in the stone, a silver plate with the following inscription:

"This southeast corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America in the City of Washington was laid on the 18th day of September, 1792, in the thirteenth year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been so conspicuous and beneficial, as his military valour and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of Masonry, 5793, by the President of the United

States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge, No. 22, from Alexandria, Virginia.

"Thomas Johnson, David Stewart, and Daniel Carroll, Commissioners; Joseph Clark, R. W. G. M. P. T., James Hoban and Stephen Hallate, Architects; Colin Williamson, M. Mason."

A Mr. Clotworthy Stevenson made an address, and the account concludes as follows:

"The whole company retired to an extensive booth where an ox of 500 lbs. weight was barbecued, of which the company generally partook, with every abundance of other recreation. The festival concluded with fifteen successive volleys from the artillery, whose military discipline and manœuvres merit every commendation.

"Before dark the whole company departed with joyful hopes of the production of their labour."

The first object which attracts the traveller's attention as he enters Washington by rail is the Capitol.

It is not unusual on the Continent to see a noble cathedral surrounded by miserable tumble-down structures, many of which are so ancient as to indicate that the shrine never had an appropriate setting; and this circumstance makes the surroundings of the Capitol a matter of less remark to a foreigner than to an American whose first impressions are that the edifice never will have any buildings around in keeping with its own grandeur.

As you approach the city from the Potomac, the public buildings all appear to great advantage, being on high ground

and rising far above the private buildings which do not shock by contrast. It is to be regretted that circumstances have led to the erection of a large proportion of the private buildings at the west and the abandonment, to a great extent, of Capitol Hill, which, at the first occupation, was regarded as the most desirable.

Mr. Trollope and others have descanted upon the mistake made in placing the principal front of the Capitol towards the east. But when the building was commenced there was reason for supposing that at least an equal part of the city buildings would be on that side. Besides, such porticos seem to require a level plane or plaza in front, rather than a descent like that on the west. The advantage of this is very apparent, since the porticos are naturally selected for all the great ceremonies, inaugurations and public gatherings. There is abundance of standing room here for any crowd, however great.

The dome is most appropriately surmounted by Crawford's bronze statue of Liberty (itself 16½ feet in height) is 287 feet 5 inches above the basement of the Capitol, or about 142 feet higher than the old dome. St. Peter's at Rome to the top of the lantern is 145 feet higher. St. Paul's in London, 73 feet higher.

The Capitol Hill is about 90 feet above ordinary low tide.

The Capitol is 751 feet 4 inches long, which is 31 feet longer than St. Peter's and 175 feet longer than St. Paul's.

As compared with European edifices, there are few, if any, that have as imposing a front as the three eastern

porticos present. Of course no comparison can be made with Gothic structures like the Parliament Houses in London. St. Peter's Church, at first glance, almost always disappoints the visitor in its exterior; and it is only from a distance, where you see nothing of the front, that the majestic proportions of the dome are realized. There is an abruptness in the manner in which that front rises, with no relief except in a small piazza, which seems as out of place as the one on the western front of the Capitol. At the Capitol, the spectator, at a distance of one or two hundred feet, has the whole structure in all its outlines before him.

Most persons who visit the Capitol for the first time, have their attention so much absorbed in the extension, that they overlook the objects of interest in the central edifice. Yet there is no room in the new buildings comparable in beauty to the old Representatives' Hall. The new halls for the Senate and House may present acoustic advantages, and certainly accommodate the public much better, but no room without columns can present as imposing an effect as one with them. And such columns! There is nothing like them elsewhere. That *brecchia*, or pudding-stone, is too costly to work, ever to be brought into general use. They cost over eight thousand dollars apiece, and there are twenty-four of them. And there is no more beautiful piece of sculpture in the building than the clock in this hall, representing History on a winged car, the wheel of which forms the dial.

The old Hall, too, is memorable as the scene where all the great men for the first half century of the Republic

figured. Here Clay presided, Webster made his *début*, Adams died! And how full of associations with historical names is every part of the cosy old Senate Chamber, now appropriately occupied by the Supreme Court! Not one person in a hundred notices the *tobacco-leaf* capitals of the circular colonnade between this room and the Rotunda; and still fewer ever think of going down the neighbouring staircase to look at the *corn-stalk* columns which ornament the entrance to the room formerly occupied by the Supreme Court.

Every visitor to the new wings of the Capitol must have remarked upon the fact that, with the exception of the staircases, the most costly decorations have been lavished upon rooms which are only accessible to the public at limited times, or by sufferance of those having them in charge. One naturally expects to see the results of artistic skill to the greatest extent in the Halls of the Senate and House, as is the case in the centre building. It seems well enough that marble and frescoes should be used in such rooms as those appropriated to the President and Vice-President and the Senators' retiring-room, the last of which, all of marble, is the gem of the building. But why so many thousands should have been expended on committee rooms, or in painting corridors which are too dark to be seen to advantage, is not apparent. The only reason ever assigned is, that it was desirable to experiment here on different styles of ornament.

There is no marble whatever in the Senate Chamber, and none, except the Speaker's and Clerk's desks in the

House. This deficiency is the more noticed because of the extent to which this beautiful material is used on the staircases leading to the galleries, which are universally admired. But here it is remarkable that three of the staircases are of the same material. The Tennessee marble is certainly beautiful, but so is the white polished marble of the stairs leading to the west gallery of the Senate.

Another criticism upon the two Halls is that they are so much alike. The main difference is that one is smaller than the other. Conceding that, in certain respects, they had to be alike,—as in the oblong shape and the flat ceiling for acoustic purposes, and the construction of galleries so as to afford an uninterrupted view,—there was surely opportunity for a man of taste to have devised a finish which would have been more distinctive. One of them might have had some windows opening upon the outer world. Both are now placed in the interior, without a window on any side. It is true that they are well lighted both by night and day through the glass ceilings, and so far as we have observed the ventilation is good; yet it seems a pity that the rooms had not been constructed with windows, even if they were not to be opened.

Nothing in the old Halls was more refreshing to members, or more agreeable to spectators in the gallery, than the glimpse of green trees afforded through the windows, and such windows would have been the more attractive here, opening as they would have done upon the small porticos north and south. This was Mr. Walter's plan, as appears by his report made in 1852.

It is pleasant to perceive that the architect has taken a hint from the corn-stalk columns, and shown more boldness and originality than is usual with his profession in departing from the regularly prescribed orders in regard to capitals and other ornamental work. A fine row of monolithic columns is to be seen on the floor of the south extension, under the Representatives' Hall, the capitals of which are composed of the tobacco and thistle. The twenty-four columns and forty pilasters in the grand vestibules are entirely original, the capitals being composed of corn-leaves, tobacco and magnolias—each of the faces of the columns, as well as the pilasters, has a magnolia, all different in form, and all made from casts of the natural flower. The ornamentations of the ceiling and cornices in the Senate and House are all drawn from the natural products of the country. In the Representatives' Hall are many rosettes composed of the cotton plant in its various stages of growth. No one can fail to observe and admire the exquisite statues of Franklin and Hancock, which are appropriately placed in niches opposite the staircases to the Senate gallery. The landings of the staircases furnished most appropriate places for large paintings; like that of Leutze, which improves upon acquaintance and causes every one to linger as he goes to or returns from the gallery of the House.

WITHIN THE CAPITOL

CHARLES DICKENS

THE principal features of the Capitol are, of course, the two Houses of Assembly. But there is, besides, in the centre of the building, a fine rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six high, whose circular wall is divided into compartments, ornamented by historical pictures. Four of these have for their subjects prominent events in the revolutionary struggle. They were painted by Colonel Trumbull, himself a member of Washington's staff at the time of their occurrence; from which circumstance they derive a peculiar interest of their own. In this same hall Mr. Greenough's large statue of Washington has been lately placed. It has great merits of course, but it struck me as being rather strained and violent for its subject. I could wish, however, to have seen it in a better light than it can ever be viewed in, where it stands.

There is a very pleasant and commodious library in the Capitol; and from a balcony in front, the bird's-eye view may be had, together with a beautiful prospect of the adjacent country. In one of the ornamented portions of the building, there is a figure of Justice; whereunto the Guide Book says, "the artist at first contemplated giving more of nudity, but he was warned that the public sentiment in this country would not admit of it, and in his caution he has

gone, perhaps, into the opposite extreme." Poor Justice! she has been made to wear much stranger garments in America than those she pines in, in the Capitol. Let us hope that she has changed her dressmaker since they were fashioned, and that the public sentiment of the country did not cut out the clothes she hides her lovely figure in, just now.

The House of Representatives is a beautiful and spacious hall, of semicircular shape, supported by handsome pillars. One part of the gallery is appropriated to the ladies, and there they sit in front rows, and come in, and go out, as at a play or concert. The chair is canopied, and raised considerably above the floor of the House; and every member has an easy-chair and a writing-desk to himself: which is denounced by some people out of doors as a most unfortunate and injudicious arrangement, tending to long sittings and prosaic speeches. It is an elegant chamber to look at, but a singularly bad one for all purposes of hearing. The Senate, which is smaller, is free from this objection, and is exceedingly well adapted to the uses for which it is designed. The sittings, I need hardly add, take place in the day; and the parliamentary forms are modelled on those of the old country.

I was sometimes asked, in my progress through other places, whether I had not been very much impressed by the *heads* of the lawmakers at Washington; meaning not their chiefs and leaders, but literally their individual and personal heads, whereon their hair grew, and whereby the phrenological character of each legislator was expressed:

and I almost as often struck my questioner dumb with indignant consternation by answering "No, that I didn't remember being at all overcome." As I must, at whatever hazard, repeat the avowal here, I will follow it up by relating my impressions on this subject in as few words as possible.

In the first place—it may be from some imperfect development of my organ of veneration—I do not remember having ever fainted away, or having even been moved to tears of joyful pride, at sight of any legislative body. I have borne the House of Commons like a man, and have yielded to no weakness, but slumber, in the House of Lords. I have seen elections for borough and county, and have never been impelled (no matter which party won) to damage my hat by throwing it up into the air in triumph, or to crack my voice by shouting forth any reference to our Glorious Constitution, to the noble purity of our independent voters, or the unimpeachable integrity of our independent members. Having withstood such strong attacks upon my fortitude, it is possible that I may be of a cold and insensible temperament, amounting to iciness, in such matters; and therefore my impressions of the live pillars of the Capitol at Washington must be received with such grains of allowance as this free confession may seem to demand.

Did I see in this public body an assemblage of men, bound together in the sacred names of Liberty and Freedom, and so asserting the chaste dignity of those twin goddesses, in all their discussions, as to exalt at once the Eter-

nal Principles to which their names are given, and their own character, and the character of their countrymen, in the admiring eyes of the whole world?

Did I recognize in this assembly, a body of men, who, applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

I saw in them the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; underhanded tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful trucklings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered, is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragons' teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

Did I see among them the intelligence and refinement: the true, honest, patriotic heart of America? Here and there, were drops of its blood and life, but they scarcely coloured the stream of desperate adventurers which sets that way for profit and for pay. It is the game of these men, and of their profligate organs, to make the strife of

politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views, unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the farthest from that degradation.

That there are, among the representatives of the people in both Houses, and among all parties, some men of high character and great abilities, I need not say. The foremost among those politicians who are known in Europe, have been already described, and I see no reason to depart from the rule I have laid down for my guidance, of abstaining from all mention of individuals. It will be sufficient to add, that to the most favourable accounts that have been written of them, I more than fully and most heartily subscribe; and that personal intercourse and free communication have bred within me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but increased admiration and respect. They are striking men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishments, Indians in fire of eye and gesture, Americans in strong and generous impulse; and they as well represent the honour and wisdom of their country at home, as the distinguished gentleman who is now its Minister at the British Court sustains its highest character abroad.

I visited both Houses nearly every day, during my stay in Washington. On my initiatory visit to the House of

Representatives, they divided against a decision of the chair; but the chair won. The second time I went, the member who was speaking, being interrupted by a laugh, mimicked it, as one child would in quarrelling with another, and added, "that he would make honourable gentlemen opposite, sing out a little more on the other side of their mouths presently." But interruptions are rare; the Speaker being usually heard in silence. There are more quarrels than with us, and more threatenings than gentlemen are accustomed to exchange in any civilized society of which we have record: but farm-yard imitations have not as yet been imported from the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The feature in oratory which appears to be the most practiced, and most relished, is the constant repetition of the same idea or shadow of an idea in fresh words; and the inquiry out of doors is not, "What did he say?" but, "How long did he speak?" These, however, are but enlargements of a principle which prevails elsewhere.

ARLINGTON

IZA DUFFUS HARDY

THE next day we decided to improve the shining hours—truly and literally shining in this radiant spring weather of blue heavens and balmy sunshine—by paying a brief visit to the Capitol in the morning, and taking a drive to Arlington in the afternoon. It takes a good many brief visits to see the Washington Capitol thoroughly; but one appreciates and enjoys it so far better than by "doing" it in one long visitation, as we see so many tourists "doing" it, with red guide-books in their hands, or bulging from their pockets. (I must conscientiously confess, in parenthesis, that we ourselves also carry a *Guide to Washington*, and, during the inspection of the Capitol, are apt to refer to it pretty often.) In the endeavour to take it all in on one day, the eye gets surfeited with pictures and statues, mouldings and frescoes; the soul sickens at the further contemplation of busts and bas-reliefs, bronze-panellings and marble pillars; Pocahontas and Washington dance together dizzily in the confused brain; and Presidents and Puritan Fathers, William Penn and Miles Standish, allegorical figures of Freedom and Victory, the Declaration of Independence, the Landing of Columbus and the Sword of Bunker's Hill all mingle in a kaleidoscopic jumble in the wearied mind.

In the afternoon, we take a carriage to Arlington, a beautiful drive of only about four miles. All the way the

ARLINGTON, VA.

great white dome of the Capitol dominates the landscape. Across the Potomac, from Arlington Heights, beyond river, wood, winding road and city, we see it soaring into the intense blue of the sky like an Alpine peak.

The Arlington Mansion was built by George Washington Parke Custis (grandson of Martha and adopted son of George Washington). His daughter married Robert E. Lee, and here the Lees kept hospitable house and happy home until the disastrous days of war. During the long struggle the estate was confiscated, and, having been employed as headquarters for the Federal troops, was eventually turned into a "national cemetery," where over fifteen thousand soldiers lie buried.

The beautiful park-like grounds are now a field of the dead. Up the hillside by thousands and tens of thousands, stretch the long regular serried lines of tombstones. Here, line by line, in rank and file, at peace beyond the battle, lies the silent army now. It is so hard to realize, looking on these squadrons of the dead, still seeming drawn up in battle array, that every one of those cold white stones strikes down to the dust that was once a human heart, that throbbed with the passionate pain of parting at leaving home and love, that thrilled at the trumpet's call, that beat high with hope and valour and gave its life-blood for the victorious cause that it held dear!

One massive granite tomb covers a vault where lie the remains of more than two thousand of the unknown dead. But the deserted mansion itself is as sad as any of the tombs that surround it. The grand old house is empty and un-

garnished; its bare floors echo mournfully to our footfalls; the hall door (the "classic portal, resting on eight massive Doric columns," as the guide-book describes it), stands drearily open; all the world is welcome to enter there. It is not in the least like a haunted house; there are no corners whence bats might flit at night; no thick curtain of dust coats the walls, nor dark banners of spider's web veil the windows. The lofty rooms are spotless, speckless, carefully kept and unutterably forlorn. We wander from room to room through a desolate silence only broken by our own steps; the conservatories are barren of flowers; the only living thing we come upon is a dog sleeping in a patch of sunlight. More mournful a memorial than granite slab or marble cross, more eloquent than inscription carved in stone, the forsaken mansion stands, a silent monument to the Lost Cause.

As we descend the great staircase, a mighty clatter and babble wake the hollow echoes, and we meet a gay and rather noisy party, led by our brisk young New Yorker of yesterday's Mount Vernon excursion, swarming, chattering and laughing across the hall. Their happy, ringing voices strike a jarring note here. Well, we have done with Arlington Heights, and these joyous ones may ransack the lonely corners of the deserted chambers at their own sweet will. As we turn for a last look, we hear the youngest, liveliest and prettiest of the party exclaim, as she trips lightly into the bare drawing-room:

"Oh, my! here's a room for a hop!"

We drive back to Washington and return to our hotel in

good time for dinner, to which we sit down, a company of some three hundred, round tables loaded with every delicacy of the season, and dine to music, a band playing in the gallery overlooking the dining-room, exhilarating the spirits and stimulating the appetites of the assembled Sybarites by stirring strains.

Assassins may shoot and presidents may fall. After a splashing and a circling in the waves, the current flows on much the same.

"*Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*"

CARPENTERS' HALL

BENSON J. LOSSING

ON Monday morning I visited Carpenters' Hall, the building in which the first Continental Congress held its brief session. Having had no intimation concerning its appearance, condition and present use, and informed that it was situated in "Carpenters' Court," imagination had invested its exterior with dignity, its interior with solemn grandeur, and its location a spacious area where nothing "common or unclean" was permitted to dwell. How often the hoof of Pegasus touches the leafless tree-tops of sober prose when his rider supposes him to be at his highest altitude! How often the rainbow of imagination fades and leaves to the eye nothing but the forbidding aspect of a cloud of plain reality! So at this time. The spacious *court* was but a short and narrow alley; and the *Hall*, consecrated by the holiest associations which cluster around the birthplace of our Republic, was a small two-story building, of sombre aspect, with a short steeple and all of a dingy hue.

This building is constructed of small imported bricks, each alternate one glazed, and darker than the other, giving it a checkered appearance. Many of the old houses in Philadelphia were built of like materials. It was originally erected for the hall of meeting for the society of house-

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA

carpenters of Philadelphia. It stands at the end of an alley leading south from Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth Streets.

The hall in which Congress met is upon the lower floor, and comprehends the whole area of the building. It is about forty-five feet square, with a recess in the rear twenty-five feet wide and about twelve feet deep, at the entrance of which are two pillars, eighteen feet high. The second story contains smaller apartments which were used by Congress and occupied by the society as committee rooms. In one of these, emptied of all merchandise except a wash tub and a rush-bottomed chair, let us sit down and consider the events connected with that first great Continental Congress.

For many years a strong sympathy had existed between the several colonies, and injuries done to one, either by the aggressions of the French and Indians, or the unkind hand of their common mother, touched the feelings of all the others and drew out responsive words and acts which denoted an already strong bond of unity. Widely separated as some of them were from each other by geographical distance and diversity of interest and pursuits, there were, nevertheless, political, social and commercial considerations which made the Anglo-Americans really one people, having common interests and common hopes. Called upon as free subjects of Great Britain to relinquish, theoretically and practically, some of the dearest prerogatives guaranteed to them by the Magna Charta and hoary custom—prerogatives in which were enveloped the most precious kernels of civil

liberty—they arose as one family to resist the insidious progress of oncoming despotism, and yearned for union to give themselves strength commensurate to the task. Leading minds in every colony perceived the necessity for a general council, and in the spring of 1774, the great heart of Anglo-America seemed to be as with one pulsation with this sublime idea. That idea found voice and expression almost simultaneously throughout the land. Rhode Island has the distinguished honour of first speaking out publicly on the subject. A general Congress was proposed at a town meeting in Providence on the 17th of May, 1774. A committee of a town meeting held in Philadelphia on the 21st, four days afterwards, also recommended such a measure; and on the 23d, a town meeting in New York city uttered the same sentiment. The House of Burgesses of Virginia, dissolved by Lord Dunmore, assembled at the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, on the 27th, and on that day warmly recommended the assembling of a national council; and Baltimore, in a county meeting, also took action in favour of it on the 31st. On the 6th of June, a town meeting at Norwich, Connecticut, proposed a general Congress; and on the 11th, a county meeting at Newark, New Jersey, did the same; on the 17th, the Massachusetts Assembly, and, at the same time, a town meeting in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, strenuously recommended the measure; and a county meeting at New Castle, Delaware, approved of it on the 29th. On the 6th of July, the committee of correspondence at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, expressed its approbation of the measure. A general province

meeting, held at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of that month, urged the necessity of such a Congress; and a district meeting at Wilmington, North Carolina, held on the 21st, heartily responded affirmatively. Thus we perceive that, within the space of sixty-four days, twelve of the thirteen colonies spoke out decidedly in favour of a Continental Congress, Georgia alone remaining silent. The Massachusetts Assembly designated the 1st of September, 1774, as the time and Philadelphia as the place for the meeting of the Congress. Other colonies acquiesced and at Philadelphia the delegates convened.

"Now meet the fathers of this western clime,
Nor names more noble graced the roll of Fame,
When Spartan firmness braved the wrecks of time,
Or Rome's bold virtues fann'd the heroic flame.

"Not deeper thought th' immortal sage inspired
On Solon's lips, when Grecian senates hung;
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fired,
When genius thunder'd from the Athenian tongue."

—TRUMBULL.[1]

On Monday, the 5th of September, fifty-four delegates, from twelve colonies, assembled in Carpenters' Hall. It was a congregation of men, viewed in every important aspect, such as the world had never seen.

Congress was organized by the choice of Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, as president, and Charles Thomson, of Pennsylvania, as secretary. The credentials of the various delegates were then presented, and now came a pause; who

[1] The Author of M'Fingal. These lines are from his *Elegy on the Times*, published while this first Congress was in session.

should take the lead? What measure should be first proposed? They had come together from distant Provinces, some instructed by the power that appointed them, others left free to act as circumstances should require. There was a profound silence and deep anxiety was depicted upon every countenance. No one seemed willing to break that silence, until a grave-looking member, in a plain dark suit of "minister's grey" and unpowdered wig, arose. "Then," said Bishop White, who was present and related the circumstance, "I felt a regret that a seeming *country parson* should so far have mistaken his talents and the theatre for their display." But his voice was so musical, his words so eloquent, and his sentiments so profoundly logical, that the whole House was electrified, and the question went from lip to lip, "Who is it? Who is it?" A few, who knew the stranger, answered, "It is Patrick Henry, of Virginia!" There was no more hesitation; he who startled the people of Colonial America nine years before, by his bold resolutions against the Stamp Act, and a few months afterwards by the cry of "Give me liberty or give me death!" now gave the impulse to the representatives of that people in grand council assembled and set in motion that machinery of civil power which worked so nobly while Washington and his compatriots were waging war with the enemy in the field.

Two days afterwards another impressive scene occurred. It was the *first prayer in Congress*, offered by the Reverend Mr. Duché. The first day had been occupied in the reception of credentials and the arrangement of business; the

second in the adoption of rules for the regulation of the session; and now, when about to enter upon the general business for which they were convened, the delegates publicly sought Divine aid. It was a spectacle of great interest, for men of every creed were there. In this service their creeds were forgotten and the hearts of all united in the prayer which flowed from the pastor's lips; a prayer which came from a then patriot's heart, though timidity afterwards lost him the esteem of his friends and countrymen.

The Congress resolved to sit with closed doors, for enemies were around them with open eyes and busy tongues, and nothing was to be made public without special orders. Having no means at hand to ascertain the relative importance of the Colonies, it was agreed "that each Colony or Province should have one vote in determining questions." One of their first acts was to express an opinion that the whole continent ought to support Massachusetts in resistance to the unconstitutional change in her government; and they afterwards resolved that any person accepting office under the new system ought to be held in detestation as a public enemy. Merchants were advised to enter with non-importation agreements; and a letter was addressed to General Gage, remonstrating against the fortifications on Boston Neck, and his arbitrary exercise of power. On the 14th of October, a *Declaration of Colonial Rights*, prepared by a committee of two from each Province, was adopted, in which were set forth the grievances complained of and the inalienable rights of British subjects in

every part of the realm. As a means of enforcing the claim of natural and delegated rights, fourteen articles were agreed to as the basis of an American Association, pledging the associators to an entire commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies, and the non-consumption of tea and British goods. In one clause the slave trade was specially denounced, and entire absence from it and from any trade with those concerned in it, formed a part of the association. Committees were to be appointed in every county, city and town, to detect and punish all violations of it; and all dealings with such enemies of American liberty were to be immediately broken off. One hundred and fifty copies of the Articles of Association were ordered to be printed.

An eloquent address to the people of Great Britain, from the pen of John Jay, and a memorial to the inhabitants of the several British American Colonies, written by William Livingston, were adopted by Congress on the 21st. A petition, drawn by John Adams and corrected by John Dickenson was approved on the 26th. Letters to the Colonies of St. John's Island (now Prince Edward's, Nova Scotia), Georgia and the Floridas, enclosing the doings of Congress, and inviting them to join the Association, were also adopted on that day (the last of the session). At the same time they approved of an elaborate address to the inhabitants of Canada. This was drawn up by Mr. Dickenson. Having made provision for another Congress to meet on the 10th of May following, the first general council closed its session by adopting a second humble petition to

the King and a vote of thanks to the advocates of Colonial rights in both houses of Parliament.

Congress was in actual session only thirty-one days out of the eight weeks of the term, the remainder of the time being occupied in preparatory business. It was a session of extraordinary activity and a great amount of business of vast importance was transacted, notwithstanding many unnecessary speeches were evidently made. They were certainly more to the purpose than are most of the harangues in Congress at the present day, or, considering the diversity of opinion that must have existed upon the sentiments of the various state papers that were adopted, the session would have continued for several months. We have no means of knowing what harmony or what discord characterized those debates. The doors were closed to the public ear, and no reporters for the press have preserved the substance of the speeches. That every resolution adopted was far from receiving a unanimous vote, is very evident; for we find, by the subsequent declarations and acts of delegates, that some of the measures were violently opposed. Many deplored the probability of an open rupture with the mother country and refused acquiescence in any measure that should tend to such a result. Indeed, the sentiments of a large majority of the delegates were favourable to an honourable reconciliation, and the Congress was determined not to present the least foundation for a charge of rushing madly into an unnatural contest without presenting the olive branch of peace. Such was the tenor of its petitions and addresses; and every charge of desire on the part of Con-

gress for a war that might lead to independence rested solely upon inference. Galloway, Duane, and others, even opposed the American Association; and they regarded the Adamses as men not only too much committed to violent measures by the part they had taken in Boston, but that they were desperate men with nothing to lose, and hence unsafe guides to gentlemen who had estates to forfeit. And yet Galloway, when he became a proscriptive Loyalist, and one of the most active enemies of the Republicans, was forced to acknowledge the stern virtue of many of the patriots of that assembly, and among them Samuel Adams. "He eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, and thinks much," he said, "and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. It was this man who, by his superior application, managed at once the factions in Congress at Philadelphia and the factions in New England."

The proceedings of this first Congress went forth to the world with all the weight of apparent unanimity, and throughout the Colonies they were hailed with general satisfaction. The American Association adopted and signed by the delegates was regarded by the people with great favour and thousands in every province affixed their signatures to the pledge. These formed the fibres of the stronger bond of the *Articles of Confederation* afterwards adopted, and may be considered the commencement of the American Union.

THE CRADOCK HOUSE, MEDFORD [1]

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE

THE object of paramount interest which Medford contains is the plantation house of Governor Cradock, or "Mathias Charterparty," as the malcontent Morton styled him. This house is the monarch of all those now existing in North America. As we trace a family back generation after generation until we bring all collateral branches to one common source in the first Colonist, so we go from one old house to another until we finally come to a pause before this patriarch of the sea. It is the handiwork of the first planters in the vicinity of Boston, and it is one of the first, if not the very first, of the brick houses erected within the government of John Winthrop.

Every man, woman and child in Medford knows the "Old Fort," as the older inhabitants love to call it, and will point you to the site with visible pride that their pleasant town contains so interesting a relic. Turning your back upon the village and your face to the east, a brisk walk of ten minutes along the banks of the Mystic, and you are in presence of the object of your search.

A very brief survey establishes the fact that this was one of those houses of refuge scattered through the New Eng-

[1] From Samuel Adams Drake's *Historical Mansions and Highways* (Boston, 1899), by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

land settlements, into which the inhabitants might fly for safety upon any sudden alarm of danger from the savages.

The situation was well chosen for security. It has the river in front, marshes to the eastward and a considerable extent of level meadow behind it. As it was from this latter quarter that an attack was most to be apprehended, greater precautions were taken to secure that side. The house itself is placed a little above the general level. Standing for a century and a half in the midst of an extensive and open field, enclosed by palisades and guarded with gates, a foe could not approach unseen by day, nor find a vantage-ground from which to assail the inmates. Here, then, the agents of Matthew Cradock, first Governor of the Massachusetts Company in England, built the house we are now describing.

In the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, at Boston, hangs the charter of "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," brought over by Winthrop in 1630. The great seal of England, a most ponderous and convincing symbol of authority, is appended to it.

It is well known that the settlement at Salem, two years earlier, under the leadership of Endicott, was begun by a commercial company in England, of which Matthew Cradock was Governor. In order to secure the emigration of such men as Winthrop, Dudley, Sir R. Saltonstall, Johnson, and others, Cradock proposed in July, 1629, to transfer the government from the company in England to the inhabit-

ants here. As he was the wealthiest and most influential person in the association, his proposal was acceded to.

We cannot enter here, into the political aspects of this *coup d'état*. It must ever arrest the attention and challenge the admiration of the student of American history. In defiance of the crown, which had merely organized them into a mercantile corporation, like the East India Company, with officers resident in England, they proceeded to nullify the clear intent of their charter by removing the government to America. The project was first mooted by Cradock, and secrecy enjoined upon the members of the Company. That he was the avowed author of it must be our apology for introducing the incident. This circumstance renders Matthew Cradock's name conspicuous in the annals of New England.

Cradock never came to America, but there is little doubt that he entertained the purpose of doing so. He sent over, however, agents, or "servants," as they were styled, who established the plantation at Mystic Side. He also had houses at Ipswich and at Marblehead for fishery and traffic.

For a shrewd man of business Cradock seems to have been singularly unfortunate in some of his servants. One of these, Philip Ratcliff, being convicted "*ore tenus* of most foul and slanderous invectives" against the churches and government, was sentenced to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished the plantation. Winthrop was complained of by Dudley because he stayed the execution of the sentence of banishment, but answered that it was on the score of humanity, as it was winter and the man must have

perished. Ratcliff afterwards, in conjunction with Thomas Morton and Sir Christopher Gardiner, procured a petition to the Lords of the Privy Council, before whom Cradock was summoned.

Wood, one of the early chroniclers, tells us that Master Cradock had a park impaled at Mystic, where his cattle were kept until it could be stocked with deer; and that he also was engaged in ship-building, a vessel of a "hundred tunne" having been built the previous year (1632). It may be, too, that Cradock's artisans built here for Winthrop the little "Blessing of the Bay," launched upon the Mystic tide, July 4, 1631,—an event usually located at the Governor's farm, at Ten Hills.

This house, a unique specimen of the architecture of the early settlers, must be considered a gem of its kind. It is not disguised by modern alterations in any essential feature, but bears its credentials on its face. Two hundred and sixty odd New England winters have searched every cranny of the old fortress, whistled down the big chimney-stacks, rattled the window-panes in impotent rage, and, departing, certified to us the staunch and trusty handiwork of Cradock's English craftsmen.

Time has dealt gently with this venerable relic. Like a veteran of many campaigns, it shows a few honourable scars. The roof has swerved a little from its true outline. It has been denuded of a chimney and has parted reluctantly with a dormer-window. The loopholes, seen in the front, were long since closed; the race they were to defend against has hardly an existence to-day. The windows have been

enlarged, with an effect on the *ensemble*, as Hawthorne says in a similar case, of rouging the cheeks of one's grandmother. Hoary with age, it is yet no ruin, but a comfortable habitation.

How many generations of men—and our old house has seldom if ever been untenanted—have lived and died within those walls! When it was built Charles I. reigned in Old England and Cromwell had not begun his great career. Peter the Great was not then born, and the house was waxing in years when Frederick the Great appeared on the stage. We seem to be speaking of recent events when Louis XVI. suffered by the axe of the guillotine and Napoleon's sun rose in splendour to set in obscurity.

The Indian, who witnessed its slowly ascending walls with wonder and misgiving; the Englishman, whose axe wakened new echoes in the primeval forest; the Colonist native to the soil, who battled and died within view to found a new nation,—all have passed away. But here, in this old mansion, is the silent evidence of those great epochs of history.

It is not clear at what time the house was erected, but it has usually been fixed at 1634, when a large grant of land was made to Cradock by the General Court. The bricks are said to have been burned near by. There was some attempt at ornament, the lower course of the belt being laid with moulded bricks so as to form a cornice. The loopholes were for defence. The walls were half a yard in thickness. Heavy iron bars secured the arched windows at the back, and the entrance door was encased in iron. The

fire-proof closets, huge chimney-stacks, and massive hewn timbers told of strength and durability. A single pane of glass, set in iron and placed in the back wall of the western chimney, overlooked the approach from the town.

The builders were Englishmen, and, of course, followed their English types. They named their towns and villages after the sounding nomenclature of Old England; and what more natural than that they should wish their homes to resemble those they had left behind? Such a house might have served an inhabitant of the Scottish border, with its loopholes, narrow windows and doors sheathed in iron. Against an Indian foray it was impregnable.

Cradock was about the only man connected with the settlement in Massachusetts Bay whose means admitted of such a house. Both Winthrop and Dudley built of wood, and the former rebuked the deputy for what he thought an unreasonable expense in finishing his own house. Many brick buildings were erected in Boston during the first decade of the settlement, but we have found none that can claim such an ancient pedigree as this of which we are writing. It is far from improbable that, having in view a future residence in New England, Cradock may have given directions for or prescribed the plan of this house, and that it may have been the counterpart of his own in St. Swithen's Lane, near London Stone.

> "Then went I forth by London Stone
> Throughout all Canwick Street."

The plantation, with its green meadows and its stately

forest-trees, was a manor of which Cradock was lord and master. His grant extended a mile into the country from the river-side in all places. Though absent, he was considered nominally present, and is constantly alluded to by name in the early records. Cradock was a member of the Long Parliament, dying in 1641. The euphonious name of Mystic has been supplanted by Medford, the Meadford of Dudley and the rest.

It is not to be expected that a structure belonging to so remote a period for New England, should be without its legendary lore. It is related that the old fort was at one time beleaguered for several days by an Indian war party, who at length retired baffled from the strong walls and death-shots of the garrison. As a veracious historian, we are compelled to add that we know of no authentic data of such an occurrence.

FRAUNCES TAVERN

WILLIAM J. DAVIS

FRAUNCES[1] TAVERN, corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, was Washington's quarters, on the evacuation of the city by the British troops, 25th of November, 1783. This old mansion, around which some of the most interesting reminiscences of our Revolutionary history are connected, still remains, although somewhat altered from its original appearance. It was erected about 1735 by the Delancey family, then one of the most distinguished and opulent in New York, and was considered equal in size and architectural display to any at that period in the city.

As a tavern, it was the most noted in New York and was the resort of the bloods of that day, who formed themselves into social clubs, and among whom were some of the most active and distinguished men of the Revolution. Samuel Fraunces, or as he was familiarly called, Black Sam (in consequence of his swarthy complexion), was of French extraction, and appears to have been a prince of a publican. He purchased the house in 1762, from Oliver Delancey, for £2,000, provincial currency, but did not open it as a public house until some time afterwards.

The first notice of Sam that we have been able to discover, is an advertisement in Parker's *Post Boy*, February

[1] This is the manner in which he signed his name, and is thus recorded by him in the Deed of Conveyance in 1785.

FRAUNCES' TAVERN, NEW YORK

5, 1761, by which it appears that he not only acted as landlord but did considerable business as a dealer in different kinds of preserves. Here is the advertisement:

"To be sold at a very reasonable rate, by Samuel Francis, at the Sign of the Masons' Arms near the Green, New York, a small quantity of portable soup, catchup, bottled gooseberries, pickled walnuts, pickled or fryed oisters, fit to go to the West Indias, pickled mushrooms, a large assortment of sweetmeats, such as currant jelly, marmalade, quinces, grapes, strawberries and sundry other sorts."

The Masons' Arms was very popular under the management of Sam as a Mead and Tea Garden, places much frequented by both sexes on pleasant afternoons. On purchasing the Broad Street house, Sam sold out this, and it is thus announced in the same paper:

"May 13, 1762, John Jones—Begs leave to acquaint the publick, That he has removed to the house formerly kept by Samuel Francis, at the Sign of the Masons' Arms, next to Mr. Degrusia, in the Fields, where he intends to give the same entertainment as formerly given by Mr. Francis, and that in the best manner. Those Gentlemen and Ladies that please to favour him with their company, may depend on the best usage from their humble servant, John Jones." He threw open Vauxhall Gardens, which formerly stood in Greenwich Street, near the site afterwards occupied by Stuart's Sugar Refinery—but which he again resold in 1771, and opened the much more celebrated tavern in Broad Street.

During the troubles which preceded the Revolution,

Fraunces Tavern seems to have been the resort of both Whig and Loyalist, political affairs not having sufficient power to sever the social ties of those whose custom it was to assemble there and discuss his Madeira, a wine, the excellent quality of which Sam's cellar stood proverbial. It must not be presumed that Sam was an idle spectator of the events then passing around him: his sympathies were with the Whigs, and he became one of Washington's most faithful friends and followers. It was through the instrumentality of his daughter that the attempt to poison Washington was frustrated, she being at that time housekeeper at Richmond Hill, his quarters. This house was one of those which suffered some injury from the broadside of the *Asia* when she fired upon the city. Freneau in one of his poems, thus speaks of it:

> "Scarce a broadside was ended, till another began again —
> By Jove! it was nothing but *Fire away Flannagan!*
> Some thought him saluting his *Sally's* and *Nancy's*
> Till he drove a round shot thro' the roof of *Sam Francis.*"

Notwithstanding this belligerent demonstration, the social club still continued its weekly meetings for some time. A list of the members of this club was found among the papers of the late John Moore, one of the members and presented to the New York Historical Society, by his son, Thos. W. C. Moore, which contains some very curious remarks which we here insert in full.

"List of Members of the Social Club, which passed Saturday evenings at Sam Francis's corner of Broad and

Dock Street, in winter, and in summer at Kip's Bay, where they built a neat, large room for the Club House. The British landed at this spot the day they took the city, 15th September, 1776."

Members of this Club dispersed in December, 1775, and never afterwards assembled.

John Jay	(Disaffected)	Became Member of Congress, a Resident Minister to Spain, Commissioner to make peace, Chief Justice, Minister to England, and on his return, Governor of New York—a good and amiable man.
Gouveneur Morris	"	Member of Congress, Minister to France, etc.
Robt. R. Livingston	"	Minister to France, Chancellor of New York, etc.
Egbert Benson	"	District Judge, New York, and in the Legislature. Good man.
Morgan Lewis	"	Governor of New York and a General in the war of 1812.
Gulian Verplanck	"	but in Europe till 1783—President of New York Bank.
John Livingston and his brother Henry	"	but of no political importance.
James Seagrove	"	went to the southward as a merchant.
Francis Lewis	"	but of no political importance.
John Watts	"	doubtful—during the war Recorder of New York.
Leonard Lispenard and his brother Anthony	"	but remained quiet at New York.

Rich'd Harrison	(Loyal)	but has since been Recorder of New York.
John Hay	"	an officer in the British Army. Killed in West Indies.
Peter Van Schaack	"	a lawyer, remained quiet at Kinderhook.
Daniel Ludlow	"	during the war—since President of Manhattan Bank.
Dr. S. Bard	"	though in 1775 doubtful, remained in New York—a good man.
George Ludlow	"	remained on Long Island in quiet. A good man.
William his brother	"	or supposed so—remained on Long Island. Inoffensive man.
William Imlay	"	at first, but doubtful after 1777.
Edward Goold	"	at New York all the war—a merchant.
John Reade	(Pro and Con)	would have proved loyal, no doubt, had not his wife's family been otherwise.
J. Stevens	(Disaffected)	
Henry Kelly,	(Loyal)	went to England and did not return.
Stephen Rapelye		turned out bad—died in the New York Hospital.
John Moore	Loyal	—in public life all the war and from year, 1765.

While the city was in possession of the British nothing of interest seems to have transpired within the house. The 25th day of November, 1783, being the time fixed upon for the exodus of the British troops, arrangements were made for the triumphal entry of Washington and the American army to take possession of the city. On the morning of

that day,—a cold, frosty, but clear and brilliant morning—the troops under General Knox encamped at Harlem, marched to the Bowery lane, and halted at the present junction of Third Avenue and the Bowery. There they remained until about one o'clock in the afternoon when the British left their posts in that vicinity and marched to Whitehall. The American troops followed, and before three o'clock General Knox took formal possession of Fort George, amid the acclamations of thousands of emancipated freemen and the roar of artillery upon the Battery. Washington repaired to his quarters at Fraunces Tavern, and there, during the afternoon, Governor Clinton gave a public dinner to the officers of the army, and in the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated. But the most remarkable event connected with the history of the house and which has rendered it the greatest monument to perpetuate the virtues and patriotism of Washington, is the fact that in it he virtually resigned the charge which he had assumed on taking command of the army. In the room on the second story occurred the scene of his taking leave of his officers,—men who had suffered with him in all the dangers and privations of that protracted struggle which brought us liberty, devoted and ready to follow his lead in any enterprise. What a noble spectacle does that scene present to the mind for contemplation—how unlike other leaders in similar movements, who, after having successfully obtained their purposes, seize the reins of government, assisted by a victorious army and elevate themselves to the supreme power by trampling upon the liberties of the people.

At this time great discontent existed throughout the army occasioned by the coldness of Congress to the numerous petitions which had been presented to obtain relief. The Newburgh letters proceeded from that cause. Many of the best friends of America began to entertain doubts as to the States being able to sustain themselves, and that anarchy would rule. In view of this state of affairs, overtures had been made to the chief to elect him king, but virtue was stronger than power; he declined the proffer, with an admonition to those who offered it which they could never forget.

The City of New York has made many futile attempts to erect to the memory of Washington a suitable monument. It has already been done. The preservation of Fraunces Tavern is the greatest monument that can be conceived or erected. Let the demagogue who would barter the liberties of his country for his personal aggrandizement visit it, and stand within that room where the greatest of men resigned his power and became a simple farmer again; and will not that bright example bring him back to his duty again? It may become a second Mecca to bring the faithful to behold the room in which occurred the scene of his greatness and magnanimity.

On Thursday, December 4, 1783, the principal officers of the army assembled at Fraunces's to take a final leave of their beloved chief. The scene is described as one of great tenderness. Washington entered the room where they were all waiting, and, taking a glass of wine in his hand, he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now

take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." Having drank, he continued: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand." Knox, who stood nearest to him, turned and grasped his hand, and, while the tears flowed down the cheeks of each, the commander-in-chief kissed him. This he did to each of his officers, while tears and sobs stifled utterance. Washington soon left the room, and passing through a corps of light infantry, he walked in silence to Whitehall, followed by a vast procession, and at two o'clock entered a barge to proceed to Paulus Hook, on his way to *Mount Vernon*.

Sam Fraunces kept the house until 1785, when he sold it.

On the election of Washington to the Presidency, Sam was appointed steward to his establishment. An anecdote is related of Sam, who was always anxious to provide the first dainties of the season for the General's table. It appears that Sam, on making his purchases at the old Fly Market, observed a fine shad, the first of the season; he was not long in making the bargain, and it was sent home with his other purchases. Next morning it was duly served up in Sam's best style for the General's breakfast. The General on sitting down to the table observed the fish and asked Sam what it was. He replied "that it was a fine shad." "It is very early in the season for them," rejoined the General, "how much did you pay for it?" "Two dollars," said Sam. "Two dollars! I can never encour-

age this extravagance at my table," replied Washington, "take it away—I will not touch it." The shad was accordingly removed, and Sam, who had no such economical scruples, made a hearty meal on the fish at his own table.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

JOHN FISKE[1]

THIS college was established in 1693, with Blair for its president. Governor Nicholson, with seventeen other persons appointed by the assembly, formed the board of trustees. From the outset Nicholson was warmly in sympathy with the enterprise, but now this friend was called away for a time. In the anti-Catholic fervour which attended the accession of King William and Queen Mary, the palatinate government in Maryland had been overturned and the new Royal Governor Sir Lionel Copley, died in 1693. Nicholson was then promoted from Deputy-Governor of Virginia to be Governor of Maryland. About the same time Lord Howard of Effingham resigned or was removed, and Sir Edmund Andros was sent out to Virginia as Governor. It may seem a strange appointment in view of the obloquy which Andros had incurred at the north. But in all these appointments William III. seems to have acted upon a consistent policy of not disturbing, except in cases of necessity, the state of things which he found. As a rule he retained in his service the old officials against whom no grave charges were brought; and while the per-

[1] From John Fiske's *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours* (Boston, 1899), by permission of and special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Mr. Fiske's writings.

sonality of Andros was not prepossessing, there can be no doubt as to his integrity.

Nicholson's career as Royal Governor of Maryland lasted until 1698, while Andros was having a hard time in Virginia trying to enforce with rigour the Navigation Act and to make life miserable for Dr. Blair. His conduct was far more moderate than it had been in New England, but he had his full share of trouble in Virginia. The moving cause of his hostility to the College of William and Mary is not distinctly assigned, but he is not unlikely to have believed, like many a dullard of his stripe, that education is apt to encourage a seditious and forward spirit. He did everything he could think of to thwart and annoy President Blair. At the election of burgesses he predicted that the establishment of a college would be sure to result in a terrible increase of taxes. He tried to persuade subscribers to withhold the payment of their subscriptions. He sought to arouse an absurd prejudice against Scotchmen, for which it was rather late in the day. Finally he connived at gross insults to the president and friends of the college. Among the young men to whom Andros showed especial favour was Daniel Parke, whose grandson, Daniel Parke Custis, is now remembered as the first husband of Martha Washington. This young Daniel did some things to which posterity could hardly point with pride. He is described as a "sparkish gentleman," or as some would say, a slashing blade. He was an expert with the rapier, and anxious to thrust it between the ribs of people who supported the college. His challenges were numerous, but clergymen could

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

not be reached in such a way. So "he set up a claim to the pew in church in which Mrs. Blair sat, and one Sunday," as we are told, "with fury and violence he pulled her out of it in the presence of the minister and congregation, who were greatly scandalized at this ruffian and profane action."[1]

This was going too far. The stout Scotchman had powerful friends in London; the outrage was discussed in Lambeth Palace; and Sir Edmund Andros, for winking at such behaviour, was removed. He was evidently a slow-witted official. His experiences in Boston, with Parson Willard of the Old South, ought to have cured him of his propensity to quarrel with aggressive and resolute clergymen. For two or three years after going home, Sir Edmund governed the little channel island of Jersey, and the rest of his days were spent in retirement, until his death in 1714.

The system of absentee Governors occasionally exemplified in such cases as those of Lord Delaware and Lord Howard, was now to be permanently adopted. A great favourite with William III. was George Hamilton Douglas, whose distinguished gallantry at the Battle of the Boyne and other occasions had been rewarded with the earldom of Orkney. In 1697 he was appointed governor-in-chief of Virginia, and for the next forty years he drew his annual salary of £1,200 without ever crossing the ocean. Henceforth the official who represented him in Virginia was entitled Lieutenant-Governor, and the first was Francis

[1] *William and Mary College Quarterly*, I., 65.

Nicholson, who was brought back from Maryland in 1698.

One of Nicholson's achievements in Maryland had been the change of seat of government from St. Mary's to Annapolis. He now proceeded to make a similar change in Virginia. After perishing in Bacon's rebellion, Jamestown was rebuilt by Lord Culpepper, but in the last decade of the century it was again destroyed by an accidental fire, and has never since risen from its ashes. Of that sacred spot, the first abiding-place of Englishmen in America, nothing now is left but the ivy-mantled ruins of the church-tower and a few cracked and crumbling tombstones.

Jamestown had always a bad reputation for malaria, and after its second burning people were not eager to restore it. Plans for moving the government elsewhere had been considered on more than one occasion. In 1699 the choice fell upon the site of Middle Plantation, half-way between James and York Rivers, with its salubrious air and wholesome water. It had already, in 1693, been selected as the site of the new college. Nicholson called the place Williamsburg, and began building a town there with streets so laid out as to make W and M, the initials of the king and queen, a plan soon abandoned as inconvenient. The town thus founded by Nicholson remained the capital of Virginia until 1780, when it was superseded by Richmond.

Nicholson was in full sympathy with President Blair as regarded the college, but occasions for disagreement between them were at hand. On the Lieutenant-Governor's

arrival the wise parson read him a lesson upon the need for moderation in the display of his powers. The career of his predecessor Andros, in more than one Colony, furnished abundant examples of the need for such moderation. Blair offered him some good advice tendered by the Bishop of Lincoln, whereupon Nicholson exclaimed, with a big round oath: "I know how to govern Virginia and Maryland better than all the bishops in England. If I had not hampered them in Maryland and kept them under, I should never have been able to govern them." The doctor replied: "Sir, I do not pretend to [speak for] Maryland, but if I know anything of Virginia, they are a good-natured [and] tractable people as any in the world, and you may do anything with them by way of civility, but you will never be able to manage them in that way you speak of, by hampering and keeping them under." The eccentric governor did not profit by this advice. . . .

Nicholson was recalled to England in 1705. Afterwards we find him commanding the expedition which in 1710 captured the Acadian Port Royal from the French. He then served as Governor of the newly conquered Nova Scotia and afterwards of South Carolina, was knighted, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General and died in 1728.

Meanwhile the College of William and Mary, in which Nicholson felt so much interest, was flourishing. Unfortunately its first hall, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was destroyed by fire in 1705, but it was before long replaced by another. Until 1712, the faculty consisted of the president, a grammar-master, writing-master and an usher;

in that year a professor of mathematics was added. In 1729, there were six professors. Fifty years later the departments of law and medicine were added, and the name "College" was replaced by "University."

As in the case of Harvard, it was hoped that this college might prove effective in converting and educating Indians. In 1723, Brafferton Hall was built for their use, from a fund given by Robert Boyle, the famous chemist. It is still standing and used as a dormitory. We are told that the "Queen of Pamunkey" sent her son to college with a boy to wait upon him, and likewise two chief's sons, "all handsomely cloathed after the Indian fashion"; but as to any effects wrought upon the barbarian mind by this Christian institution of learning, there is nothing to which we can point.

The first Commencement exercises were held in the year 1700, and it is said that not only were Virginians and Indians present on that gala day, but so great was the fame of it that people came in sloops from Maryland and Pennsylvania and even from New York. The journals of what we may call the "faculty meetings" throw light upon the manner of living at the college. There is a matron or housekeeper, who is thus carefully instructed: "1. That you never concern yourself with any of the Boys only when you have a Complaint against any of them, and then that you make it to his or their proper Master.—2. That there be always both fresh and salt Meat for Dinner; and twice in the Week, as well as on Sunday in particular, that there be either Puddings or Pies besides; that there be al-

ways Plenty of Victuals; that Breakfast, Dinner and Supper be serv'd up in the cleanest and neatest manner possible; and for this Reason the Society not only allow but desire you to get a Cook; that the Boy's Suppers be not as usual made up of different Scraps, but that there be at each Table the same Sort: and when there is cold fresh Meat enough, that it be often hashed for them; and that when they are sick, you yourself see their Victuals before it be carried to them, that it be clean, decent and fit for them; that the Person appointed to take Care of them be constantly with them, and give their Medicine regularly. The general Complaints of the Visitors and other Gentlemen throughout the whole Colony, plainly shew the Necessity of a strict and regular Compliance with the above Directions. . . . 4. That a proper Stocking-mender be procured to live in or near the college, and as both Masters and Boys complain of losing their Stockings, you are desired to look over their Notes given with their Linnen to the Wash, both at the Delivery and return of them. . . . 5. That the Negroes be trusted with no keys; . . . that fresh Butter be look'd out for in Time, that the Boys may not be forced to eat salt in Summer.—6. As we all know that Negroes will not perform their Duties without the Mistress' constant Eye, especially in so large a Family as the College, and as we all observe You going abroad more frequently then even the Mistress of a private Family can do without the affairs of her province greatly suffering, We particularly request it of you, that your visits for the future in Town and Country may not be so frequent, by

which Means we doubt not but Complaints will be greatly lessened." [1]

At another meeting it is ordered that "y^t^ no scholar belonging to any school in the College of w^t^ Age, Rank, or Quality, soever, do keep any race Horse at y^e^ College, in y^e^ Town—or anywhere in the neighbourhood—y^t^ they be not any way concerned in making races, or in backing, or abetting, those made by others, and y^t^ all Race Horses, kept in y^e^ neighbourhood of y^e^ College, etc., belonging to any of y^e^ scholars, be immediately dispatched and sent off and never again brought back, and all of this under Pain of y^e^ severest Animadversion and Punishment."

There is a stress in the wording of this order which makes one suspect that the faculty had encountered difficulty in suppressing horse-racing. Similar orders forbid students to take part in cock-fighting, to frequent "y^e^ Ordinaries," to bet, to play at billiards, or to bring cards or dice into the college. Punishment is most emphatically threatened for any student who may "presume to go out of y^e^ Bounds of y^e^ College, particularly towards the mill-pond" without express leave; but why the mill-pond was to be so sedulously shunned we are left to conjecture. Finally, "to y^e^ End y^t^ no Person may pretend Ignorance of y^e^ foregoing . . . Regulations, . . . it is Ordered . . . y^t^ a clear and legible copy of y^m^ be posted up in every School of y^e^ College." [2]

One of the brightest traditions in the history of the col-

[1] *William and Mary College Quarterly*, III., 263.
[2] *William and Mary College Quarterly*, II., 55–6.

lege is that which tells of the wooing and wedding of Parson Camm, a gentleman famous once, whose fame deserves to be revived. John Camm was born in 1718 and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a man of good scholarship and sturdy character, an uncompromising Tory, one of the leaders in that "Parsons' Cause," which made Patrick Henry famous. He lived to be the last president of William and Mary before the Revolution. After he had attained middle age, but while he was as yet only a preacher and professor, and like all professors in those days at William and Mary a bachelor, there came to him the romance which brightened his life. Among those who listened to his preaching was Miss Betsy Hansford, of the family of Hansford, the rebel and martyr. A young friend, who had wooed Miss Betsy without success, persuaded the worthy parson to aid him with his eloquence. But it was in vain that Mr. Camm besieged the young lady with texts from the Bible enjoining matrimony as a duty. She proved herself able to beat him at his own game when she suggested that if the parson would go home and look at 2 Samuel xii. 7, he might be able to define the reason of her obduracy. When Mr. Camm proceeded to search the Scriptures, he found these significant words staring him in the face: "And Nathan said to David, *Thou art the man!*" The sequel is told in an item of the Virginia Gazette, announcing the marriage of Rev. John Camm and Miss Betsy Hansford.

So, Virginia, too, had its Priscilla! In the words of the sweet mediæval poem:

"El fait que dame, et si fait bien,
Car sos ciel n'a si france rien
Com est dame qui violt amer,
Quant Deus la violt à ço torner:
Deus totes dames beneie."[1]

But this marriage was an infringement of the customs of the college, and was rebuked in an order that *hereafter* the marriage of a professor should *ipso facto* vacate his office.

The college founded by James Blair was a most valuable centre for culture in Virginia, and has been remarkable in many ways. It was the first college in America to introduce teaching by lectures, and the elective system of study; it was the first to unite a group of faculties into a university; it was the second in the English world to have a chair of Municipal Law, George Wythe coming to such a professorship a few years after Sir William Blackstone; it was the first in America to establish a chair of History and Political Science; and it was one of the first to pursue a thoroughly secular and unsectarian policy. Though until lately its number of students at any one time had never reached one hundred and fifty, it has given to our country fifteen senators and seventy representatives in Congress; seventeen Governors of States, and thirty-seven judges; three Presidents of the United States,—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler; and the great Chief Justice Marshall. It was a noble work for America that was done by the Scotch parson, James Blair.

[1] *Partenopeus de Blois* 1250, ed. Crapelet, I. 45. "She acts like a woman, and so does well, for under the heavens there is nothing so daring as the woman who loves, when God wills to turn her that way: God bless the ladies all!"

THE MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

LADY HARDY

WE enter the Golden Gate Park, where, a few years ago, the Pacific waves were rolling; but these hundreds of acres have been reclaimed from the sea, and are planted with rare shrubs, young trees, evergreens and blooming flowers. It is tastefully laid out, a landscape garden and park in one; there are picturesque winding paths and shady nooks and corners where you can hide from the sun's searching rays, and, while you listen to the singing birds overhead, hear the boom of the breakers on the shore below. We pass through this paradise of green and reach a silent sea of yellow sandhills, smooth and soft as velvet, billowing round in graceful, undulating waves as far as the eye can reach; there is a sudden curve, and the wide Pacific Sea, in all its glory, lies before us clothed in the sunshine, its white foam lips kissing the golden shore; its long level line stretched against the distant skies. We drove down to it; nay, drove into it, and watched its tiny waves dimpling into a thousand welcomes beneath our wheels. The sun and sea conspired together to fill the air with balmy breezes. We felt the soft spray blowing in our faces, stirring our blood, and setting our cheeks aglow, and as we breathed the crisp, soft air, laden with three thousand miles of iodine, we seemed to be taking a draught of the elixir of life.

On our way home we passed the old Mission; at least, all that is left of it, which is not much—the mere remnants of some redwood houses and the ancient church, a quaint-looking low-roofed home of desolation, with its adobe walls of sun-baked clay about four feet thick, which promise to withstand the encroaches of time a century longer. A chime of three bells still hangs in three square portholes; their long tongues red with rust, droop dumb and motionless from their silent mouths. Only a hundred years ago they were brought from Castile, blessed by the holy fathers, and brought here to the edge of the wild Western world to ring out and summon the heathen and the wanderer to worship the one true God.

You enter the ruined church through a low, arched doorway. The broken font is still there, but the last drop of holy water was spilled from it long ago. The mullioned windows are of a quaint fan-like shape and the genial sun tries to pierce through the grime and dust and send its beams dancing over the crumbled ruin within. The painted wooden shrines of St. Joseph and St. Francis (who gave the settlement of Yerba Buena the name of San Francisco) are still there. Near by are the Madonna and Child, but the paint has worn off and they are all discoloured and stained with the damp wind and the rain which drips, in the rainy season, from the dilapidated roof. The crumbling decorations, though they are of a rough, rude workmanship, still bear the stamp of artistic design, though crudely executed by unaccustomed hands, who laboured for the love of God. It is about a hundred feet

THE MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

from the threshold to the altar. Give reins to your imagination, set it galloping back a hundred years, and see the priests, the white nuns, and hooded friars clustered round the empty altar busy in the service of the Lord; the aisles filled with kneeling Indians, who know little of the faith they have adopted except that there is an unknown God somewhere who makes their corn grow, watches over their lives here, with a promise of a life hereafter; men from Mexico, Peru, and Spain, and wanderers from all along the wild Pacific coast are standing reverently round; censers are swinging, lights are burning, and a choir of voices chant the Ave Marias. A Christian host gathered in that wilderness by the sea. Where are they all now? Vanished like the children of a dream.

A mouldy, funereal odour clings about the ruined walls, and we are glad to step out into the little graveyard outside, where the English hawthorn and white winter roses are blooming and the grass growing rich and luxuriant above the moss-grown graves. Whole tribes of Indians lie buried in the dust below our feet. There is no more desolate spot in the world than a disused graveyard. We read strange unfamiliar names upon the broken, half-buried stones, and crumbling urns, dilapidated angels and crippled cherubs are tottering round us. Here and there we decipher an English name, and, beneath, the information: "Died by the hands of the V. C."; "In mercy we slay the enemies of the Lord." The V. C. means the Vigilance Committee, who, in the early lawless days, executed justice swift and sure upon proven criminals. The strict justice of their

decisions was never called in question. A certain number of men of known integrity were invested with supreme power of life or death, and the guilt of a man being once fully assured, he had a brief trial and swift execution. There was no legal quibbling, which often lets loose some atrocious criminal to prey upon the world again until, at the end, he is launched out of it. Near the low arched gateway stands the dilapidated figure of a woman, her sightless eyes and lifted hands pointing upwards—mute significance of one hope for all the miscellaneous dead.

A fresh breeze was blowing outside, but here it seemed to hang heavy and still, laden with the damp odour of mouldering graves, which mingled with and destroyed the sweet scent of the flowers that are flourishing so luxuriantly above the dead. This was the first we had seen of the many remnants of the old mission days, when the Spanish Fathers first came to the wilderness to sow the good seed and reap the harvest in their Lord's name.

About the year 1820 the mission began to decay, the soldiers were recalled from the Presidio, where they had been stationed for the protection of the friars and their property, and from that time the missions dwindled, till the Fathers were recalled to Spain. They carried with them all their cattle and movable goods, and left their buildings to decay. These are scattered throughout the State of California, wherever the Fathers held temporary sway. Still, though they and their labours have passed away, and are well-nigh forgotten, they have left their traces behind them: throughout the country we find the old Spanish

names still clinging to the soil, such as Santa Clara, Santa Rosa, Santa Barbara, San Rafael, San José, Los Angeles, Monterey, Carmelo, etc. Mr. John S. Hittell has given in his history of California a most interesting and graphic account of these missions, their people, their work, and the effect upon the country from their first establishment to their decline.

The city has grown out of the wilderness, and crowded so close to the crumbling walls of the ruined mission that as we leave the gloomy precincts we step out into the populous streets, which are full of hurry, bustle and vigorous young life. It is like stepping from the old century into the new. Gaily painted cars and omnibuses are dashing up and down the wide Mission Street, each following the other so quickly that before you can step into one, another is on its heels.

KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON

F. W. P. GREENWOOD

THE *Rose* frigate must have seemed to the greater part of the Bostonians, or Bostoneers, as Randolph called them, freighted heavily with woe, bearing as it did the Rev. Robert Ratcliffe, of the Church of England, with his surplice and his book of Common Prayer; to say nothing of the commission which appointed a president over them by the King's sole authority. It was as new to them and as disagreeable to have in their midst a settled clergyman of that church as it was to see at their head a ruler not of their own choosing. "There had been very few instances of even occasional assemblies for religious worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England for more than fifty years. When the commissioners from King Charles were at Boston in 1665, they had a chaplain with them, but there was no house for public worship. Most of the inhabitants who were upon the stage in 1686, had never seen a Church of England assembly" (Hutchinson). The time was now come for the strange sight to be exhibited, and for the members of the Episcopal communion to rally under the countenance and influence of the Royal government. It should be stated, too, that the general court had declared in 1677, that no persons should be hindered from performing divine service according to the

KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON

Church of England. The way therefore appeared to lay smooth and open for the Episcopalians to introduce their forms of worship and government.

As Randolph had the chief hand in overturning the old charter of the Colony, so was he most active and efficient in establishing an Episcopalian Church here, and procuring the services of a clergyman from England.

Randolph carried his two great ends, the destruction of the original Massachusetts Charter, and the importation and introduction of an Episcopal clergyman.

On the 15th of May, 1686, as I have before stated, arrived the *Rose* frigate, commanded by Captain George. On the 25th Dudley entered on the duties of his temporary presidency. On the 26th, Mr. Ratcliffe waited on the council and Mr. Mason and Randolph proposed that he should have one of the three Congregational meeting-houses to preach in. This was denied, but he was granted the use of the library room in the east end of the town house, which then stood where the Old State House, or, as its present name is, the City Hall, now stands.

This was truly an humble beginning for those who made such high pretensions as did these zealous Royalists and churchmen. As they assembled in the east end of the town house, and looked round on their twelve forms and their movable pulpit, they must have felt the contrast between such a tabernacle and the solemn old cathedrals at home; and have felt, too, that they were among a people who, though of the same blood as themselves, were strangers to their mode of faith and worship, despising what they es-

teemed most sacred, and setting at nought the power which they deemed unquestionable.

On the 23d of March, 1687, the Governor (Sir Edmund Andros) sent Mr. Randolph for the keys of the South meeting house, now called the Old South, that the Episcopalians might have prayers there. A committee of six, of whom Judge Sewall was one, thereupon waited on his Excellency to show that the house was their own property, and to repeat that they could not consent to part with it to such use. This was on Wednesday. The following Friday, which was Good Friday, Sir Edmund Andros sent to command the sexton of the South church to open the door and ring the bell for those of the Church of England. The sexton, though he had resolved not to do so, was persuaded or intimidated into compliance, and the Governor and his party took possession of the house, and the church service was performed there.

We now approach the close of Andros's tyrannical government, which was brought about through the influence of one of the most auspicious changes in the government of the mother country, the Glorious Revolution, as it is called, of 1688. The spring succeeding the landing of William of Orange at Torbay, news was brought to Boston of the event, by way of Virginia, by a Mr. Winslow. Sunday, the 26th of May, the joyful news arrived of the proclaiming of William and Mary and on the 29th, the proclamation was published in Boston with great ceremony. Late in the year, an order from the King was received, requiring that Sir Edmund Andros, Edward Randolph, John

Trefry, and others that had been seized by the people of Boston, should be sent to England in the first ship bound thither, and in February, 1690, they embarked, and Boston was rid of them and their tyranny.

Mr. Ratcliffe and his assistant, Mr. Clark, must have also gone back to England about this time, as I find no notice of either of them, after the disposition of Andros. But in the meantime, the Episcopal Church had been built. How the land was procured, or of whom, when the building was dedicated, or by whom, there is no record, or if there be one, I have not met with it.

This first church was built of wood. It stood on the spot covered by the present church, but did not occupy nearly so much ground. In an old engraving which I have examined, representing the town of Boston as it was in 1720, this church, among others, is introduced. It stands in the same position with the present one, has a square tower at the west end, from the roof of which rises a staff supporting the vane, and just under the vane is a large and quite observable crown. It was the fifth house of public worship erected in Boston. The Congregational houses were then three in number, and the Baptists had succeeded in building themselves a church several years before the Episcopalians commenced theirs.

In the beginning of the year 1702, news was received of the death of King William, and the Church was put in mourning. Before his decease, Mr. Joseph Dudley, who had rendered himself so obnoxious here, as in many things the coadjutor, and, for his own selfish ends almost the

creature of Randolph, had interest enough to obtain while in London, the appointment of Governor of Massachusetts, which he had so long and eagerly coveted. On his reappearance in Boston, invested with his new dignity, he was received kindly and with a forgetfulness of past offences. He joined himself to the congregation of *Queen's Chapel*, as it was now called, on the accession of Queen Anne; and his name, together with that of the Lieutenant-Governor, constantly appears on the list of vestrymen.

At the Easter meeting in 1708, it was "agreed, that on Whitsunmonday there be a meeting of the congregation about enlarging the Queen's Chappell." The work, however, seems not to have been commenced till the year 1710, when a subscription was raised to effect its accomplishment. It amounted, indeed, to a rebuilding of the church, which was enlarged to twice its original size; nor was it till the year 1713, that the pillars, capitals and cornice were painted, and the scaffolding taken down. Places were assigned anew to the proprietors, and each person paid for the building of his own pew. And whereas the pews had been built before, according to the usual fashion, with little rails or banisters running round the top, it was now voted that they should "be built in one forme without banisters." The pulpit was removed from its former situation "to the next pillar at the East, being near the centre of the Church." The two long pews fronting the pulpit were made into two square pews, one for Col. Tailer, Lieutenant-Governor, the other for Mr. Jekyll, and the two pews behind them were made into one, for the use of masters of vessels; and the

pew behind that was appropriated to the accommodation of eight old men. A shell was placed over the south door.

A clock was given by "the Gentlemen of the British Society"; and a more important present, that of an organ, demands a more particular notice.

A Record of Votes and Resolutions, etc., together with some brief Memoirs of the Transactions relating to the Rebuilding King's Chapel in Boston begins with stating that King's Chapel was first erected of wood in the year 1688, that it was enlarged in 1710, and being found in the year 1741 in a state of considerable decay, that it was proposed to rebuild it of stone. The Rev. Roger Price was at that time "minister," and William Shirley, Esq. (about the same time appointed Governor of the Province), and Mr. Sam'l Wentworth, wardens. A voluntary subscription was set on foot, and Peter Faneuil, Esq., chosen treasurer for receiving sums subscribed. The building was to be stone and cost £25,000 old tenor. It was not to be commenced till £10,000 were subscribed.

In March, 1753, the new church being so far advanced that it was necessary to desert the old one, the congregation requested and obtained leave to meet in Trinity Church on Sundays, at separate hours from the congregation of that church, and on festival and prayer days in Mr. Croswell's meeting-house. In April the old church was pulled down. Before it falls to the ground, let us take such a glimpse of its venerable interior, as the mist of dim ages will allow us.

Since the enlargement of the Chapel in 1710, and the erection subsequently of galleries, it contained 122 pews, of which number 82 were on the ground floor. But these pews must have been small, as the present church contains no more. The pulpit was on the north side of the church, at about the midst. A finely decorated pew for the Governor who sat successively in it, was opposite; and near it there was another pew reserved for the officers of the British Army and Navy. In the west gallery of this first Episcopal Church was the first organ which ever pealed to the praise of God in this country; while displayed along its walls, and suspended from its pillars, after the manner of foreign churches, were escutcheons and coats-of-arms being those of the King, Sir Edmund Andros, Francis Nicholson, Captain Hamilton, and Governors Dudley, Shute, Burnet, Belcher and Shirley. In the pulpit there was an hour-glass, according to the old fashion, mounted on a large and elaborate stand of brass. At the east end there was "the Altar piece, whereon was the Glory painted, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and some texts of Scripture." It was a strange sight among the bare churches of New England.

In 1756 the noble organ which now stands in our west gallery was procured from England, and paid for by the subscription of individuals belonging to the church. Its original cost in London was £500 sterling; and when all charges were added, its whole expense amounted to £637. As it was obtained by private subscription, no notice of it whatever is taken in the church records. The only

memorial concerning it with which I am acquainted, is a paragraph in the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal* of 30th of August, 1756, which is copied into our later records, and is as follows:

"We hear that the organ, which lately arrived from London by Capt. Farr for King's Chapel in this Town, will be opened on Thursday next in the Afternoon; and that said organ (which contains a variety of curious stops never yet heard in these parts) is esteemed by the most eminent masters in England, to be equal, if not superior to any of the same size in Europe.—There will be a sermon suitable to the occasion; Prayers to begin at four o'clock."

There is a very current tradition respecting this organ, that it was selected by Handel himself. Taking into consideration the above reference to "the most eminent masters in England," we may receive this tradition as founded in truth. And, moreover, as the organ was designed for the King's Chapel in New England, we may readily suppose that his Majesty's favourite musician would at least be desired to give his opinion of its merits; and this opinion, being favourable, might be called a selection, even if the "mighty master" gave himself no further trouble with its purchase. Handel died in 1758, and was blind eight years before his death. But sight was not at all necessary in the office supposed to be consigned to him, and though his eyes never could have measured the external proportions of this organ, his ears must probably have judged of its tones and powers and his own hands rested on its keys.

In 1772, an additional service of plate, together with new pulpit furniture, was obtained from the King through the influence of Governor Hutchinson. In 1773, the ancient records end. A short time previous to the breaking out of the war, and through the whole of the year 1775, King's Chapel was the place of worship of many of the officers of the Navy and Army of Great Britain, who were stationed in and near Boston; and the duties of Dr. Caner and his assistant were consequently much increased.

The Chapel remained closed till the autumn of 1777; and then it was opened, not for Episcopal but Congregational services, very contrary to all the anticipations of Dr. Caner. The congregation of the Old South Church, not being able at that time to repair the desolations of their own sanctuary, which had been desecrated, spoiled, and used as a riding-school by the British troops, applied for the use of King's Chapel, or the Stone Chapel, as it then for obvious reasons began to be called. The application was made to the few proprietors of the Chapel who were left, and was readily granted. "The congregation," says Mr. Wisner, in his *History of the Old South Church*, "were kindly and gratuitously accommodated at the Chapel about five years."

Our church as a building has undergone no considerable change since the Revolution, except the erection of the colonnade at the West End, or Front, which was put up in the year 1790. The crown and mitre have, to be sure, disappeared from their stations on the top of the organ, and the Governor's pew, with its Corinthian pillars and crimson

damask tapestry, has been taken down and converted into two pews of common size and pretensions. But the architecture and interior arrangements, are, in all other respects, the same as before the war.

SOME BUILDINGS IN HAVANA

RICHARD DAVEY

NOTWITHSTANDING the mosquito nuisance and bad drainage, the traveller's first impression of Havana is distinctly agreeable, and the pleasing illusion is never completely destroyed. The harbour is wonderfully picturesque. Opposite the entrance stands the Moro Castle, almost a *facsimile* of that curious little castellated Moorish fortress which faces the beautiful monastery and Church of Belem, at Lisbon. To the left are two rather sharp promontories, crested by several fine churches, on *Los Angeles*, fully two hundred years old—an age in the New World, corresponding to hoar antiquity in the Old,—beyond these, upon a number of low-lying hills, rises the city, an irregular mass of one-storied dwellings, painted a vivid ochre, and interspersed with church domes and towers —with here and there tall, lank cocoa palms, or a tuft of banana leaves waving over some garden wall. Vessels from every part of the world, feluccas, with their swallow-shaped sails, some dazzling white, others a deep-red brown, fill up the foreground—whilst canoe-like market boats laden with tropical fruits, fish, vegetables and flowers, and rowed by negroes naked to the waist, scud in all directions over the deep blue waters.

Arriving, as I did, from New York, which I had left deep

THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

in snow, this summer scene was most exhilarating, and the exceeding transparency of the Cuban atmosphere added considerably to its beauty. Everything seemed unusual, novel, and, above all, utterly unlike what I had expected. The impress of the mother-country, Spain, is felt and seen everywhere, and modern American influences are barely perceptible, as yet. From the sea Havana might be Malaga or Cadiz, but when you land, memories of Pompeii immediately crowd upon you. What we should call the city proper, the commercial quarter of the Cuban capital, consists of a labyrinth of narrow lanes, traversed by one or two broadish streets, the principal of which, known all over Southern America and the West Indies as Calle O'Reilly, runs from the Governor's Palace, right out to the walls of the city. Few of the houses which line these lanes and alleys are more than one story high, but that one story so exceedingly lofty, that it would make three in an average London dwelling. The lower half of every house is painted either a deep darkish blue, a deep Egyptian red, or a vivid yellow ochre; the upper part is always a dazzling white. As in Pompeii you notice rows of stucco columns, painted half one colour, half another. Peeping through the ever-open doorways, you may, as you pass along, obtain something more than a mere casual glimpse of the interior of the dwellings. If you are early enough, you may behold the family at its toilet, for there is very little privacy anywhere in Cuba, every act, from entry into life to its final exit, from baptism to burial, being serenely performed in the utmost publicity. The lower windows, overlooking

the street, are protected by heavy iron bars, and behind these you may, in certain quarters of the town, see lively groups of Havanese Geishas, their faces thickly powdered with rice flour, their long black hair plaited, and their opulent charms displayed to liberal advantage—"*sono donn che fano all' amore!*" These same curious overhanging windows, with their iron bars, would give the place a prison-like appearance, were they not painted in the most brilliant colours,—orange, scarlet, and pea-green.

There is no West End, so to speak, in Havana, the mansions of the wealthy being scattered through every part of the city. Some of the finer houses are exceedingly handsome, but they are all built on one plan, in the classical style, with an inner courtyard, surrounded by handsome marble or stucco columns. I imagine them to be designed much on the same plan as the villas of ancient Rome. In the centre of the *Pateo*, there is generally a garden, rich in tropical vegetation, shading either a fountain or a large gilded aviary full of brilliant parrots and parrakeets. In some houses there is a picture or statue of the Virgin, or some Saint, with a silver lamp burning before it day and night. In the *Pateo* the family assembles of an evening, the ladies in full dress—and as it is generally brilliantly illuminated, the pleasant domestic scene adds greatly to the gay appearance of the streets, which fill with loungers in the cool of the evening.

The handsomest street in Havana is the Cerro, a long thoroughfare running up a hill at the back of the town, bordered on either side by enormous old villas, in the midst of

magnificent gardens. The finest of these mansions belongs to the very old Hernandez family, and is built of white marble in the usual classical style. The adjacent villa, Santo Veneo has a lovely garden, and used to be famous for its collection of orchids, the late Countess de Santo Veneo, a very wealthy lady, being a great collector. She was a clever, agreeable woman, well-known in Paris where she usually spent the summer and autumn. In the midst of a perfect forest of cocoa-palms stands the former summer villa of the Bishops of Havana, now a private residence.

Then, one after the other, follow the handsome dwellings of the Havanese Sangre Azul, of the Marquese dos Hermanos, of the Conde Penalver, of the Marqueza de Rio Palma, etc. The cacti in these villa gardens are of amazing size and shape, some showing leaves thick enough to bear the weight of a full grown man. Unfortunately, these Havana Edens are infested all the year round by swarms of mosquitos. The residents seem skin proof, and do not appear to suffer from the insects' attacks. But woe waits on the unwary newcomer who tempts fate by lingering in these lovely gardens!

Although an eminently Catholic city, Havana cannot be said to be rich in churches. A goodly number have been destroyed during the various rebellions, especially those of the middle of the century, when the religious orders were suppressed. The largest church is the Mercede, a fine building in the *rococo* style with handsome marble altars and some good pictures. It is crowded on Sundays and holidays

by the fashionable world of the place, the young men forming up in rows outside the church as soon as Mass is over, to gaze at the senoritas and their chaperons.

The Cathedral is the chief architectural monument of interest in Havana. It was erected for the Jesuits in 1704, and was converted into a Cathedral in the course of the Nineteenth Century. It is built in the usual Hispano-American style with a big dome and two stumpy towers on either side of the centre. Internally the effect is rather heavy, owing to the dark colour of the marbles which cover the walls, but compared with most churches in these latitudes, the edifice is in exceptionally good taste, with a remarkable absence of the tawdry images and wonderful collections of trumpery, artificial flowers and glass shades, which, as a rule, disfigure South American churches. The choir would be considered handsome even in Rome, and the stalls are beautifully carved in mahogany. Almost all the columns in the church are also mahogany, highly polished, producing the effect of a deep red marble, most striking when relieved, as in this case, by gilt bronze capitals. In the choir is the tomb of Columbus. The great navigator died, as most of my readers will doubtless be aware, at Valladolid, in Spain, on Ascension Day, 1506, and his body was at first deposited, after the most pompous obsequies, in the Church of San Francisco, in that city.

In 1513, the remains were conveyed to the Carthusian monastery of La Quabas, at Seville, where Ferdinand and Isabella erected a monument over them, bearing the simple but appropriate inscription:

"*A Castile y Leon*
Nuevo Mundo Dio Colon."

Twenty-three years later, the body of Columbus, with that of his son Diego, was removed to the island of San Domingo or Hayti, and interred in the principal church of the capital; but when that island was ceded to the French, the Spaniards claimed the ashes of the Discoverer, and they were carried to Havana and solemnly interred in the Cathedral, on the 15th January, 1796. The remains, which, by this time, it seems, were scanty enough, were placed in a small urn, deposited in a niche in the left wall of the chancel, and sealed up with a marble slab, surmounted by an excellent bust of the bold explorer, wreathed with laurel. The inscription, a very poor one, excited considerable ridicule, and a pasquinade was circulated, lamenting the absence of the nine Muses on the occasion of its composition.

Of late years, however, the inhabitants of San Domingo have set up a protest in favour of certain bones which have been discovered in their own Cathedral, and declare by their gods or by their saints, that never a bone of Columbus left their island, and that the relics of the great Christopher in the Cathedral of Havana, unto which so many pilgrimages have been made, are as apocryphal as were those of certain saints mentioned by the learned Erasmus.

Of the other numerous Havanese churches there is not much to be said, except that nearly all have remarkable ceilings, decorated in a sort of mosaic work in rare woods, often very artistic in design. Columns of mahogany are

frequently seen, and nearly all the churches are lined with very old Spanish or Dutch tiles. The Church of Santa Clara, attached to a very large nunnery, is a favourite place of devotion with the fashionable ladies, who squat on a piece of carpet in front of the Madonna, with their negro attendant kneeling a few feet behind them. When the lady has performed her devotions, the sable footman takes up her carpet, and follows her out of the church, walking solemnly a few feet behind her. In the Church of the Mercede, there is a very curious picture representing a group of Indians being slaughtered by a number of Spaniards. In the centre is a wooden cross, upon the transverse portions of which Our Lady is seated, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. In the corner is a long inscription of some historical importance. It runs thus:

"The Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus and the Spanish Army, being possessed of the 'Cerro de la Vaga,' a place in the Spanish island, erected on it a cross, on whose right arm, the 2d of May, 1492, in the night, there appeared, with her most precious Son, the Virgin, Our Lady of Mercy. The Indians, who occupied the island, as soon as they saw Her, drew their arrows and fired at Her, but, as the arrows could not pierce the sacred wood, the Spaniards took courage, and, falling upon the said Indians, killed a great number of them. And the person who saw this wonderful prodigy was the V. P. F. Juan."

The Jesuits have an important college for boys in Havana. Annexed to it is an observatory, said to be the best organized in South America. The church is hand-

some, and over the high altar hangs a famous Holy Family by Ribera. In connection with this college, there is also a museum and library, especially rich in drawings and prints, illustrating Cuban life and scenery, from the Sixteenth Century down to our own times.

The Tacon opera-house, which can accommodate 5,000 persons, is, in its way, a very fine theatre, built in the Italian fashion, with tiers of boxes, one above another. They are separated by gilded lattices, so as to afford every possible means of ventilation. Round each tier of boxes is a sort of ambulatory or verandah, overlooking the great Square. The upper gallery is exclusively devoted to the coloured people, who, on a Sunday, fill it to suffocation. They are considered the most critical part of the audience, and their appreciation or disproval is generally well founded and liberally demonstrated. The first two rows of boxes belong to the aristocracy and wealthy merchants, and the display of jewelry on a gala night used to be quite amazing. The lower part of the house is divided into a pit and orchestra-stalls. When crowded the Tacon presents a really fine appearance. The stage is, I should say, as large as that at Covent Garden and the operas are perfectly mounted and staged.

According to the best authorities, Diego Velasquez, the Conqueror of Cuba, founded the famous city of San Christobal de la Habana in 1508, and being immensely impressed by the width and depth of the harbour, and its generally favourable position for trade purposes, he called it *la Have del Nuevo Mondo*, the key to the New World. So far he

was right, and until quite recently Havana stood forth among the richest cities in Southern America. The early history of Cuba, like that of all the West Indian Islands, consists of a series of attacks by Spanish, English, French and Dutch buccaneers and privateers. In 1528, these adventurers burnt the new city to the ground, but, Phœnix-like, it soon rose above its ashes, and was eventually protected by a chain of fortifications of sufficient importance to resist a siege by the Dutch in 1628. From 1762 until February, 1763, the English, under Sir George Pickock, held the place. It was finally restored to the Spaniards; and the evacuation, on July 10th of the same year, was celebrated with great rejoicing; Britain being, at that date, distinctly unpopular in Cuba. In 1768, France having ceded Louisiana to Spain, Don Antonio Alloa sailed for New Orleans, to take possession in the name of Their Catholic Majesties. He was so ill received as to be obliged to return forthwith to Havana, where Marshal O'Reilly, an Irish exile, organized an expedition to Louisiana, and seized the capital, which was not held for very long. In 1802, Havana was partly burnt to the ground and some ten thousand persons were left homeless. Under the Governorship of the celebrated Tacon, Havana soon resumed its foremost position, and was almost entirely rebuilt in stone and masonry, whereas, hitherto, most of the houses had been of wood thatched with straw. If you ask, "Who built that fine edifice?" the answer is invariably "Tacon." "Yon theatre?" "Tacon." It is literally a case of "*Ta-*

con qui, *Tacon su e Tacon giù*." He is the benevolent Figaro of the place. The wonders which he performed in a short time prove clearly that when the island is energetically governed, it flourishes marvellously.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

CITIES, like men, and because they are the work of men, have each, necessarily, marked features of individuality, and these will be found to illustrate in some degree, the characteristics of the people by whom they have been founded, and by whom they are maintained. All of our American cities may thus be distinguished, each having its local atmosphere and aspect. Charleston is confessedly one of the favourite cities of the South, if not of the Union, and is commended to our regards by a thousand special considerations. She has been distinguished by her early and active share in our Revolution—in the formation of the Confederacy and the Constitution—in the noble contributions of intellect and valour which she has made to the common capital of the country—in her generous sacrifices at all times in the common cause—by the refinements of her society—by the polish of her people—the general propriety of her tastes—her lofty morals and warm hospitality.

Founded under peculiar circumstances, at a juncture of marked transition in European affairs, under the direct patronage of the most eminent among the British nobility, and subsequently taken under the immediate protection of the Crown, the colony of South Carolina—of which Charleston was at that period the very soul—was always a much favoured province of the mother country. The

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON

richness and value of her products furnished substantial reasons why she should be a favourite. Her merchants were mostly British; her native sons of family were sent to Britain for education; and the affinities between the parent state and the colony were thus rendered doubly tenacious, making the struggle of the Revolution a much severer one in this than in any other colony of the whole continent.

The Palmetto City is happily placed within two spacious rivers, the Cooper and Ashley—the Etiwan and Keawah of the Red Men. These unite to form the harbour, which is ample and attractive to the eye, in high degree, forming a beautiful *ensemble*, not less sweet than spacious. As you enter from the sea, between the Islands of Sullivan and Morris, the city opens before you in the foreground, five miles distant—rising, like another Venice from the ocean. It is built, like Venice, upon flats and shoals of sand and mud. So low is the land, that the illusion that it is built directly in the sea, continues till you approach quite near it. This illusion is productive of a picturesque effect, but not sufficient to compensate you for the relief which would be yielded by an elevated background, or by lofty eminences of land on either side. As you advance, the bay expands, wide and majestic, forming a harbourage to which there can be no objection, were it not for the embarrassments of the bar at the entrance, which forbids the admission of ships of very heavy draught of water. In front of you, commanding the channel is Fort Sumter, a formidable pile of fortress, with double tier of heavy cannon rising upon a

mole at the head of a sand-bar. In passing Sullivan's Island the eye readily distinguishes the famous fortress which bears the name of Moultrie, distinguished in American history as the scene of one of the first and best fought battles of the Revolution, when a few hundred native riflemen, who had never fired a cannon before, beat off and nearly destroyed a formidable British fleet, making such slaughter among them as, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not even reached by that of Trafalgar and the Nile. On the right you see Haddrill's—Mount Pleasant village—which also constituted one of the fortresses of '76. On the left are the shores of James and Morris Islands, the latter bearing the light-house of the port; the former the site of old Fort Johnson, which was wrested from the British, prior to the battle of Fort Moultrie by the enterprise of a small body of citizen soldiery. Here at the very portals of the city, you encounter Castle Pinckney, covering an ancient mud reef; and here we propose to give you a bird's eye view of the city itself—the Palmetto City. You see the *tout ensemble* at a glance, and perceive its two most prominent characteristics—the verandahs, balconies, piazzas, with the ample gardens and their foliage, which isolate every dwelling-house, and form a substitute for public squares, in which Charleston is lamentably deficient. But for the largeness of the several lots and the taste of the people for shade trees, the deficiency would be fatal at once to the health and beauty of the place.

On the southeast corner of Broad and Meeting Street is an antique of the old Colonial period, the sight of which

always rouses the pride of the Palmetto citizen. This is St. Michael's Church (Episcopalian), a fine old fabric, and one of the best specimens of the British architectural talent of its day, at least as this was exhibited in its American production.

This fine church was first opened for worship in 1761. Its tower is supposed to be one of the noblest ornaments of the city. The proportions are good; the effect is graceful and imposing. The extreme elevation is 168 feet; no great elevation, perhaps, except in a city so little above the sea as Charleston. It is here even now overtopped by others. But it is not a mere spire. It is a series of ornamented chambers, gradually rising from each other; and involves dimensions of greater bulk and weight than any other of the city towers, St. Philip's alone excepted. The church of St. Michael's seems to be deficient in relation with the tower, and the effect is not good. It is too squat for the steeple. The extreme length of the body of the church is 130 feet, its width 60. As a whole the structure is in good taste, simple and proper; while this steeple, from its proportions, and an air of grace and lightness, which lessens greatly your idea of its bulk and weight, is in the highest degree pleasing and impressive.

This tower constituted, until a comparatively recent period, the great landmark of the city from the sea. It was the chief, or only beacon in the period of the Revolution, and was painted black when the assailing British fleet was anticipated, in order to prevent their use of it as a guide to the harbour. But this was a mistake. Black against a

light-blue sky was a more certain landmark than white. It has a very musical chime of eight bells, none sweeter in the country. In the humid climate of Charleston the bells acquire a rare sweetness of tone, and those of St. Michael's are especially musical. Of these bells there is a curious history. They were taken down and sent, as a portion of the *spolia opima* of the captured city, to London for sale. They were bought by London merchants, and restored by them to the church, whether as a gift or by purchase we are not able to say.[1]

[1] In 1872, Mrs. Petigru Carson writes in Appleton's Journal: "When the British took Charleston in 1780, they stabled their horses in the church, and, unhanging the bells, sent them off to London, where they were dumped on the Tower Wharf. At last the vestry of St. Michael's received a letter bidding them expect their bells by a certain ship sailing from London. The people went in procession to bring up from the ship their beloved bells, which they had never hoped to listen to again, and with prayers and thanksgivings they were replaced in the church tower. The pious benefactor never made himself known, but he was supposed to have been some British officer who had been at the taking of Charleston. For seventy years did those bells regulate the social life of the city. For, not only did they call to worship, and celebrate all occasions of public joy and sorrow, but nightly they rang a curfew which ruled everybody's movements. It was intended to warn the negroes home at nine o'clock in winter, ten in summer; after that hour they might not go into the streets without a written pass. All visitors were expected to take leave at bell-ring.

"Then Sherman's army passed through leaving its track as of lightning. A party of half-drunken soldiers, out for a lark and for plunder, were accosted by a negro who offered to show them the bells which had rung in secession. 'Never,' said the men, 'shall they play that tune again!' and they smashed them into a hundred pieces." The rector and congregation despite their poverty consequent on the war wrote to one Mr. C. R. Prioleau of London to inquire the cost of a new set.

"There was no record at Charleston of where the bells came from. But Mr. Prioleau searched the directory for the oldest founders of the city, and went from one to the other, until at Meares & Co., Whitechapel, Lon-

During the Civil War the bells of St. Michael's were sent to Columbia to be cast into cannon, but General Beauregard pronounced them unfit for the purpose and had them preserved in the capital with other relics of value.

don, a firm which had been in existence three hundred years, he found, by patient examination, the record of bells cast for St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., in 1759. The proportions of the metal and sizes of the bells were all entered in the books; and the present Meares engaged to turn out a new set which, when hung, should make the Charlestonians themselves think they heard the veritable old bells. But Mr. Prioleau was not content with this; he wrote back to have all the fragments that could be found sent out—and this was done. Meanwhile, Meares found still in their service an old man of seventy-six, who had been apprentice under the very foreman who, more than a hundred years before, had cast those bells; and he, stimulated by Prioleau's generosity, never rested till he brought to light the very original moulds for the castings. Into them the new metal was melted with careful distribution of the broken fragments, so as to make the illusion a reality. All that was wanting to make up the cast, Mr. Prioleau added, and the reward of his perseverance and generosity was to send to the vestry these new bells, which are the very old ones still. Again did the congregation with tears and thanksgiving receive the bells from this their fifth voyage across the Atlantic, and hung them up in St. Michael's steeple."—E. S.

THE CARLYLE HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA

IN the quiet little town of Alexandria, whose large and grass-grown cobble-stones are rarely disturbed by vehicles or pedestrians, there are many old houses of distinguished, if somewhat decayed, appearance. They date from the period when the town, known as Belle Haven, had every prospect of becoming an important centre of trade and society. It was a mart for the famous "Oronoko tobacco" and a warehouse for this commodity established about 1720 brought prosperity to the settlement on the Potomac, whose name was soon changed to honour James Alexander, the Earl of Stirling. Many ships docked in the harbour to land merchandise, soldiers, sailors, officers and distinguished foreigners on diplomatic missions; and from the *Royal George*, the northern mail coach left every day connecting Alexandria with the world. In this period of prosperity, many handsome houses were built and furnished with every comfort and luxury known to this country.

Among the typical examples of domestic architecture of Colonial days is one that amply repays a visit,—not merely on account of its historical associations, but because it is one of the best specimens of Eighteenth Century architecture existing in this country.

Completely hidden by a modern hotel of unprepossessing appearance, few tourists who pause on their way from

THE CARLISLE HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Washington to *Mount Vernon* to see the town that Washington visited so frequently, are aware of its existence.

Passing through the hotel into the back court, the visitor is suddenly confronted by this noble old house, now deserted and forlorn, with no hints of its days of gaiety and splendour. The house is extremely large and of fine proportions, and when surrounded by its trees and gardens must have presented an appearance of great dignity and charm. Architects, however, delight even more in the interior decorations,—the beautifully carved chimney-pieces, doors and other woodwork and the fine stairway. When this house was built by Major John Carlyle in 1752, it was considered one of the three handsomest homes in the vicinity, the others being *Mount Vernon*, the home of the Washingtons, and *Belvoir*, the home of the Fairfaxes.

One curious feature of the Carlyle House is that it is built upon an old fort, whose massive grass-grown walls are still to be seen, as well as the subterranean passage that leads from the house through the fort to the Potomac.

The following description by a nameless writer describes the house as it was about forty years ago:

"It is built of cut stone, quite large, being about fifty feet square, the doors and windows ornamented with carved caps. A massive porch is built on the west front and the east is occupied by a long verandah. A wide hall runs entirely through the house, in each story, and opening into them are spacious rooms. These, as well as the hall on the first story, are wainscoted to the ceiling and ornamented

with carved wood, after the style of the period in which the house was built.

"Formerly, fine grounds surrounded the house; on the east side a garden extended to the river, which, at that time, was about three hundred yards distant. This inlet has long been filled in, and its site is now occupied by streets and buildings. A broad walk, bordered on either side with trees and shrubs extended from the house to the river. Being considerably above the grade of the surrounding streets, the garden was entirely cut away except a small portion near the house, which was walled in. The garden on the west front extended from the mansion to the street and fronted directly on the public square, which at that time was occupied by the town jail and pillory. In the garden were a number of tall Lombardy poplars, and at each corner a lodge was built, which was used as servants' quarters. These have all been removed and their site is occupied by a large building. This prevents a front view of the mansion, except from the interior point of the hotel."

Another excellent description by Alexander Cameron, in the *New England Magazine* for 1902, reads as follows:

"The most imposing residence the town possessed was, of course, the one John S. Carlyle had erected in 1752, constructed of Portland stone, shipped from the Isle of Wight in exchange for the famous Oronoko tobacco. The house was well situated,—in the rear the lawn sloped down to the Potomac and on the portico one could sit and watch the vessels from over the seas glide into the haven that ever appeared most beautiful, and in front like watchful

sentinels, a double row of Lombardy poplars kept guard over the stately home, where hospitality was offered with a lavish hand and where good cheer and kindliness were ever to be found. The woodwork of the interior of the house is regarded as the best specimen of Colonial style; the windows, doorways, mantels, the primitive cupboards, the heavy carved frieze, even the chairboard are all in exquisite taste. Here in the great drawing-room of gold and white, Washington was often to be seen, taking part in the minuet and one could catch a glimpse of the dainty room in blue and white across the hall. But there was another side to all this brightness and gaiety, as the dungeons of the house could testify, where in times of attack by the Indians, the household sought protection, or by means of the subterranean passage, as at *Mount Vernon*, an escape was offered by way of the Potomac and the happy youths in powdered wigs, beruffled shirts, knee breeches, and silk hose, who could step with so light a heart in the dance, could also draw their swords and fight for the protection of their homes and for the honour of their King."

The French and Indians were a menace to the prosperity of Alexandria; those living without the town found it difficult to bring their produce to market without fearing an attack; therefore in 1754 Washington, then but twenty-two, led a small company of Alexandria soldiers against the enemy. This was unsuccessful and Washington was compelled to surrender. In the following year, England took extreme measures.

It was the period when England and France were con-

tending for power on this continent. France, with her allies, the Indians, held the Lakes and many strong forts in the interior, while England held the Atlantic seaboard peopled by loyal colonists. The English ministry having decided to attack the French on the Lakes and in Ohio, despatched General Braddock to Virginia in 1755, with instructions to proceed to Fort Duquesne, the site of the present city of Pittsburg.

On his arrival in Alexandria, General Braddock became the guest of Major Carlyle, while doubtless the soldiers were put up at the *Royal George*.

We can imagine that the entertainment offered to the gallant, gay and eccentric General by a wealthy colonist did not shame the famed Virginia hospitality; and that when the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and North Carolina arrived, there were dances, dinners, cards, toasts and wines, and scenes of gaiety, as well as the discussion of vital questions. A Conference of six Governors and noted army officers was not an every day occurrence, and the old house held a very brilliant gathering.

The Conference ended and the plan of action determined upon, Braddock and his little company of red-coated soldiers, set out from Alexandria.

They took the road across the mountains, still a wilderness, although the Indian no longer lurks behind the trees and rocks. Here the traveller is shown various paths called "Braddock's Road," and springs and stones called "Braddock's Well" and "Braddock's Stone," all of which are

associated, or supposed to be associated, with the memorable "Braddock's Defeat."

Braddock's story is very well told by John Esten Cooke, who writes: "He went from Williamsburg to Alexandria to consult with the governors of the more prominent colonies; and one morning there appeared at his headquarters a young gentleman of some reputation as a soldier—Colonel George Washington of *Mount Vernon*. As Washington had already smelled gunpowder and knew the wilderness, Braddock gave him a position on his staff, and informally consulted with him, but exhibited ill-conditioned disdain when the young 'buckskin' hinted that 'regulars' would not accomplish much in the woods when matched against Indians firing from behind the trees. The idea that *British regular troops* would not sweep such hornets from their path, struck Braddock evidently in the light of an exquisite absurdity; and, paying no attention to Washington's warnings, he hurried forward his preparations, set out for the frontier, passing through Frederick City, Maryland, and Winchester, Virginia, and entered Fort Cumberland, where his troops were to rendezvous amid a thundering salute of thirteen cannon, the drums beating the 'Grenadier's March' as he flashed by in his chariot, his staff galloping beside it. So went upon his way the brave and unlucky Englishman who was not destined to return. . . .

"The tragic sequel of the drama we need not describe. Braddock had acted like the brave man he was in the battle and defeat that ensued, and, seeing all things crumbling around him, seemed anxious to die. He rode into the

hottest of the fire, a conspicuous figure in his splendid uniform—shouting orders, storming at the troops, waving his sword—exposing himself recklessly in every part of the field. Five horses had been killed under him. As one fell, he seized and mounted a fresh one. At last his fate came. A bullet traversed his right arm and buried itself in his lungs. He fell—was caught by Captain Stewart of the Virginia light-horse, and there was scarcely time to hurry him off the fateful field, when the English troops broke on all sides and retreated in wild disorder, pursued by the French and Indians.

"The shattered army were now in full flight across the Monongahela; and then they hastened back through the wilderness, scarcely pausing before they reached Fort Cumberland. Tradition relates that Braddock was so painfully wounded that he could not be carried off even in a spring vehicle, and was swung at full length in a large silken sash which he had worn, the extremities of which were affixed to two horses moving abreast. This sash is said to be still in existence. He could be carried no further than the Great Meadows, where he died on the night of July 13th, Washington reading the funeral service over his body, which was there interred. Savages lurked around—all was done in silence. Not even a volley was fired in honour of the brave soldier who had come to this wilderness to find a grave."

The report to the home government gave the Colonial soldiers their due. It read: "The Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers." Wash-

ington was the only officer who survied. He wrote: "I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt although death was levelling my companions on every side of me."

On his return, Washington entered into all the gaieties of Alexandria, balls and dances at the Carlyle House, balls and dances at the *Royal George*, and balls and dances at the tavern called Gadsby's. He notes in his Diary of 1760 the description of a ball in Alexandria, ending: "We lodged at Col. Carlyle's."

During the Civil War, this old house was used as headquarters for the medical directors of the hospitals in the vicinity.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

D. W. BELISLE

THIS venerable edifice, which excites so much patriotic veneration from the American people and is regarded with profound esteem abroad, was known until the year 1776 as the State House. From that memorable period—when the representatives of the nation resolved to be free—the room on the east side of the main entrance has been designated by the appellation of Independence Hall. For wise and patriotic reasons it has never been altered. By that designation it will remain hallowed to all time. So long as a single genuine spark of freedom remains in the human heart, so long will Independence Hall be regarded as the birthplace of liberty—the immortal spot where the manacles of oppression were sundered and despotism received its most formidable rebuke. The State House, originally constructed for the purpose of accommodating legal business, the dispensation of Colonial statutes for Pennsylvania, and the transaction of various other matters, was commenced in the year 1729 and completed in 1734. Its dimensions and architectural plan—the design being furnished by an amateur architect, named John Kearsley, Sr.,—were regarded by many as too large and expensive; and the erection of the building was, therefore, quite strenuously opposed. Had the men who first conceived the

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

noble enterprise of building it foreseen the exalted character which their contemplated edifice would assume in future, there would not probably have been a single dissenting voice in the liberal plan projected by its founders. It is a singular historical fact, that most of those who opposed the plan of the edifice in the commencement and who were still living at the time, were opposed to the adoption of the "Declaration of Independence," which occurred within its very walls about a quarter of a century afterwards. According to bills and papers kept by Andrew Hamilton, one of the three Commissioners who had the superintendence of the financial matters connected with its construction, it appears that the edifice cost originally $16,250. The two wings which now form important addenda to the building, however, were not erected until the years 1739–40, and increased the total amount to $28,000—but their cost cannot be counted in the original bill.

Watson in his *Annals* says: "Edmund Woolley did the carpenter work, John Harrison the joiner work, Thomas Boude was the brick mason, William Holland did the marble work, Thomas Kerr, plaster, Benjamin Fairman and James Stoopes made the bricks; the lime was from the kilns of the Tysons. [These kilns were situated in Manship Township, Montgomery County, about one mile west from Willow Grove and fifteen miles from the Hall of Independence.] The glass and lead cost £170 and the glazing in leaden frames was done by Thomas Godfrey, the celebrated. I may here usefully add, for the sake of comparison, the costs of sundry items, to wit: carpenter's work at 4*s.*

per day; boy's, 1*s.*; master carpenter, E. Woolley, 4*s.* 6*d.*; brick-laying by Thomas Boude, John Palmer and Thomas Redman, at 10*s.* 6*d.* per M.; stone work in the foundation at 4*s.* per perch; digging ground and carting away, 9*d.* per yard; bricks, 31*s.* 8*d.* per M.; lime per 100 bushels, £4; boards, 20*s.* per M.; lath-wood, 18*s.* per cord; laths, 3*s.* per C.; shingles, 20*s.* per M.; scantling, 1½*d.* per foot; stone, 3*s.* per perch, and 5*s.* 5*d.* per load. Labourers receive 2*s.* 6*d.* per day; 2,100 loads of earth are hauled away at 9*d.* per load." These items are only given as specimens of curiosity, and will serve to amuse, if not to instruct.

The woodwork of the steeple by which the building was first surmounted, on examination in 1774, was found to be so much decayed, that it was decided to remove it, and it was accordingly taken down, leaving only a small belfry to cover the bell for the use of the town-clock,—which had but one dial face, at the west end of the building. In that condition it remained until 1829, when the steeple which now crowns the building, was erected on the plan of the original one. Some years ago the interior woodwork to the room in which the "Declaration of Independence" was signed was removed for the purpose of modernizing the plans, but public sentiment soon demanded its restoration, and it now presents the same appearance it did on that memorable occasion. In 1854, the City Councils of Philadelphia very patriotically resolved to place in this sacred room—where they properly belong—all the relics associated with the brilliant history of the Hall and the times

cotemporaneous with the American Revolution, which they could obtain. With commendable zeal and enterprise they have obtained and arranged in their appropriate places portraits of nearly all the distinguished "Signers of the Declaration of Independence," as well as many other valuable relics, all of which are sacred mementoes uniting the present and the past with ligaments of inseverable affection.

"When the regular sessions of the Assembly were held in the State House," says Watson, "the Senate occupied upstairs and the Lower House the same chamber since called Independence Hall. In the former, Anthony Morris is remembered as Speaker, occupying an elevated chair facing north—himself a man of amiable mien, contemplative aspect, dressed in a suit of drab cloth, flaxen hair slightly powdered, and his eyes fronted with spectacles. The Representative Chamber had George Latimer for Speaker, seated with his face to the west,—a well-formed manly person, his fair large front and eyes sublime declared absolute rule."

For many years previous to 1855, the upper apartment of Independence Hall was divided into rooms which were occupied by the Supreme Courts of the United States, and was rented for offices of various kinds.

Grave and deliberate as were the general purposes, during the early period of the Revolution, to which the "State House" was appropriated in the Colonial days of Pennsylvania, it was on several occasions used as a hall for banqueting. In the long gallery, upstairs, the feasting tables were spread, around which hilarity and mirthfulness

prevailed, while the tables themselves were loaded with every desirable luxury which the appetite or inclination might fancy or desire. Soon after the edifice was completed, in 1736, William Allen, Esq., then Mayor of Philadelphia, made a feast at his own expense. This entertainment, which was of a sumptuous and costly character, was spread in the "State House," and the Mayor extended his invitations to all distinguished strangers in the city. The number of invited guests exceeded any at the feasts given in the city on previous occasions, while those who partook of his hospitality expressed their unanimous consent that, "for excellency of fare, it was a most elegant entertainment." On the arrival of their new Colonial Governor, Denny, in 1756, while the Assembly was in session, that body gave him a reception dinner, and this feast was likewise spread at the "State House," at which the "civil and military officers and clergy of the city" were present. This entertainment occurred in August, and was an important event during that session of the Assembly. It had a tendency to harmonize various antagonistical personal feelings, which were looked upon as boding no peculiar good to the new administration. Again, when Lord Loudon, commander-in-chief of the King's forces in the several colonies, visited the city in the year 1757, the corporation received him at the "State House" by a great banquet. General Forbes, who was then commander at Philadelphia and of the southern settlements, was also present on that occasion. Various guests were invited, among whom were officers of rank, gentlemen strangers, clergy

and private citizens, who partook of those municipal hospitalities. It was remarked by some uninvited guests at the time, that the expenditure for this entertainment was greater than had ever before been made by the authorities for public receptions, which indicated a very early hospitality to such feasts—especially when given at the expense of the public treasury. When in 1774, the first Congress met in Philadelphia, a sumptuous collation was prepared by the gentlemen of the city, for the entertainment of its representatives, the "State House" was selected as the building in which the festive ceremonies should be performed. The members and invited guests congregated first at the City Tavern,[1] and thence marched in an imposing procession to the "State House," in the dining-hall of which the repast was spread. About five hundred persons partook of the dinner, and when the toasts were given they were rendered patriotic by the "firing of cannon and martial music." These festive occasions exerted salutary influence upon public sentiment, and had a tendency to develop, in no small degree, political feelings which actuated the people. No doubt the principles promulgated and advocated around the brimful goblet and board, were regarded in a patriotic or disloyal sense, according to the dominant characteristics of leading men, with their adherence to Parliamentary laws, or Republican sympathy.

Notwithstanding the fact that Independence Hall is regarded as a most sacred shrine of Liberty, in days of yore

[1] The City Tavern stood on the site of the "Coffee House," and was a distinguished eating restaurant.

it was used for various purposes—some of which illy comported with the true character of the building. Mr. Watson says: "For many years the public papers of the Colony, and afterwards of the City and State, were kept in the east and west wings of the State House, without any fire-proof security as they now possess. From their manifest insecurity, it was deemed, about the year 1809, to pull down those former two-story brick wings and to supply their places by those which are now there. In former times such important papers as rest with the Prothonotaries were kept in their offices at their family residences." When workmen were superintending the removal of the former wings of the "State House," Mr. Grove, who was the master mason, made several interesting discoveries of relics. These were mostly found under the foundations of the walls, as the workmen excavated the ground considerably deeper for the present cellars. At the depth of some five feet, and close to the western wall, was dug up a keg of Indian flints. Nothing appears upon record to give the faintest idea as to who performed the deed, or for what purpose they were buried there. The impression of the keg was distinct, but the wood had decayed and become assimilated with the loamy soil. At about the same depth, and in close proximity to it, were uncovered the complete equipments of a sergeant, consisting of a musket, cartouche-box, sword, buckles, etc. "The wood being decayed left the impression of what they had been." These discoveries excited considerable curiosity, and attracted a large multitude of people to see and examine them. But a

greater and more general excitement was created, a day or two subsequently, at the announcement that a lot of bomb-shells, filled with powder, had been exhumed by the diggers. This circumstance led to various conjectures, relative to the object for which they had been buried beneath the building, but a satisfactory solution of the mystery has not, as yet, been given. Some entertained the belief that it was intended for another Guy Fawkes plot, to destroy the edifice on a particular occasion. Most probably, however, they had been placed there for safe keeping, or to prevent their falling into unfriendly hands. Subsequently, when the present foundation was built two of these bombs were walled in with the stones and now form a portion of the stonework.

We have remarked that Independence Hall was used for various purposes. In the year 1802, the Legislature of Pennsylvania granted to Charles Wilson Peale the use of the upper rooms in which the public banquets were formerly given for the exhibition of curiosities which he had collected and arranged under the title of the *Philadelphia Museum.*

As a place of literary entertainment, Independence Hall assumes a conspicuous reputation. In 1771, the Rev. Jacob Duché, assistant minister of Christ Church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia, wrote as follows:—"The 'State House,' as it is called, is a large plain building, two stories high. The lower story is divided into two large rooms, in one of which the Provincial Assembly meet and in the other the Supreme Court of Judicature is held. The upper story consists of a long gallery, which is generally used for public entertain-

ments, and two rooms adjoining it, one of which is appropriated for the Governor and his Council; the other, I believe, is yet unoccupied. In one of the wings, which join the main building by means of a brick arcade, is deposited a valuable collection of books, belonging to a number of the citizens, who are incorporated by the name of '*The Library Company of Philadelphia.*' You would be astonished, my Lord, at the general taste for books which prevails among all orders and ranks of people in this city. The librarian assured me that, for one person of distinction and fortune, there were twenty tradesmen that frequented this library." The Library Company of Philadelphia, to which the above reverend writer so sneeringly alludes (and who, during the Revolutionary struggle for Independence, turned Tory to the cause of Freedom), was first started by Benjamin Franklin in 1731, and was called "*The City Library*," in consequence of a union which was made on the first of July of that year, of several libraries. In October, 1732, their first importation of books from England arrived, amounting in cost to £45 15*s.*, sterling. The Library was located in Pewter-platter Alley, but in 1740 it was transferred to the State House. Thence in 1773 it was placed in the Carpenters' Hall, where it remained until the year 1790. It received its incorporation in 1742, under the title of the "Library Company of Philadelphia." In 1792, this Company, the Loganian and the Union, were merged into one,—making a *tria juncta in una.*

During the progress of the struggle for Freedom, the State House was signalized for many scenes which trans-

35205

pired within it, and was, at one time, used as a hospital for wounded soldiers. A "lobby" extended the whole length of the building, then eastward from the head of the stairs, and in this "lobby" the American officers who were captured at the Battle of Germantown were retained as prisoners. It was used as a hospital after the Battle of the Brandywine, where many a noble patriot breathed his last. Such were some of the sad purposes for which this sacred structure has been used. This building is also rendered immortal from the fact that here Washington "bade farewell to public life, and delivered that memorable address which will ever be cherished as a sacred legacy by his grateful countrymen." In 1824, Lafayette received his friends in Independence Hall. It has been subsequently used as the audience-chamber of several distinguished visitors, and a reception room for the Presidents of the United States. The body of the venerable John Adams here lay in state on its way to his final resting-place.

After the completion of the State House in 1734, measures were set on foot to secure means and funds sufficient to place in the dome a bell appropriate for the building. As they had already supplied a great public necessity by placing a clock in the west end—not in the *steeple*, as *Harper's Magazine* represents it—many influential citizens opposed the measure, on the ground of extravagance, arguing that the "great cost of the State House had imposed a heavy tax upon the citizens, and further expenditure was useless." The better judgment of the people, however, after several years prevailed, and it was decided to have a

bell. But another great and discouraging difficulty met the speedy accomplishment of their purposes. There had been but little moulding and casting effected in the Colonies, in consequence of the home government monopolizing almost exclusively every department of manufacturing, thereby subjecting their subjects in the New World to depend upon the mills, looms and furnaces of England for a supply of such articles as Parliament might *think proper* for them to have. It became necessary, therefore, to submit to the inconvenience, trouble and delay, of sending to London for a bell. This was done. The size, peculiar shape, weight,[1] motto and thickness, were accurately mentioned, as directions for casting it, and the order was sent in the latter part of the year 1750. About a year would elapse before they could reasonably expect the bell to reach this country. It came at last in 1752, and before it was landed from the ship, hundreds of citizens repaired to the vessel to examine it and congratulate the city on its safe arrival.

The tone was clear, distinct and forcible, well calculated to inspire feelings of pride in those enterprising citizens, who had been chiefly instrumental in procuring it. But their high anticipations were doomed to meet a sad disappointment. A day or two after its arrival, while removing it from the vessel to the place for which it was intended, it met with an accident by which its tones were rendered discordant, the beauty of its appearance mutilated and its uses almost destroyed. In fact, the bell had to be recast,

[1] The weight of the bell was 2,030 pounds.

and it was decided that an experiment should be made in the city.

Accordingly the task was assigned to Messrs. Pass & Stow, who were to perform the operation under the superintendence of Isaac Norris, Esq., Speaker of the Colonial Assembly. To that gentleman is ascribed the honour of having originally suggested the motto "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof," which the bell contains, and which proved so prophetic of its future use. In regard to the new bell cast by Messrs. Pass & Stow, Mr. Norris remarked that "they have made a good bell, which pleases me much that we should *first* venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell, for aught I know, in English America—surpassing, too, the imported one, which was too high and brittle." No doubt such were the facts, especially in reference to the last part of Mr. Norris's remarks, and in that respect, also, the bell was significantly emblematical. Efforts were made to restore the bell to its original sound by boring holes into it, but the attempt proved unavailing.

Such is the brief history of the origin of the "Old State House Bell"; and it is to be regretted that no more definite reminiscences connected with it have been preserved. During the struggle for that Independence and Freedom which was proclaimed by this bell, while the British threatened to take and occupy Philadelphia, this bell, together with that belonging to Christ Church, was taken down, and conveyed to the river, near Trenton, where they were buried in the water in order to prevent them from falling

into the hands of their enemies. In this condition they remained from 1777 to the close of the American Revolution, when they were brought back to the city and placed in their former situations.

THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC

THOMAS UNETT BROCKLEHURST

A CLEAR, unclouded atmosphere at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea in the tropics puts everything *couleur de rose*. There is no heat, no cold; the average temperature is about 60°, and the atmosphere is so clear that when you see the mountains at the ends of the streets they appear close at hand, instead of being from twenty to forty miles distant.

All the houses in the city have a gay appearance; such as are not white or light yellow or green are tinted with various shades of red, and many of the churches may be pronounced pink; three or four hundred yards of a street in pink has a pretty effect, especially if continued in pale green; a house in grey stone adjoining another faced with blue encaustic tiles is, to say the least, pleasing to the eye of any one who for months past has only gazed upon dwellings of dull red brick. As you get into the outskirts of the city, the houses are meaner, but many of them are festooned with flowers and wreaths, so the appearance of beauty is maintained, even if on close inspection it is found delusive.

One of the three principal rides out of the city is the Paséo de la Reforma, three miles in length, leading to the Castle of Chapultepec; here the gay world disports itself

from seven to nine in the morning on horseback, and from six to seven in the evening in carriages; but it is deserted during Lent for the Paséo de la Viga, where three or four military bands discourse excellent music.

The principal ride is to the Castle of Chapultepec, and as it is the first ride every visitor is sure to take, he will be interested to learn that the building on the summit of the porphyry rock, visible from all parts of the valley, stands on the site of the Palace of Montezuma;[1] it is known as the Hill of the Grasshopper in old Aztec charts, and is always drawn on their hieroglyphics as a mound, with a grasshopper as large as the mound itself on the top of it.

Nothing remains of the grandeur which marked the place in Montezuma's time except the avenues of enormous cyprus trees (*Cupressus distica*) beneath whose shades were the gardens where he loved to wander, even after his beloved capital had fallen into the rude hands of the invading Spaniards.

I measured the girth of several of these trees, and found three or four of the largest to vary from thirty-five to forty feet above the ground. Their height was proportionately grand, 100 to 120 feet and the trees are well shaped. Long festoons of a greyish Spanish moss hang from their branches;

[1] Humboldt says that the hill of Chapultepec was chosen by the young Viceroy Galvez as the site of a villa (Château de Plaisance) for himself and his successors. The castle has been finished externally, but the apartments are not yet furnished. The building cost the king £62,000. The Court of Madrid disapproved of the expense, but, as usual, after it was laid out. The plan of this edifice is very singular. The common opinion at Mexico is that the house of the viceroy at Chapultepec is a disguised fortress.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO

this moss is supposed to add to the beauty of the groves, but it gives me an idea of decay.

In Prescott's fourth book there is a graphic account of Montezuma's town and country palaces of barbaric splendour; his armouries, his granaries, his strange collection of human monsters and dwarfs, his menageries and the aviary, which alone required three hundred attendants; the royal household is described, and in proof of the luxury of the royal table, it is mentioned that there were runners stationed every twenty miles the whole distance from Vera Cruz to Mexico, that the red mullets might be placed fresh and sweet upon his table; it is said that the runners brought up these delicacies from the coast in quicker time than the present railway can accomplish. No one can doubt the truth of the description of his magnificence who has beheld the trees that are still standing along the avenues of what was once his royal garden. From the terrace in front of his palace, he saw the snow-capped mountains Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl and the City of Mexico, entirely surrounded by the waters of Lake Texcoco, glittering at his feet; the Pinion de los Baños, Pinion del Marques, Santa Catharina and San Nicholas, all small craters or volcanic cones; and to the right the hill called Estrella, on which the sacred fire was always burning, until the 26th of December, every fifty-second year.

At these intervals, the fire of every temple and house was extinguished, and the people abandoning themselves to despair, tore their garments and destroyed their furniture, as their priests taught them it was probable that the world

would be destroyed. The ceremony was terrible; a noble victim was sacrificed, and it was not till after midnight, when the constellation Pleiades had passed the zenith, that the priests announced that the world was again saved. The sacred fire kindled by the friction of sticks placed in the wounded breast of the victim was conveyed to the altar, when the blaze of the funeral pyre announced the glad tidings of joy to the countless multitudes looking on from every part of the valley; these thereupon gave themselves up to transports of delight, and kept the Carnival or national jubilee, which lasted twelve or thirteen days. New fire was then carried by fleet runners from the altar of Estrella to every part of the kingdom.

There is an idea of stability in the Scriptural phrase "everlasting hills." The "everlasting hills" are before me; the aspect of the valley has been changed. Lake Texcoco has been withdrawn a mile or two from the city; the domes and spires of the city are different from the Teocalli and Palace of Montezuma; and the Palace of Chapultepec, in front of which I am standing, has been rebuilt several times by Spanish Viceroys. The present building was erected so lately as 1785; it is a kind of gilt pagoda on a castellated battlement, and the rooms were decorated by Maximilian, its last occupant, with coarse Pompeiian arabesques. These are changes, but Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl rear their snow-capped heads as they did before man counted time.

At the back of the Castle, looking over the large cypress-trees on the pleasaunce below, is seen the high ground on

which the Battle of Molino del Rey (the King's mill) was fought in August, 1847, between the American army under General Scott and the Mexican army under General Santa Anna. The large flour mill and other buildings bear marks of shot and shell, and the centre of the battlefield is indicated by a square marble pedestal, on which are inscribed the names of the Mexican officers who fell on the field.

This was the last battle of the war which arose out of the secession of the territory of Texas from Mexico in order to become one of the North American States. General Scott being victorious over the Mexicans, the treaty of peace—known as the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—was ratified in the early part of 1848, by which the Americans obtained the territories of Texas, New Mexico, and upper California. Arizona was subsequently bought from Santa Anna by the Treaty of Messilla for $10,000,000.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

LADY HARDY

THE approach to this city, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, is by no means imposing; the face of the river is covered and its mouth filled with sawdust; it is stifled, and has scarcely strength to flow, it could not burst into a smile, or ripple, under the most tempting of summer suns. Immense booms of timber which have been floated down from the "forest primeval" hundreds of miles away, float still on the river surface till they are hauled up to feed the hungry mills, mechanical giants, whose rasping jaws work day and night crushing these sturdy "sons of the forest," cutting them in slices and casting them forth to be stacked in huge piles along the river-banks miles before we reach the town. There is no bustle or confusion on our arrival there. On the quiet little landing-stage two or three lumbering vehicles are waiting; we are escorted to one of these by our chivalrous captain, who carries our hand baggage and superintends the removal of the rest.

Our first day in Ottawa was spent in visiting the Parliament buildings, which occupy a plateau of about thirty acres on the loftiest point of the city, and nearly two hundred feet above the Ottawa River; they are surrounded by beautifully laid out gardens, and seem to be growing out of a bed of soft greensward of velvet smoothness. They are composed of cream-coloured Potsdam stone, the ornamental

part being of Ohio and Arupois marble; they are built in the Italian-Gothic style of the Thirteenth Century, and I am told they are the most beautiful specimens thereof in all America, perhaps in the world. Their elevated position, with their long lines of pointed windows, massive buttresses, and numerous pinnacles and towers, silhouetted against the bright blue sky, are objects of imposing and majestic beauty for miles around. In the front centre stands Victoria Tower, one hundred and eighty feet high, and surmounted by an iron crown. The chief entrance to the building is through the broad-pointed arches beneath this tower; the royal arms are above the doorway; in the grand Senate Hall, there is a very beautiful statue of the Queen and the vice-regal throne is flanked by busts of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra.

In the most remote, as well as in the most populous districts, the features of the royal family are duly represented. The Canadians are the most loyal of British subjects; they lower their voices with solemn reverence when they speak of "Her Majesty the Queen," to whom they never refer as "the Queen," pure and simple; they give her a whole string of titles and adjectives, like the tail of a paper kite, and set her sailing in the heaven of their imagination, as though she were beyond the range of humanity altogether.

Much has been said, much has been written on the subject of Canada; we have learned its geographical position, the length and breadth of its lakes and rivers, the extent of its vast forest lands, the height of its mountains, etc., but the figures dazzle the mind, and bring no realization of the

fact. Nothing less than a personal visit will enable us to comprehend the wonders of this luxuriant land, which is surrounded and encompassed with its own loveliness. The primeval forest still holds its own in the vast solitudes, sacred as yet from the increasing encroachments of man, its immense inland seas and fruitful rivers winding through scenery the most picturesque, the most sublime; to say nothing of its vast unexplored lands and mineral resources, and the wide tracts of rich uncultivated country, watered by springs and rivulets which have been flowing in their living liquid beauty since the days of Paradise.

We had heard much of the extremes of temperature, of heat and cold, especially in Ottawa, and prepared ourselves for broiling; well, it was warm, the sun blazed, the hot winds blew, and the dust of this most dusty city whirled and swirled around us, got into our eyes, our ears, crept insidiously down our throats, and seemed struggling to turn us inside out; but we clutched our mantles around us, and butted against the wind, screening ourselves from the sun's fierce rays as best we could. It is not often that the sun and wind have such a tussle together. However, we reached home at last in an uncooked state, feeling not much warmer than we should do on a summer day at home, though the temperature is much higher and the hours are marching to the tune of 90° in the shade.

We had spent the whole day in wandering and driving about the streets of Ottawa, till we gained a very good idea of its external appearance. It has numerous fine churches, and its town hall, post office and all the municipal

buildings are substantially and massively built in an attractive and fanciful style of architecture. As for the rest of the city, it is in a perfectly unfinished state; it is as yet only a thing of promise, though it has the making of a very fine town in the future; but however fast it marches, it will have to keep growing, and work hard too for another century at least, before it reaches the level of its magnificent Parliament buildings. The streets are wide and long, stretching away out of sight; they are cobble-stoned and roughly wood-paved for the most part. After passing the principal lines of shops in Sparkes Street, the houses seem to have been built for temporary convenience only, and crop up here and there in a direct line, leaving wide spaces of waste land between, as though they were in a hurry to see which should reach the end of the long street first, the end that seems to be creeping back to the primeval forest, which civilization and time have left far behind.

Ottawa itself is neither picturesque nor attractive, being built on perfectly flat ground. It looks like a timber yard and smells of sawdust. The Ottawa River has as many long thin arms as an octopus, and they run meandering inland by a hundred different ways; here they meet in a vast tumbling mass, falling over huge boulders and broken stony ground till they are dignified by the name of the "Chaudière Falls"; lower down their headlong course is stopped, and they are utilized and made to turn a huge sawmill where a thousand steel teeth are biting through the grand old trees, tearing them into chips, digesting and disgorging them on the other side; in vain the water foams and groans, crashing

its rebellious waves together—man is its master and will have his way.

Rideau Hall, the home of our Princess, lies on the outskirts of the town, and is by no means a regal-looking mansion; it is a long low building of gray stone, standing on rather elevated ground, and has a pleasant view of the town and river from the lawn and flower garden, which encloses two sides of it; the approach is through tolerably well timbered grounds, not of sufficient importance to be called a "park." The Governor and Princess Louise were away, and the house was undergoing repair—it looked as though it needed it. There was nothing to distinguish this from any second or third-rate country house at home, except the one solitary and rather seedy looking sentinel who paraded before the door. The people of Ottawa speak most enthusiastically of our Princess; every one has some kind memory or pleasant anecdote to tell of her. It is said that when Her Royal Highness held her first reception, she appeared in a plain high dress, expecting, perhaps, to find fashion "out of joint" in this far-away place; but the Canadian ladies came trooping "*en grand toilette*," with fans and diamonds, trains and laces, like living importations from Worth himself. At the next reception matters changed, and the royal lady appeared in all the splendour of the British Court.

MOUNT VERNON

ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

EVERY patriotic American who visits Washington makes a pious pilgrimage to the home and tomb of the Father of his Country. There are two ways of reaching *Mount Vernon*, one by trolley and one by river. The road passes through a flat, uninteresting and somewhat desolate country; and a loud-voiced *cicerone* indicates the points of interest on the way. The journey is usually broken either going or returning at Alexandria, a quaint, old, sleepy, dilapidated, little town. Visitors stroll through its grass-grown streets, marvel at its rotting wharf, drop in at the Carlyle House, where the ill-fated Braddock made his headquarters; and then take a look at old Christ Church where Washington worshipped.

The pleasantest and most picturesque route, however, is by river. A delightful sail down the Potomac for about an hour brings one to the landing-stage at the foot of the grounds. The approach to the house is very fine. *Mount Vernon* stands on a wooded eminence commanding a beautiful view of the reaches of the river and the opposite shores. From the river, the house with its broad pillared colonnade has an impressive air.

The estate of *Mount Vernon* in Washington's day was an extensive one of two thousand broad acres. Its owner was very fond and proud of it. He himself wrote: "No

estate in United America is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water: several valuable fisheries appertain to it. The whole shore in fact, is one vast fishery." Washington was also proud of his trees. To increase their numbers and varieties was the constant occupation of his home life. Every season of the year found him providing for them. The grounds still owe much of their charm to his care. They glisten and bloom with shade trees, evergreens, flowering shrubs and fruit trees:—box, holly, tulip, poplar, sweet-gum, sassafras, dogwood, oak, mulberry, aspen, ash, locust and fringe-tree are plentiful, the deciduous trees in this list being natives of Fairfax County. Washington's diary shows his interest in forestry and gardening. He notes when the white-thorn is in berry, when he clears the undergrowth of a clump of pines, when he plants hemlock and sows holly berries, when he plants acorns and buckeye nuts brought from the battleground of Monongahela, and horse-chestnuts from his old home in Westmoreland.

Mount Vernon was originally built by George's elder half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who laid out the grounds and named the place in honour of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had seen distinguished service at the siege of Cartagena. When George came into possession

soon after his generous brother's death in 1752, *Mount Vernon* was a modest and unpretending Virginia dwelling. The new owner improved and enlarged it on several occasions, and frequently added to the outbuildings. At some little distance from the driveway facing the east front, the road led through a patch of flowering shrubbery and passed between porters' lodges built of sun-dried bricks to the gateway familiar to every tourist. This approach opened to view a plain two-story house with peaked roof and cupola, and out-buildings connected with the main structure by an open arcade, in the usual Virginia style. These covered ways are a great protection in cold or inclement weather to those bringing in hot food from the kitchen, which, here as elsewhere, is separate from the house.

The only striking architectural feature of the building was the colonnade, a broad flagged piazza on the side facing the river, supporting by slender wooden columns the eaves of the roof, and affording a shady and cool retreat for family and visitors. The lawns slope away down to the river, and many a pleasant afternoon tea has been enjoyed under those columns.

Leaving the landing-stage we take a short walk up the hill and reach the building where lie the mortal remains of the great liberator and first President of the United States. Considering the memories that cluster around it, the structure is insignificant and unworthy. It is more like an ordinary spring-house than a mausoleum, and when we remember what has been expended on Grant's tomb and others whose memory the nation delights to honour, we cannot

help marvelling at the sordid simplicity of Washington's last resting-place. The graves of many members of the family lie around it; and in the vault at the back of the mausoleum are the remains of many more. Who they were, however, we have no means of ascertaining because there are no records or tablets to assist us. For more than half a century, this tomb suffered from worse than neglect. for the pious pilgrims and the ordinary curiosity hunters who visited the tomb of the Father of his Country carried away as mementos chips of masonry, pebbles, flowers, ferns, twigs, branches of trees and bushes, and generally devastated the place. These depredations have now ceased, however; and the tomb is now protected by lock and key against vandalism.

The work of protection and preservation is now in the hands of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union which was the first patriotic organization of women in the United States. It was started in 1853, and received a charter from the Virginia legislature in 1856. After long correspondence Mr. John Augustine Washington consented to surrender the mausoleum, house and 200 acres of grounds for $200,000. The money was soon raised and *Mount Vernon* now belongs to Virginia, and is under the charge of regents appointed one for each state of the Union. These in turn are under a president. The regents meet at *Mount Vernon* every year. The house and grounds are under the direct charge of a resident superintendent, who is as courteous and obliging as he is an able administrator. Many of the rooms are under the special patronage of separate

states, and there is in consequence a good deal of competition among the regents to supply furniture of Washington's day, when it is not possible to recover genuine Washington relics. It has been said that Washington snuff-boxes are as plentiful as Mayflower furniture; but now every precaution is taken against labelling anything that is not undeniably authentic.

The house has two important fronts, presenting one to the river and another to the beautiful sweep of turf between it and the road. The gardens, with their greenhouses and thick box hedges, are beautiful at all seasons of the year.

Mount Vernon is by no means a palatial mansion: perhaps the visitor's first feeling is one of disappointment. The hall with its winding staircase is roomy enough, but the rooms—the bedrooms especially—are undeniably small. However the house is cosy enough, and was ample for the needs of Washington and his small family.

By donation and purchase, the regents have managed to collect quite a respectable number of George Washington's personal belongings. There is the great carpet specially manufactured for him and presented by Louis XVI.; then we note his parlour mirror, bookcase, travelling trunk, dressing-table, shaving glass and various wearing apparel, besides many chairs, tables, beds and Miss Custis's harpsichord. Before the ladies took charge, the furniture, panelling, etc., suffered terribly from the depredations of conscienceless relic-hunters,—but now it is protected from goths and vandals by gates.

Mount Vernon during Washington's lifetime was fur-

nished with comfort and elegance. It may be interesting to the reader to go through some of the rooms with the guidance of the inventory taken after George Washington's death.

The rooms then were not named as they are now, but they can be readily identified. The "New Room" was evidently used as a dining-room, since it was furnished with two dining-tables, two sideboards, on which stood six mahogany knife-cases, China images and a China flower pot, twenty-seven mahogany chairs, two large looking-glasses, two candle-stands, two fire-screens, two stools, two elegant lustres, two silver-plated lamps and six China jars on the mantelpiece. The hearth was supplied with andirons, dogs, shovel, tongs and bellows; the floor was covered with a good mat; the windows were draped with valuable curtains; and pictures worth nearly a thousand dollars adorned the walls.

The "Front Parlour" contained an expensive sofa, eleven mahogany chairs, a tea-table, a rich looking-glass, three lamps, two of which had mirrors, five China flower-pots, chimney furniture, a handsome carpet and window curtains. Many pictures hung on the walls.

The "Little Parlour" was furnished with a settee, tea-table, ten Windsor chairs, looking-glass, fender and hearth furniture, carpet, window curtains and pictures.

In the "Study" we find a bureau, a tambour secretary, a walnut table, two pine writing-tables, writing-desk and apparatus, circular chair, armchair, dressing-table, oval looking-glass, eleven spy-glasses, a case of surveying

instruments, a globe, two brass candlesticks, seven swords and blades, four canes, seven guns, 45 lbs. of silver plate valued at $900, other plate worth $424, and many other articles. This was evidently the General's sanctum, where he attended to his correspondence and other business.

When the number of guests did not require the use of the "New Room," the family gathered in the "Dining Room." Here were two dining tables and a tea-table, a mahogany sideboard, two knife cases and a large spirits case, ten mahogany chairs, a carpet, hearth furniture, window curtains and pictures.

The "Bedroom" contained a bed, bedstead and mattress, looking-glass, small table, four walnut chairs, window curtains and blinds, a carpet, andirons, etc., and one large picture.

All along the staircase were hung a great number of prints, and a looking-glass was in the passage on the second floor. In the lower "Passage" were fourteen mahogany chairs, a spy-glass, a thermometer and pictures. The "Closet" contained a fire-screen and a machine to scrape shoes on. There were thirty Windsor chairs on the Piazza:—ample provision surely for callers!

The walls of the "Front Room" were decorated with prints. It was cosy with window curtains, fireplace and carpet. The rest of the furniture comprised a bed and bedstead with curtains, a dressing table, a large looking-glass, a wash-basin and pitcher and six mahogany chairs.

The "Second Room" was similarly furnished, except for the chairs, of which there were only five, including an

armchair. A portrait of General Lafayette hung on one wall, he having occupied this room.

The "Third Room" was furnished exactly like the "Front Room" except for a chest of drawers in addition. Prints ornamented the walls here also.

The "Fourth Room" contained bed, bedstead and curtains, carpet and window curtains, andirons, prints, five mahogany chairs, pine dressing table and large looking-glass, a close chair, wash-basin and pitcher.

The "Small Room" was furnished with bed, bedstead, dressing table, dressing-glass, washstand and three Windsor chairs.

The "Room which Mrs. Washington now keeps" was almost as desolate as her short widowhood. She seldom left it during the short time she survived her husband. It contained only a bed, bedstead and mattress, table, three chairs, oval looking-glass, carpet, fender and andirons. This is quite bare in comparison with "Mrs. Washington's Old Room," which contained a bed, bedstead and curtains, a glass, dressing table, writing-table and writing chair, an easy chair, two mahogany chairs, a chest of drawers, a clock, carpet, window curtains, fender, andirons and pictures.

The kitchen, still in its old condition, was thoroughly equipped for the hospitality demanded of the master of *Mount Vernon*.

The total value of the furniture was nearly $3,500; that of the 139 chairs alone was $658; and of the pictures and prints, $2,000.

THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

BETWEEN two tall gateposts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch), we beheld the grey front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash-trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant had turned from that gateway towards the village burying ground. The wheel-track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travellers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman—a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped in the midst of it with a

veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honoured parsonages of England, in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to recollect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he by whose translation to paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater number that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-

hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality; a layman's unprofessional and therefore unprejudiced views of religion; histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here as he once purposed), bright with picture gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought,—these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson and should possess substance enough to stand alone.

In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was in the rear of the house the most delightful little nook of a study that ever afforded its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote Nature; for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or at least like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint and golden-tinted paper-hangings lighted up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow-tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of

one of Raphael's Madonnas and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice; for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.

The study had three windows, set with little, old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped, between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the Manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations; he saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank. He awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came, and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house.

I never grew quite acquainted with my habitation till a long spell of sulky rain had confined me beneath its roof. There could not be a more sombre aspect of external nature than as then seen from the windows of my study. The great willow-tree had caught and retained among its leaves a whole cataract of water, to be shaken down at intervals by the frequent gusts of wind. All day long, and for a

week together, the rain was drip—drip—dripping and splash—splash—splashing from the eaves, and bubbling and foaming into the tubs beneath the spouts. The old unpainted shingles of the house and out-buildings were black with moisture; and the mosses of ancient growth upon the walls looked green and fresh, as if they were the newest things and afterthought of Time. The usually mirrored surface of the river was blurred by an infinity of raindrops; the whole landscape had a completely water-soaked appearance, conveying the impression that the earth was wet through like a sponge; while the summit of a wooded hill, about a mile distant, was enveloped in a dense mist, where the demon of the tempest seemed to have his abiding-place and to be plotting still direr inclemencies.

Happy the man who in a rainy day can betake himself to a huge garret, stored, like that of the Manse, with lumber that each generation has left behind it from a period before the Revolution. Our garret was an arched hall, dimly illuminated through small and dusty windows; it was but a twilight at the best; and there were nooks, or rather caverns, of deep obscurity, the secrets of which I never learned, being too reverent of their dust and cobwebs. The beams and rafters, roughly hewn and with strips of bark still on them, and the rude masonry of the chimneys, made the garret look wild and uncivilized,—an aspect unlike what was seen elsewhere in the quiet and decorous old house. But on one side there was a little whitewashed apartment which bore the traditionary title of the Saint's Chamber, because holy men in their youth had slept and studied and prayed

there. With its elevated retirement, its one window, its small fireplace, and its closet, convenient for an oratory, it was the very spot where a young man might inspire himself with solemn enthusiasm and cherish saintly dreams. The occupants, at various epochs, had left brief records and ejaculations inscribed upon the walls. There, too, hung a tattered and shrivelled roll of canvas, which on inspection proved to be the forcibly wrought picture of a clergyman in wig, band and gown, holding a Bible in his hand. As I turned his face towards the light he eyed me with an air of authority such as men of his profession seldom assume in our days. The original had been pastor of the parish more than a century ago, a friend of Whitefield, and almost his equal in fervid eloquence. I bowed before the effigy of the dignified divine, and felt as if I had now met face to face with the ghost by whom, as there was reason to apprehend, the Manse was haunted.

Houses of any antiquity in New England are so invariably possessed with spirits that the matter seems hardly worth alluding to. Our ghost used to heave deep sighs in a particular corner of the parlour, as if he were turning over a sermon in the long upper entry,—where, nevertheless, he was invisible in spite of the brilliant moonshine that fell through the eastern window. Not improbably he wished me to edit and publish a selection from a chest full of manuscript discourses that stood in the garret. Once, while Hilliard and other friends sat talking with us in the twilight, there came a rustling noise as of a minister's silk gown, sweeping through the very midst of the company so

closely as almost to brush against the chairs. Still there was nothing visible. A yet stranger business was that of a ghostly servant maid, who used to be heard in the kitchen at deepest midnight, grinding coffee, cooking, ironing,—performing, in short, all kinds of domestic labour,—although no traces of anything accomplished could be detected the next morning. Some neglected duty of her servitude—some ill-starched ministerial band—disturbed the poor damsel in her grave and kept her at work without any wages.

But to return from this digression. A part of my predecessor's library was stored in the garret—no unfit receptacle indeed for such dreary trash as comprised the greater number of volumes. The old books would have been worth nothing at an auction. In this venerable garret, however, they possessed an interest, quite apart from their literary value, as heirlooms, many of which had been transmitted down through a series of consecrated hands from the days of the mighty Puritan divines. Autographs of famous names were to be seen in faded ink on some of their fly-leaves; and there were marginal observations or interpolated pages closely covered with manuscript in illegible short-hand, perhaps concealing matter of profound truth and wisdom. The world will never be the better for it. A few of the books were Latin folios, written by Catholic authors; others demolished Papistry, as with a sledge-hammer, in plain English. A dissertation on the Book of Job—which only Job himself could have had patience to read—filled at least a score of small thickset quartos, at the rate of two or three volumes to a chapter. Then there was a vast folio

body of divinity—too corpulent a body, it might be feared, to comprehend the spiritual element of religion. Volumes of this form dated back two hundred years or more, and were generally bound in black leather, exhibiting precisely such an appearance as we should attribute to books of enchantment. Others equally antique were of a size proper to be carried in the large waistcoat pockets of old times,—diminutive, but as black as their bulkier brethren, and abundantly infused with Greek and Latin quotations. These little old volumes impressed me as if they had been intended for very large ones, but had been unfortunately blighted at an early stage of their growth. The rain pattered upon the roof and the sky gloomed through the dusty garret windows, while I burrowed among these venerable books in search of any living thought which should burn like a coal of fire, or glow like an inextinguishable gem, beneath the dead trumpery that had long hidden it.

By and by, in a little time, the outward world puts on a drear austerity. On some October morning there is a heavy hoar-frost on the grass and along the tops of the fences; and at sunrise the leaves fall from the trees of our avenue without a breath of wind, quietly descending by their own weight. All summer long they have murmured like the noise of waters; they have roared loudly while the branches were wrestling with the thunder gust; they have made music both glad and solemn; they have attuned my thoughts by their quiet sound as I paced to and fro beneath the arch of intermingling boughs. Now they can only rustle under my feet. Henceforth the grey parsonage begins to assume

a larger importance, and draws to its fireside,—for the abomination of the air-tight stove is reserved till wintry weather,—draws closer and closer to its fireside the vagrant impulses that had gone wandering about during the summer.

When summer was dead and buried the Old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever—in my time at least—it had been thronged with company; but, at no rare intervals, we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world, and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us. In one respect our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim travelled on his way to the Celestial City! The guests, each and all, felt a slumberous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs. They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to my abode, nor to my own qualities as a host. I held it as a proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gateposts at the entrance of our avenue, and that the so powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us. Others could give them pleasure and amusement or instruction—these could be picked up anywhere; but it was for me to give them rest—rest in a life of trouble.[1]

[1] The Old Manse was built in 1765, for the Rev. William Emerson, and was owned subsequently by the Rev. Ezra Ripley, who married his widow. Hawthorne moved here in 1842.

THE JAMESTOWN TOWER

CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY

SINCE the last decade of the Seventeeth Century a dismantled church tower has stood on Jamestown Island in Virginia, a relic of the settlement which defined the destiny of our country and a remnant of the first Episcopal church in America. Fire, the destruction of the elements, and decay have removed all that was James' Fort save this remnant to liberty and religion. Only students of history knew this tower a year ago—now it has been brought into the prominence it deserves.

Having decided that the three hundredth anniversary of the real birth of the nation deserved adequate commemoration, the United States has invited all the world to share in a celebration to be held in 1907 on Hampton Roads and its shores—an apotheosis of the small but determining village which was thirty miles distant and now is represented only by a mouldy tower.

Speaking eloquently of the period which marked the inception of this historic building, former Governor of Virginia, William E. Cameron said: "The vista of years which stretches backwards into the dim distance of the Sixteenth Century presents an imposing avenue of events and deeds. Momentous occurrences loom up as era markers in the country's progress some of which are spectacularly

THE JAMESTOWN TOWER, JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA

brilliant, and yet there is perhaps no event of all the long line which completely ranks with the first act in the country's drama."

At the farther end of the avenue one may see the ruined and dismantled tower of the Jamestown church, all that is left to mark the spot where sufferings were endured and deeds performed outranking the wildest imaginings of poet or romancer.

Although the Jamestown tower is the pathetic ruin of Columbia's oldest church, it does not represent the earliest effort by English speaking people to plant Christianity in this part of the world. We read that in the year 1588, Sir Walter Raleigh gave 100 Pounds for the propagation of Christianity in Virginia, "the glorie of God, and the saving of the soules of the poor and blinded infidels." Yet it was not until 1607 that the first church was erected at Jamestown. Its humble beginning has been nowhere better described than by Captain John Smith in a pamphlet published in 1631, some years after his history of Virginia, in which he says:

"When I first went to Virginia, I well remember, we did hang an awning (which is an old sail) to three or four trees, to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rails of wood, our seats unhewed trees, till we cut planks, our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighbouring trees; in foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better, and this came by way of adventure for new. This was our church till we built a homely thing like a barn, set upon crotchetts, covered with rafts, sedge and earth, so was

also the walls. The best of our houses were of the like curiosity but the most part far much worse workmanship, that could neither well defend wind nor rain, yet we held daily Common Prayer morning and evening, every Sunday two sermons, and every three months the holy communion till our minister died, (the Rev. Mr. Hunt) but (after that) our prayers daily with a homily on Sundays, we continued two or three years after, till more preachers came."

Captain Smith says further that the log church first erected was burned down the following winter with many other houses. Mr. Hunt lost all his books and everything else but the clothes on his back. This first Episcopal minister in the new world appears to have been a man of noble character and fine attainments. Although his sufferings were almost incredible, "yet none ever saw him repine; upon any alarm he was as ready at defense as any, and till he could not speak he never ceased to his utmost to animate us constantly to persist,—whose soul, questionless, is with God."

Nor must we forget that the first legislative body in America, to which eleven boroughs sent burgesses, was opened in the Jamestown church with prayer by Mr. Bucke who succeeded Mr. Hunt. Laws were now superseded by others of a different character and the church of England more formally established than ever before. From Hening's statutes at large we learn that there was enacted by the General Assembly in 1623, 1. That there shall be in every plantation where the people use to meete for the worship of God, a house or roome sequestered for that purpose and

not to be for any temporal use whatsoever, and a place empaled in, sequestered only to the buryal of the dead.

2. That whosoever shall absent himselfe from divine service any Sunday without an allowable excuse shall forfeit a pound of tobacco, and he that absenteth himselfe a month shall forfeit 50 pounds of tobacco.

3. That there be an uniformity in our church as neere as may be to the cannons in England; both in substance and circumstances, and that all persons yield readie obedience unto them under paine of censure.

The fourth statute refers to holidays and the fifth to a subject that has been often discussed, namely: that no minister be absent from his church above two months in all the yeare upon penalty of forfeiting halfe his means, and whosoever shall absent above fowre months in the year shall forfeit his whole means and cure.

The sixth statute refers to slander and provides

That whosoever shall disparage a minister without bringing sufficient proofe to justify his reports whereby the minds of his parishioners may be alienated from him, and his ministry prove the less effectual by their prejudication, shall not only pay 500 lb. weight of tobacco but also aske the minister so wronged forgiveness publicly in the congregation.

In the Jamestown church of her period Pocahontas was doubtless baptized in the Christian faith, taking the name of Rebecca. Here, also the famous Indian girl was married to John Rolfe before proceeding to England where her too early death occurred.

There is some conflict of opinion concerning the date of

the erection of the church now represented by the picturesque tower of Jamestown. It has been affirmed that the ruined tower is what is left of the church that was destroyed in Bacon's rebellion in 1676. Bishop Meade of Virginia, who visited the ruins in 1856, gives the history of the succession of the Jamestown churches as follows:—The first as described by Captain Smith, was made of the awning or old sails, taken from vessels, and fastened to trees. The second was a very plain log building, which was burned down in the second or third year of the colony during the ministry of Mr. Hunt. The third was larger and better, probably of wood, built during the presidency of Captain Smith, repaired and adorned by Lord De la War when he arrived in 1611. The dimensions were twenty-four feet by sixty. The chancel or *quoir* was large enough to hold the Governor, the council and other officers of state. In this structure, doubtless, was held the first legislative session in 1619. Bishop Meade is of the opinion that this was the structure that was burned down during the Bacon rebellion. In opposition to the theory that the present are the ruins of the old church which was burned in the rebellion, he places the fact that the dimensions of the church which Smith built and Lord De la War repaired were different from the one whose ruins are now seen. The dimensions of the former were twenty-four by sixty; of the latter twenty-eight by fifty-six feet. He claims that other circumstances render it almost certain that another church had been built since the destruction of the one by Bacon. He points out the fact that in 1733 a silver font, still in

existence was presented to it by two members of the Ambler family and adds that it surely would not have been presented to the ruins of a deserted church. He concludes, therefore, that the ruined tower which we now behold represents the remains of a church put up since the rebellion and his contention is certainly logical. Howe's outline history of Virginia takes the ground that previous to 1617, or ten years after the first settlement of Jamestown there were two churches destroyed. The tower now standing may have belonged to the second church and survived its destruction. It could not have been part of the first, for that "cost no more than 50 Pounds"; or it may have been the tower of a third. We can only surmise that the tower has been standing upwards of three hundred years.

Bishop Meade has alluded to the fact that for several years after the death of Mr. Hunt the colony was without a minister. This is referred to in "A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colony in Virginia," etc., published by the council in England in 1610 as one of the causes which had provoked God to visit the plantation with those dire calamities that beset it at the time that Lord De la War was first sent out as Governor for life.

An ardent task must have been that of the first ministers of the Jamestown church. A part of the religious services enjoined were as follows: On week days, early in the morning, the captain sent for tools, in the place of arms where "the sergeant-major, or captain of the watch, upon their knees made public and faithful prayers to Almighty God for his blessing and protection to attend them in their

business for the whole day after succeeding." The men were divided into gangs who worked on alternate days. The gang for the day was then delivered to the maisters and overseers of the work appointed, who kept them at labour until nine or ten o'clock; then, at the beat of the drum, they were marched to the church to hear divine service. After dinner, and rest till two or three o'clock, at the beat of the drum the captain drew them forth to the place of arms, to be thence taken to their work till five or six o'clock, when, at beat of drum, they were again marched to the church to evening prayer: they were then dismissed.

The ruined graveyard, or "place impaled in, sequestered only to the buryal of the dead," at base of the Jamestown tower is not without interest. An inscription records the fact that "Here lyeth the body of the Rev. John Gough, late minister of this place, who departed this life, January 15, 1683–4, and waits in hopes of a joyful reunion." There are tombstones and fragments of such, that record the deaths of Philip Ludwell and Sarah his wife, of Ursula Beverly, wife of Robert Beverly and daughter of William Byrd. There are likewise the tombs of Edward Jacqueline, Jacqueline Ambler, B. Harrison and Mrs. Edwards. There were in addition two tombs interestingly described by Bishop Meade as he saw them in 1856. They were those of Commissary Blair and Mrs. Blair. The tombs were placed side by side and were very heavy and strong. The platform, sides, and ends were of white freestone and the interior filled with bricks, well cemented. The top slab, on which the inscriptions were made, were of thick

dark iron stone, or black marble. A sycamore-shoot sprung up between the graves and grew to be a large tree. In its growth it embraced, on one end and on the top the tomb of Mrs. Blair, one third of which lay embedded in the body of the tree and held immovable. All the interior, consisting of brick, and two of the side stones, had been entirely forced out of their places by the tree and lay scattered around while the dark iron-stone slab was held in the air three feet above the surface of the earth, fast bound by the embrace of the body of the tree into which it had sunk between one and two feet, the inscription being only partially legible. On the other side the whole tomb of Commissary Blair had been forced away from its place by the roots and body of the tree and was broken to pieces in all its parts.

Three hundred years have come and gone since the seed from which has grown English speaking America was planted on the spot where stands the old Jamestown tower.

The page in our History relating to it is fraught with perennial interest. In picturesqueness it is unsurpassed. The romantic story of Pocohontas, the grandeur of the character and attainments of Captain John Smith which grows brighter with the passing centuries and the almost incredible sufferings of the early settlers, combine to make a story the fascination of which is not decreased by its sadness. The crumbling tower makes a powerful appeal to the imagination such as inspired the British Spy to exclaim:

"Whence arises the irrepressible reverence and tender affection with which I look at this broken steeple? Is it

that my soul, by a secret, subtle process, invests the mouldering ruin with her own powers; imagines it a fellow being; a venerable old man, a Nestor or an Ossian, who has witnessed and survived the ravages of successive generations, the companion of his youth and of his maturity, and now mourns his own solitary and desolate condition, and hails their spirits in every passing cloud? Whatever may be the cause, as I look at it, I feel my soul drawn forward as by the cords of gentlest sympathy and involuntarily open my lips to offer consolation to the drooping pile."

It seems almost anti-climatic to be obliged to record the fact that the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities is arresting the hand of Time and taking measures to preserve this famous ruin for future generations. In the process of so doing the Society has unearthed much that is of interest to the historian of the subject. It is not therefore as literally true as it appeared to be when John Esten Cooke said that at present nothing remains of this famous settlement "but the ruins of a church tower covered with ivy and some old tombstones. The tower is crumbling year by year and the roots of trees have cracked the slabs making great rifts across the names of the old Armingers and Honourables. The place is desolate with its washing waves and flitting sea fowl, but possesses a singular attraction. It is one of the few localities which recall the first years of American history: but it will not recall them much longer. Every distinctive feature of the spot is slowly disappearing. The river encroaches year by year, and the ground occupied by the original huts is already submerged."

Three hundred years, as pointed out by Congressman Towne, seems a long time as we speak the words; yet in the life of nations it is but a little while. There are while this is being written five members of the House of Representatives that could clasp hands and unite the settlement of Jamestown with its proposed celebration in 1907. The present Senators from two of the states in the Union could compass the interval with ten years to spare.

Brief period through three centuries appear on the page of history, the disintegrating ruin standing on Jamestown Island as the isolated emblem of the nation's birth, accentuates the immutable law of material change whereby both humble and gorgeous monuments reared by the hand of man

> "Shall dissolve,
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wrack behind."

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, once known as the College of New Jersey, was founded by charter in 1746, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Synod of New York, which at that time included many Presbyterian churches of New Jersey. The college was opened in Elizabethtown in 1847, but was soon removed to Newark, and, in 1757, to Princeton, where a large building had been erected and named Nassau Hall in honour of King William III. of England, who was of the House of Nassau.

Nassau Hall has had an interesting history. During a part of the Revolutionary War, it was used by both American and British soldiers as a barrack and hospital, and during the Battle of Princeton (Jan. 3, 1777), the British troops made a stand within its walls until they were driven out by Washington's advance. In 1783, the Continental Congress met in it, and in company with General Washington, attended the commencement of that year. At this time General Washington presented the trustees with fifty guineas to aid in repairing the damages caused by the war; and the money was appropriated for a full length portrait of General Washington, painted by the elder Peale, to replace the portrait of George III., which a cannon ball had ruined. Washington's portrait was placed in the original gilt frame. Nassau Hall was burned in 1802 and again in 1855.

Many of the buildings suffered during the Revolution, and much trouble was found to raise sufficient funds to re-

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON

pair them; but, as time wore on, the college revived and its income increased. The first president was the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson; the second, the Rev. Aaron Burr (father of the famous Aaron Burr); the third, Jonathan Edwards; and the sixth, Dr. Witherspoon, a member of the Continental Congress and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

With a few exceptions, the buildings, numbering forty-two, are grouped around Nassau Hall. They are built, for the most part, of stone, and are situated in the midst of beautiful grounds, composed of hills, meadows and woodlands and avenues of tall elms. One of the most conspicuous of these is known as "McCosh's Walk," named for Dr. James McCosh, who came from Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, to become the president, a post which he held from 1868 to 1888.

Among the most important buildings are the Library, Marquand Chapel, Witherspoon Hall, Blair Hall, Alexander Hall, the John C. Green School of Science, Dickinson Hall, Murray Hall, Edwards Hall, Reunion Hall, Chancellor Green Library, Biological Laboratory and the Gymnasium. There are also several fine museums and collections of pottery, antiquities, geology and archæology.

The Princeton Theological Seminary associated with the college, was organized in 1812 and chartered in 1822.

Princeton celebrated its sesqui-centennial in October, 1896, and on October 22, 1896, President Patton announced its change of name to Princeton University by the authority of the legislature.

CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK

ESTHER SINGLETON

IN 1814, an important mass meeting was held at the City Hall to consider the best means of defending New York in case the British army came northward; and in this year among the other defences erected was that of Fort Clinton. The construction of this fort out on the rocks beyond the Battery was watched with much patriotic interest, and it is said that one New York lady of high social position became so enthusiastic that she trundled a wheelbarrow full of earth with her own fair hands from Trinity Churchyard to the Battery. Whether or not she despoiled the grave of one of her forefathers for this purpose, tradition is silent.

There had been, however, a fort here long before this date. During the administration of Governor Cosby, the Capsey Battery was erected in 1735, when a tragedy occurred which is thus described in the paper of July 21: "On Wednesday last the first stone of the platform of the new Battery on Whitehall Rocks was laid by his Excellency, our Governor, and it was called George Augustus's Royal Battery. As his Excellency was returning and the last round was firing, the last piece of the Cannon (being very much Honey-Comb'd and eaten almost through, as it afterwards appeared by the pieces) burst and the pieces flying different ways killed three persons; viz., John Symes,

CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK

Esq., High Sheriff for the City and County of New York; Miss Courtlandt, only daughter to the Hon. Col. Courtlandt, a member of His Majesty's Council in this Province; and a son-in-law of Alderman Romur."

A rip-rap wall lay between the Battery and Fort Clinton, which were connected by a bridge of about two hundred feet long, and off this bridge there was excellent fishing for bass, drum and weak-fish.

In 1822, when the property was ceded back to the city by the Federal Government and the military headquarters removed to Governor's Island, it was determined to convert Castle Garden into a place of public entertainment. The old fort was then leased to a Mr. Marsh, who made a popular resort of it. Among other improvements, he floored the top of the parapet and covered it with awnings; and the New Yorkers of that day considered it a most delightful place to while away the summer hours.

On August 16, 1824, the *Cadmus* landed the Marquis de Lafayette, "the guest of the nation," at Castle Garden, where the military force of the city and an immense concourse of people were gathered to receive him; and on September 14, a great *fête* was held in his honour at Castle Garden, which was, perhaps, the most brilliant entertainment ever given in the city up to that time.

Castle Garden was the scene of large political meetings at which Daniel Webster and other notable orators, statesmen and citizens appeared; and in 1847, a great memorial concert for Mendelssohn was given there.

This year brings us to the period when Castle Garden

became one of the most important play-houses of New York. It was opened by Messrs. French and Heiser on the 28th of June, 1847, with the popular actors and actresses Holland, Walcot, Arnold, Herr Cline, Miss Clarke, Miss M. Phillips, Mrs. W. Isherwood, etc., etc., and on the 18th of August of that year the Havana Opera Company, with Luigi Arditi, who is still remembered by many old opera-goers, as the conductor. The singers included Signorina Tedesco and Perelli, Vita, Novelli, and Candi. The first opera presented was *Ernani*, followed by *Norma*, *La Sonnambula* and *Saffo*.

About this time Castle Garden is described by Philip Hone as "the most splendid and largest theatre I ever saw —a place capable of seating comfortably about six or eight thousand persons. The pit or area of the pavilion is provided with some hundred small white tables and movable chairs, by which people are enabled to congregate into little squads and take their ices between the acts. In front of the stage is a beautiful fountain which plays when the performers do not. The whole of this large area is surmounted by circular benches above and below, from every point of which the view is enchanting."

On June 5, 1848, George Holland, as director, opened with popular farces such as *Old Honesty*, in which he played the part of Tom Perch, *Box and Cox*, etc. Cline gave performances on the tight-rope and several notable benefits were given,—one for Arditi and the great contra-bassist, Botesini, in which Truffi, Pico, Vietti, Beneventano, Rapetti and Caffi appeared. On August 3d, there was also

a great benefit performance for the suffering volunteers returning from the Mexican War.

From June 8th to September 7, 1850, the Havana Opera Company gave a splendid series of performances under Arditi's bâton, beginning with *Norma*. The company was composed of Marini, Salvi, Lorini, Vietti, C. Badiali, Luigi Vita, Elsa Costini, Arditi and Botesini, which, to quote a contemporary, "formed, perhaps the finest musical combination ever heard in New York, and succeeded with the aid of moonlight and sea-breezes, notwithstanding the smallness of the stage and utter deficiency of acoustic requirements, in attracting immense audiences."

On September 11th, a very interesting event occurred,—the *début* of Jenny Lind under Barnum's management. The clever showman had advertised his song-bird so successfully that the tickets were sold at auction (one Mr. Genin, a hatter, bought the first ticket for $225.00), and those, not fortunate enough to obtain admission, hired row boats and hovered around Castle Garden during the performance.

Max Maretzek now appears on the scene to give a series of operas during the summer of 1851, for an admission of fifty cents. Marini, Lorini, Forti, Beneventano, and Signoras Benedetti, Bosio, Truffi, Clotilda Barili, Mme. De Vries and Mme. Maretzek formed a strong company, which was so successful that in the next year Maretzek repeated his venture, with such great singers as Sontag, Steffanone, Vietti, Salvi, Marini, Rossi, Strakosch and Badiali.

Immense audiences gathered at Castle Garden to hear Jullien's wonderful orchestra,—the biggest and most extraordinary band that had ever visited New York. The eccentric French leader made his first appearance on July 29, 1852.

In 1852, the Rousset sisters appeared and French opera and comedy were played by Mme. Fleury-Jolly and Mlle. d' Armont. The Ravel family and Blondin also appeared in this year.

There were many attractions at Castle Garden, besides the music and drama. There were shows of various kinds and plenty of food and drink. One chronicler speaks of "the fountain of real champagne, falling over the rocks of a mimic grotto from which the people dipped the sparkling fluid in amazed bewilderment."

Maretzek had another season in the summer of 1854, and in that year another great event occurred at Castle Garden,—under Mr. Hackett's management, while the Academy of Music on Irving Place (opened Oct. 2, 1854), was being made ready, the famous Grisi and Mario were introduced to the New York public in *Lucrezia Borgia* on September 4. The seats cost from $3.00 to $5.00.

One of the important performances during this decade was one in commemoration of the introduction of the drama at Williamsburg, Va., in 1752, by the Hallam Company from London. On this occasion *The Merchant of Venice* and Garrick's *Lethe* were given.

Laurence Hutton's memories in *Plays and Players* (New York, 1875) are worth quoting: "At Castle Garden too

were held the fairs of the American Institute, with their countless delights to the boy of that period; their models of full-rigged yachts, their wonderful glass blowers and the marvellous machines to pare apples and to wring clothes, which were to revolutionize our entire domestic economy and which never worked when we got them home. . . . To Castle Garden also came the first and only Chinese Junk, and to Castle Garden, to see it and wonder at it, down Broadway came all the good people of Gotham.

"At Castle Garden, too, best of all were those peep-holes in the gallery, which we can remember so long ago that we had to be lifted up by paternal arms to look into them. Cosmorama, or diorama, were they called? and what pictures were revealed of impossible deluges, with pre-Raphaelite waters, and a pink-coloured Duke of Wellington at a very blood-red battle of Waterloo! The cyclorama of Paris by Night, or London by Day, is nothing to these battle scenes of Castle Garden, as real to us in those days as war itself. The exercise of a very little 'make believe' invested in the old fort a personal interest in all of its battles and the peep-holes became port-holes to us, through which many a time and oft, with General Taylor, we have bombarded Monterey, or have died on the Plains of Abraham with General Wolfe.

"Of Castle Garden, hardly can we speak without some mention of the promenade on the outer balcony, so popular on fine nights when the moon, the inconstant moon, shone on the sparkling river and the Jersey shore; and the music of the orchestra, with its voluptuous swell, mingling so

harmoniously with the melodious 'clink, clink' of the ice in the julep glasses, added such charms to the opera."

Among the important receptions held in Castle Garden were those to Louis Kossuth in 1849, and to the Prince of Wales in 1860.

After having served as an immigrant *dépôt* for many years, Castle Garden was turned into an Aquarium, that attracts many visitors who are unaware of the interesting history that the curiously shaped old brown building in Battery Park has to tell.

MONTICELLO[1]

EDWARD C. MEAD

NEXT to *Mount Vernon*, doubtless there is no place in the Union that has been more written of or more visited than *Monticello*, the beautiful home of President Jefferson; and yet of the many who have visited this historic spot and the much that has been said of it, few are aware of the true story connected with the building of this celebrated mansion.

Many legends and marvellous tales are told the stranger who treads its portals, few of which are based upon fact; yet there remain many incidents untold which would add an interesting page to its history, which we propose to gather up and trace the true story of its erection from its inception to its completion.

Colonel Peter Jefferson, the father of Thomas Jefferson, and William Randolph, both of Goochland County, Virginia, were very close friends and neighbours. In 1735 both obtained "patents" for large grants of land lying contiguous to each other, and ever since their descendants have intermarried and maintained this juxtaposition.

Colonel Peter Jefferson had thus obtained by grant one thousand acres lying on each side of the Rivanna River, where it intersects the South-West range of mountains; to

[1] From *Historic Homes of the South-West Mountains, Virginia* (Philadelphia, 1899).—By permission of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company.

this he added by purchase nine hundred acres, making a total of nineteen hundred acres of land on each side of the river, which embraced the little towns of Shadwell on the north and Milton on the south.

In 1770, Mr. Jefferson, who was then a young practising lawyer, first began to clear the summit of *Monticello* (Italian for "little mountain"), with a view of building. It was then merely a wild, tangled forest, but he had often looked upon this elevated spot with peculiar attraction, and had frequently rambled over its steep, craggy sides, or clambered to its summit, there to gaze upon the grand panoramic view spread out before him with feelings of sublime admiration and intense delight; it was such a picture as he wished always before him, and thus it was he decided here to build his home.

After the destruction by fire of the paternal roof at Shadwell, Mr. Jefferson began in earnest to build upon this almost inaccessible spot, and in the fall of that year (1770) had erected a small one-and-a-half story brick building, containing one good-sized room, which is the same portion of the present building forming the south-east "pavilion" at the extremity of the south "terrace"; this room was the only part of the house habitable when he took his young bride there in 1772.

Mr. Jefferson's conception and designs for building his new home were not so elaborate or extensive as were afterwards carried out upon his return from Europe. He was very conventional in his style and manner of living, not wishing to go beyond the simplicity of his neighbours, even

in his plan of building, and yet there was at that time not another brick building outside the town of Charlottesville, and though of quite moderate proportions compared to its ultimate appearance, it was then considered the most imposing building in the county.

The belief that Mr. Jefferson imported from England most of the brick used for his building is quite erroneous; all these were made upon the spot by his slaves, and the site of their manufacture is still pointed out; but in after years, when completing the north end and adding many embellishments to his original design, some of the finest brick and ornamental material were procured in Philadelphia and sent around by water to Richmond, and thence to the little town of Milton.

In the autumn of 1775, still further additions were made, and the grounds greatly improved and enlarged, Mr. Jefferson planting with his own hands many fruit and ornamental trees, the trunks of which still remain.

During the sessions of Congress, while Mr. Jefferson would be absent from *Monticello* for months at a time, the work of completion would be necessarily slow, and even up to the year 1782 the house was but partially completed. Still more did that part which had already been built suffer much from delay during his sojourn in France as ambassador. It was not until Mr. Jefferson's return in 1794, that real active work was resumed, and he applied himself enthusiastically once more to the early completion of his design.

His intention now was to build another wing, one story

and a half high, both to be united and crowned with a balustrade, having a dome between them, the apartments to be large and convenient, the decorations within and without to be simple, yet regular and elegant.

Mr. Jefferson had already erected a saw-mill, a grist-mill and a nail-factory, where every nail for the building was hand-forged by his coloured boys. Many of his artisans had been brought with him from Europe, and with all the material at hand the work now progressed rapidly.

The story that Mr. Jefferson laboured upon the building and laid many of the brick with his own hand is erroneous. He was always fond of working in his "shop," where in this "mechanical retreat," which stood at the rear of the house, he would put to a practical test his theories and exercising his inventive genius; but he never laboured in the real sense of the word except for his own gratification and pleasure, or to set an example of industry to those around him.

In 1802, the *Monticello* mansion was considered completed. The expense had been very great for those times, which, Mr. Jefferson states, was exactly two thousand and seventy-six dollars and twenty-nine cents, while he was away at Washington, besides the large sums he had previously spent upon it.

Thus it had taken nearly *thirty years* to build this historic old edifice, a building which could now be erected in six months under our present rapid mode of construction.

Let us glance for a moment at this curious structure as it then stood, fresh from the hands of the illustrious archi-

tect, for Mr. Jefferson had designed each part most minutely himself.

Entering from the eastern portico with its lofty Corinthian pillars and arched door, over which is still seen the old English clock which marked the hours, the visitor is here met and ushered through large, double glass doors into a spacious semi-octagonal hall with its wide fireplace at one end, as is usually found in old English mansions. Opposite the door is a small gallery, while on one side of it stood a fine marble bust of the patriot himself, and on the other one of Washington, both by the celebrated Italian artist Carracci. Along each side of the hall were many Indian relics which Mr. Jefferson had collected.

From this hall opens another glass door leading into the drawing-room or *salon* being the largest and most handsome room in the house, and situated immediately under the dome. This room is also octagonal, its floor being laid in parquetry of octagonal blocks of different coloured wood, which were cut and fitted by his own coloured workmen, giving it a most unique and pleasing effect and which for skill challenges the genius of a more intelligent race. The walls of this stately room were adorned with portraits of Columbus, Vespucius, Andrew Doria, Castruccio-Castracani, Raleigh, Cortez, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Washington, Adams, Madison and Monroe, while on either side of the door stood the busts of Alexander and Napoleon.

Leading from this room on the west side was the dining-room, and beyond this the octagonal tea-room. Here were

to be seen busts of Franklin, Voltaire, Lafayette and Paul Jones. Adjoining this were the bedrooms for guests, while on the east of the entrance hall was the bedroom of Mrs. Martha Randolph, who resided there permanently after the death of Mrs. Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson's bedroom was next to that of Mrs. Randolph, beyond which was his library, which extended to the west side of the house, and from which led into an arched conservatory; beyond this was Mr. Jefferson's celebrated workshop.

The upper part of the house was gained by a very narrow, tortuous stairway; the rooms above were quite small, of low pitch, and badly lighted, or ventilated; all of them were of many shapes, in conformity to the octagonal design of the house; alcoves let into the wall served in the place of bedsteads, their small dimensions being hardly suited to the comfortable repose of an ordinary-sized person.

The dome over the parlour was covered with thick glass; this was called the "ladies' drawing-room," which at one time was used as a billiard-room until the laws of Virginia prohibited the game. It was also said to have been used as a "ballroom"; but it is safe to say that Mr. Jefferson never had a dancing-party in his house, though extremely fond of music and even had his daughter taught the graceful art.

The furniture throughout was very handsome, most of which was purchased in France and used while living in Philadelphia. The beautiful marble and brazier tables, French mirrors and elegant sofas of the court style of

Louis XVI. gave a charming and effective contrast to the artistic finish of the interior; while the many rich paintings, statuary and works of art gave a sense of regal splendour which amazed the many plain and simple Virginians who thronged the mansion.

Governor Gilmer of Georgia, who was a frequent and familiar visitor, thus describes *Monticello* during Mr. Jefferson's last term of office:

"Three rooms of the house were left open for visitors. I saw statuary, fine paintings and a collection of Indian relics. The statuary was very beautiful; I could not be satisfied with looking at it. Mr. Jefferson's library door was locked, but the window-blinds were thrown back, so that I could see several books turned open upon the table, the inkstand, paper and pens as they had been used when Mr. Jefferson quitted home."

On top of the dome, Mr. Jefferson had his observatory, being a simple platform surrounded by a balustrade. Here he would often sit, night and day, surveying the heavens or the vast expanse of scenery before him with his telescope.

The famous mill-factory, machine-shops and weaving rooms were to the south-east of the house, beyond which was the terraced garden in which he delighted to exhibit his horticultural products. The farm itself had not been cleared to any great extent around the mansion, most of the crops being raised on the north side of the river at Shadwell and upon the Tufton farm near Milton.

Thus we find the farm and mansion of *Monticello* in 1809, upon the retirement of Mr. Jefferson from the Presidency.

But it was not to gain repose, for he was followed to his beautiful mountain home by a host of admirers and visitors, and but for the records left us, it was scarcely possible to believe the extent to which the imposition upon his privacy by friends, kindred and the public generally was carried at this time. They would come singly and in families, bringing babies, nurses, drivers and horses, spending weeks and even months at a time, giving the place an appearance of some noted watering *rendezvous*. Here would be gathered students, savants, musicians, clergymen, members of Congress, foreign travellers, artists and men of every faith and political creed to gratify their curiosity and say that they had seen and heard Mr. Jefferson. In one instance a family of six from Europe remained ten months; on another occasion a lady broke a pane of glass with her parasol in her eagerness to get a glimpse of the President. Crowds would stand about the house for hours watching for his exit, until Mr. Jefferson in desperation would fly to his farm, *Poplar Forest*, in Bedford County, for repose, expressing truly his feelings when he said: "Political honours are but splendid torments."

At various times there were also many celebrated visitors to *Monticello*, who have left their record of the place as it then appeared; among these were the Duke de Liancourt, a distinguished French traveller, who, in 1796, remained several days; the Marquis de Chastellux, aide to General Lafayette; Lieutenant Hall of the English army in 1816; and William Wirt, the historian, the friend and frequent visitor of Jefferson. All these have given graphic descrip-

tions of this celebrated spot, some in language most illusive, for it is hardly possible for the eye to reach the Chesapeake Bay, the Atlantic Ocean, or even to the James River, nor can the lofty hills of Maryland or the Peaks of Otter be seen, yet the view is grand, majestic and inspiring,—the same which Mr. Jefferson gazed upon with delight, and which has been the theme of poets and historians since, and ever more to be the admiration of thousands who make their pilgrimage to this shrine of America's freedom.

Thus stood *Monticello* at the close of Mr. Jefferson's life in 1826. It was known at this time that he was deeply involved in debt,—one partially made in entertaining his numerous guests,—in consequence of which his entire estate was soon afterwards offered for sale by his grandson and executor, Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of *Edgehill*. Mr. Jefferson had truly rendered himself poor when he built *Monticello*. The Italians brought over to do the ornamental work proved most expensive, and his friends had literally "ate him out of house and home"; so of his once large estate of ten thousand acres very little remained besides the mansion and its contents, he having previously sold, in 1776, lands to the amount of twenty thousand dollars in the hope of stemming the incoming tide of insolvency.

About the year 1828, Commodore Uriah P. Levy, of the United States Navy, who had known and greatly admired Jefferson, secured the mansion with four hundred acres of the *Monticello* tract. In purchasing the place he designed to preserve it in the same condition, and carry out the plans of the great patriot himself for its adornment; and still fur-

ther, in honour of his memory, he erected a handsome statue to him in the City Hall at New York.

Commodore Levy presided most gracefully over the halls of *Mouticello*, and fittingly maintained its just celebrity for hospitality. After the death of Commodore Levy the estate descended to his nephew, the Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, of New York, its present owner.

During the Civil War it was confiscated by the Confederate Government and fell into rapid decay; at one time being used as a hospital, after which it was rented to unscrupulous parties, who allowed it to be sadly pillaged. After the war it was not difficult for Mr. Levy to regain possession, who at once began its restoration and to-day it stands complete, and perhaps far more beautiful than even in Jefferson's time.

Let us picture *Monticello* as it now stands, after a lapse of nearly seventy years, still sitting in all its majestic pride and grandeur upon its lofty eminence, while so many of the great, the good and the gifted who once graced its halls have passed away forever.

Instead of a steep rough road, filled with rocks and gullies, upon which vehicles would once frequently stall, the visitor can now drive from the city of Charlottesville over a smooth and easily graded road, which winds gracefully around Carter's Mountain, bringing the traveller to the "Notch," or first summit, almost before he realizes it. Here stands the porter's lodge, with artistic double gate, through which vehicles enter upon the *Monticello* domain proper, and begin to ascend the Little Mountain, upon

which the mansion sits a mile above. The same smooth road, bordered by a stone wall, winds along its rugged sides until the cemetery is reached, which stands midway to the summit.

This is the spot chosen by Jefferson, in 1782, after the death of his wife, Martha Wayles Jefferson, where he wished himself and family to be laid. It is on a gentle slope of the mountain, to the right of the road, surrounded by lofty oaks and pines, with all the solemn beauty and stillness of the primeval forest.

A few hundred yards from the cemetery the entrance to the lawn is reached, and a glimpse of the grand scenery spread below is seen. Keeping to the right, we pass the ruins of the celebrated "nail-factory," with its solitary chimney festooned with ivy. Farther on, a solitary grave surrounded by a stone wall, marks the resting-place of the mother of Commodore Levy, who died here. Next we come to the "weaving-room," which is now the manager's house. Here we are met by a coloured porter, who, though looking quite venerable, does not lay claim to being Mr. Jefferson's body-servant, though for a few pennies he will tell you some wonderful stories of him, and point out with pride the many objects of interest. Approaching the mansion up the east lawn, the visitor will stand for a moment and glance at the clock over the door and the weather-vane overhead, which had so often been scanned by the great philosopher. Then reverently entering the double glass doors, he will find himself in the famous hall where Jefferson was wont to meet and greet his visitors.

On the right hangs a full-length portrait of Commodore Levy in full naval uniform; it is a majestic and striking picture of this noted officer; while opposite is a model of the *Vandalia*, the flag-ship in which he sailed around the world. Many other paintings adorn the room which will claim a close and special notice. In the large parlour or *salon* hangs a full-size portrait of Madam Rachel Levy, the mother of Commodore Levy, who was styled the "American Beauty" while in Europe, a term not inappropriately given if we may judge by the beautiful features before us. The furniture in this room is of the rich antique pattern, to represent the period of Mr. Jefferson's term as ambassador, while from the ceiling hangs a magnificent chandelier of an old English style for candles. A similar one hangs in the dining-room, both having been imported direct from Europe by Mr. Levy, and are said to have once graced the palace of the Empress Josephine at *Malmaison*.

The glass doors, the polished floors of parquetry, the antique furniture and ancient portraits, all lend a baronial aspect of the past century in close keeping with its appearance during Mr. Jefferson's time.

The grounds and exterior appointments are well preserved. Scattered over the rich green lawn are rustic benches, statuary, vases and urns of fragrant plants. Here, beneath stately elms, locust and chestnut-trees, the visitor can sit and feast the eye upon the vast landscape on every side.

Half a dozen English spaniels sport on the green lawn, while upon the steep, craggy side of the mountain eight or

ten deer can occasionally be seen, which are parked by a high picket-fence. The rear, or south-west, lawn is equally beautiful: from this point is to be seen the mystical looming of Willis's Mountain in Buckingham County, forty miles away, which would be usually pointed out by Mr. Jefferson to his visitors; then to stand on the north-west side of the pavilion and view the University, with the city of Charlottesville spread in the valley below in all its peaceful repose and beauty, while far beyond stretches the vast range of the Blue Ridge, embracing an extent of vision nearly fifty miles in length, which forms a picture such as will repay a journey of several thousand miles to behold.

THE WILLIAM PENN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

JOHN F. WATSON

IT is a matter of inquiry and doubt at this day (1828) which has been the house in Letitia Court, wherein William Penn, the founder and Colonel Markham, the Lieutenant-Governor, dwelt.[1] The popular opinion now is, that the inn at the head of the court, occupied as the Leopard Inn and since Penn Hall is the identical house alluded to. The cause of this modern confidence is ascribable (even if there were no better ground of assurance) to the fact, that this building, since they built the additional end to the westward, of about eighteen to twenty feet, presents such an imposing front towards High Street, and so entirely closes the court at that end (formerly open as a cart passage) that from that cause alone, to those not well-informed it looks as the principal house, and may have therefore been regarded by transient passengers as Penn's house.

[1] "This house his commissioners had placed for him, as he requested, facing the river. It was on Front Street south of the present Market Street, in the centre of a lot which ran back to Second Street, along Market, and included about half the block. There were no houses then between Front Street and the river-shore. The house was of brick, and is still preserved, as we suppose, but has been removed to Fairmount Park. It was always known as the Letitia House, because he afterwards gave it, with its large lot, to his daughter. In it, I have no doubt, many of the early meetings of the Provincial Council were held, and it may be considered the first state-house of the Province."—Sidney George Fisher, *The True William Penn* (Philadelphia, 1900).

The truth is that for many years the great mass of the population had dropt or lost the tradition about Penn's house in the court; and it is only of later years, antiquities beginning to excite some attention, that the more intelligent citizens have revived some of their former hearings about the court. During all the earlier years of my life, I never heard of Penn living there at all; but of later years I have. I have been, therefore, diligent to ask old men about it. Several said it never used to be spoken of in their youth. John Warder, an intelligent merchant, now above seventy-three years of age, was born at the corner house of the alley on High Street, and has told me he never was told of Penn's living there, when a boy. On the other hand, a few old men have told me, at every period of their life the tradition (though known to but few) was, that it was one of two houses, to wit—either Doyle's Inn, or the old Rising Sun Inn on the western side of the alley. Joseph Sansom, Esq., about sixty, told me he heard and believed it was the house at the head of the court, and so also some few others; but more persons, of more weight in due knowledge of the subject, have told me they had been always satisfied it was the old Rising Sun Inn on the western side of the court. Timothy Matlack, aged ninety-two, who was very inquisitive, and knew it from fourteen years of age, said it was then the chief house in the court as to character; it was a very popular inn for many years (whereas Doyle's house was not an inn till many years afterwards), that it then had an alley on its northern side for a cart way running out to Second Street, and agreeing

with "Penn's gate over against Friends' Meeting," etc., at which place his Council, 1685, required King James's proclamation to be read.

This name Letitia house I found was a name which even those who thought the house at the head of the court was Penn's, granted that Letitia Penn dwelt in, even while the father may have occupied the other. In this they were certainly in some error; Letitia being an unmarried girl, could never have had a separate house; she was not with her father till his second visit in 1700. It was in Penn's first visit only, in 1682, that he could have dwelt there.

I infer from the facts that Penn had "his cottage" built there before his landing by Colonel Markham; that some of the finer work was imported for it with the first vessels; that he used it as often as not at his "palace" at Pennsbury. After him, it was used by Colonel Markham, his Deputy Governor; and afterwards for public offices. That in 1700, when he used the Slate-house, corner of Second Street and Norris Alley, having a mind to confer something upon his daughter, then with him, he gave her a deed, 1 mo. 29th, 1701, for all that half square lying on High Street and including said house. Several years after this event, the people, as was their custom, when the court began to be built up on each side of a "36 feet alley," having no name for it, they, in reference to the last conspicuous owner, called it Letitia Court, in reference to the then most conspicuous house; the same house so given to Penn by his daughter.

If we would contemplate this Letitia house in its first relations, we should consider it as having an open area to the river the whole width of the half square, with here and there retained an ornamental clump of forest trees and shrubbery on either side of an avenue leading out to the Front Street; having a garden of fruit trees on the Second Street side and on Second Street "the Governor's Gate," so called "opposite to the lot of the Friends' Great Meeting." By this gate the carriages entered and rode along the avenue by the north side of the house to the east front of the premises.

This general rural appearance was in all accordance with Penn's known taste, and was doubtless so continued until the ground was apportioned out in thirty city lots, as expressed by James Logan in a letter to Letitia Aubrey, in the year 1737.

The following facts present scraps of information which may tend still further to illustrate the proper history of the premises, to wit: "Pitch upon the very middle of the platt of the towne, to be laid facing the harbour, for the situation of the house." Thus intimating, as I conceive, the choice of Letitia Court, and intimating his desire to have it facing the river, "as the line of houses of the towne should be."

The Slate-Roof house still standing at the south-east corner of Norris Alley and Second Street, and now reduced to a lowly appearance, derives its chief interest from having been the residence of William Penn. The peculiarity of its original construction, and the character of several of its

successive inmates, will enhance its interest to the modern reader. The facts concerning the premises, so far as may now be known, are generally these, to wit:

The house was originally built, in the early origin of the city, for Samuel Carpenter—certainly one of the earliest and greatest improvers of the primitive city. It was probably designed for his own residence, although he had other houses on the same square, nearer to the river.

It was occupied as the city residence of William Penn and family, while in Philadelphia on his second visit in 1700;[1] in which house was born, in one month after their arrival, John Penn, "the American"—the only one of the race ever born in the country. To that house, therefore, humble, degenerated, and altered in aspect as it now is, we are to appropriate all our conceptions of Penn's employments, meditations, hopes, fears, etc., while acting as Governor and proprietary among us. In those doors he went in and out—up and down those stairs he passed—in those chambers he reposed—in those parlours he dined or regaled his friends—through those garden grounds he sauntered. His wife, his daughter Letitia, his family and his servants

[1] "On their arrival at Philadelphia, he (Logan) and Penn, with Mrs. Penn and Penn's daughter, Letitia, lived for a month at the house of Edward Shippen. After that they moved to the slate-roof house, as it was called, on the east side of Second Street, north of Walnut. Penn rented it for two years, and used it for his town residence. His son, John, was born there, always known as John the American, and it was afterwards used by Logan as an office for the proprietary business. It should have been preserved as a relic, for in later years it had many interesting associations."— Sidney George Fisher, *The True William Penn* (Philadelphia, 1900).

were there. In short, to those who can think and feel, the place is filled with local impressions. Such a house should be rescued from its present forlorn neglect; it ought to be bought and consecrated to some lasting memorial of its former character, by restoring its bastions and salient angles, etc. It would be to the character of such Societies as the Historical and Penn Association, etc., to club their means to preserve it for their chambers, etc., as long as themselves and the city may endure.

After William Penn had left this house, on his intended return with his family to England, he, while aboard his return ship the *Messenger* (an appropriate name for the message and business he was purposing!) writes on the 3d of September, 1701, to James Logan, saying: "Thou may continue in the house I lived in till the year is up."

James Logan in reply, in 1702, says: "I am forced to keep this house still, there being no accommodation to be had elsewhere for public business." In fact, he retained it as a government house till 1704, when he and his coadjutors moved to Clark's Hall in Chestnut Street, afterwards Pemberton's great house.

James Logan, in a letter to William Penn of 5th December, 1703, says Samuel Carpenter "has sold the house thou lived in" to William Trent (the founder of Trenton in 1719) for £850.

At this house Lord Cornbury, then Governor of New York and New Jersey (son of Lord Clarenden, cousin of Queen Anne), was banqueted in great style in 1702, on the occasion of his being invited by James Logan, from Bur-

lington, where he had gone to proclaim the Queen. Logan's letter, speaking of the event, says he was dined "equal, as he said, to anything he had seen in America." At night he was invited to Edward Shippen's (great house in south Second Street) where he was lodged and dined with all his company, making a retinue of nearly thirty persons. He went back well pleased with his reception, via Burlington, in the Governor's barge, and was again banqueted at Pennsbury by James Logan, who had preceded him for that purpose. Lord Cornbury there had a retinue of about fifty persons, which accompanied him thither in four boats. His wife was once with him in Philadelphia, in 1703. Penn, on one occasion, calls him a man of luxury and poverty. He was at first very popular; and having made many fine promises to Penn, it was probably deemed good policy to cheer his vanity by striking public entertainments. In time, however, his extravagant living and consequent extortion, divested him of all respect among the people.

In 1709, "the slated-roof house of William Trent" is thus commended by James Logan as a suitable residence for him as Governor, saying: "William Trent, designing for England, is about selling his house (that he bought of Samuel Carpenter) which thou lived in, with the improvement of a beautiful garden,"—then extending half-way to Front Street and on Second Street nearly down to Walnut Street. "I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a Governor. His price is £900 of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare. I would

give £20 to £30 out of my own pocket that it were thine —nobody's but thine."

The house, however, was sold to Isaac Norris, who devised it to his son, Isaac, through whom it has descended down to the present proprietor, Sarah Norris Dickinson, his grand-daughter (1828).

It was occupied at one period, it is said, by Governor Hamilton, and, for many years preceding the war of Independence, it was deemed a superior boarding house. While it held its rank as such, it was honoured with the company, and, finally, with the funeral honours of General Forbes (successor to General Braddock), who died in that house in 1759. The pomp of his funeral from that house surpassed all the simple inhabitants had before seen in their lives. His horse was led before the procession, richly caparisoned, —the whole conducted in all "the pomp of war," with funeral dirges, and a military array with arms reversed, etc.[1]

In 1764, it was rented to be occupied as a distinguished boarding-house by the widow Graydon, mother of Captain Graydon of Carlisle, who has left us his amusing *Memoirs of Sixty Years' Life in Pennsylvania*. There his mother, as he informs us, had a great many gentry as lodgers. He describes the old house as very much of a castle in construction, although built originally for a Friend. "It was a singular, old-fashioned structure, laid out in the style of a fortification, with abundance of angles, both salient and re-entering. Its two wings projected to the street in the man-

[1] He had had great honours shown to him two years before for the capture of Fort Duquesne (Fort Pitt).

ner of bastions, to which the main building, retreating from sixteen to eighteen feet, served for a curtain.[1] . . . It had a spacious yard, half way to Front Street, and ornamented with a double row of venerable lofty pines, which afforded a very agreeable *rus in urbe*." She continued there till 1768–1769, when she removed to Drinker's big house, up Front Street, near to Race Street. Graydon's anecdotes of distinguished persons, especially of British officers and gentry who were inmates, are interesting. John Adams and other members of the First Congress had their lodgings in the "Slate-House."

[1] We may say of this house trade has changed the scene; for the recess is since filled out to the front with store windows, and the idea of the bastions, though still there, is lost.

THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO

THOMAS UNETT BROCKLEHURST

WHEN Cortes conquered the country, he had instructions from Ferdinand and Isabella, from Charles V. and from Pope Alexander IV. to Christianize it; and this part of his duty, with the help of his army of priests and the formidable terrors of the Inquisition, he accomplished all too zealously. The successive Spanish Viceroys completed the work in the spirit of their age; indeed, in such a manner, that when the books are opened and the last seal broken, the cries of the heathen will most probably drown the anthems of the saints. The Old Testament injunction, "Thou shalt utterly destroy the heathen from amongst you," without a single gleam from the brightness of the Sermon from the Mount, has under no circumstances been more rigorously enforced than by Spain in Mexico and Peru; and what remains of her glories, but the bitterest of bitter feeling in Mexico, and the hatred of her Cuban subjects?

In the Conquest of Mexico it was the rule to destroy all the high places and all vestiges of the ancient worship. The Teocalli or temples were levelled to the ground; crosses were set up, and churches built on their sites. The magnificent Cathedral of Mexico stands over the spot where the high altar of Montezuma and his predecessors once ran with the blood of human sacrifices. The first church on this site, after the destruction of the Teocalli, was founded

by Charles V. His successor, Philip, ordered it to be pulled down, and commenced the erection of the present structure in 1573. It was not finished and dedicated until the 22d of December, 1657. It has a fine dome and two open towers, each 218 feet high, in which are large bells exposed to view. The length of the building is 426 feet; the architecture is Doric; the railings of the choir, and the passage to the high altar were made of *tumbago*, manufactured at Macao in China, and weighing twenty-six tons. It is a brassy-looking metal, composed of silver, gold and copper, but contains so much gold, that an offer has been made to replace it with pure silver, and give many thousand dollars in addition. The cost of the Cathedral, that is, of the walls alone, was over $2,000,000. The interior of the building forms a Greek cross, and is divided into five naves. On either side of the main nave are wide chapels, elaborately adorned and enclosed by bronze gates; the walls are clothed with pictures in rich old Spanish gold frames; and at one time a Murillo stood over the high altar, but the present archbishop, wise in his generation, after the robbery of a famous picture from a church in Spain, caused it to be removed to the archiepiscopal palace, where it now hangs. There is no stained glass in the windows, and there are no such luxuries as pews; Indian and Hidalgo, Aztec and Spaniard, peon and peasant, kneel on the bare boards. One rude bench is reserved for the old and infirm.

The choir is one mass of elaborate carving; the choir books, dating from 1620, are of vellum, and painted in black letters. Close to the choir is a magnificent altar, supported by green

CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO, MEXICO

marble columns resembling malachite. A rich balustrade of *tumbago* connects the altar and the choir. The picture of the Virgin, in the central nave, was painted by Cabrena in 1700, and a St. Sebastian, in one of the chapels, by Balthasor de Echavi in 1645. The glory of the cupola was painted by Simeno de Planes; on the first plane are placed the ancient patriarchs and the celebrated women of the Old Testament, the colours being as vivid at this moment as when laid in. The balustrade surrounding the grand altar is also of *tumbago*, as are the sixty-two statues which serve as chandeliers. The high altar is approached by seven steps, the tabernacle is supported by eight ranges of pillars in the form of a colonnade, on the first of which stand the statues of the Apostles and the Evangelists, while those of numerous saints occupy the second range. On the third appear groups of angels, and, rising from the midst, the Mother of God.

The sacristy is fitted up with oak, black as ebony from age, with several large pictures. I often looked into it, and one day I found two or three priests indulging in a quiet chat after Mass, while the attendants folded away the rich vestments. A padre, seeing I was a stranger, offered to show me the magnificent set of vestments worked for the Cathedral by command of Isabella of Spain; they are of cloth of gold, encrusted with gems, and in panels passages from Holy Writ are worked exquisitely in silk, so as to have the effect of the finest painting; it is only on close inspection that I could discover the traces of the needle. These gorgeous vestments are useless for practical purposes,

for they are so heavy that no man of ordinary dimensions could sustain their immense weight for more than a few minutes. Saying mass, or even pronouncing the benediction in them, is out of the question. By the kindness of the padre I was also permitted to view the great council chamber, part and parcel of the Cathedral, in which the councils of the bishops were held, the Archbishop of Mexico presiding on a great gilded throne. This is indeed a noble apartment; it has an open groined roof, and around the walls are portraits of suffragan bishops of Mexico—copies only, for the originals are hung in a sort of secret chamber, to which I was subsequently conducted. This chamber was approached through the gates of a side altar, and the cicerone touched a—to me—invisible spring; a door of maximum thickness slowly opened to admit us to a sort of crypt, with formidably barred windows, around which hang the original portraits of the bishops from first to last, in splendid preservation. In this apartment was a massive oaken table, with a sort of funnel in the middle of it. It is on this table that the offerings of the faithful, after a collection, are deposited, counted, and dropped through the funnel into huge, grim-looking, iron-bound boxes, which stood about the room.

During my stay in Mexico excavations were being made in front of the Cathedral to convert the paved ground into a garden, and but a few feet below the surface some octagonal columns of the first church were discovered; also two heads of large stone serpents, some ten feet long and five feet in depth and in thickness; the carving of the feathered

ornaments on the heads was perfect; they had originally been the capitals to the doorposts of the pagan temple of Montezuma, and these interesting fragments of both temple and primitive church were conveyed with much labour and care to the National Museum.

THE WHIPPLE HOUSE, IPSWICH

W. H. DOWNES

THE old house bought by the Ipswich Historical Society is the best surviving example in New England of the earliest Seventeenth-Century colonial architecture. There are several finer and grander specimens of the domestic architecture of later periods in Essex County, but in all the category of colonial houses there is no such perfectly preserved and authentic type of the domestic architecture of the middle of the Seventeenth Century. The exact date of its erection is unknown, but all the valid evidence available, in the absence of documentary records bearing directly on this point, indicates that it was built as early as 1650, and there are architects who believe that it was erected still earlier. The extreme rarity of houses dating from that remote period, so soon after the settlement of Massachusetts, is due primarily to the limited longevity of wooden building, and secondarily to the fact that the colonists were at first obliged by the paucity of proper building materials to erect only temporary cabins of logs, which were subsequently abandoned and neglected, after more comfortable dwellings were made possible by the establishment of saw-mills and forges and roads. Ipswich was settled in 1633. The first saw-mill in the town was established in 1649. The great posts and girders, with other surviving timbers of the frame of the old house in question, bear no marks of the axe or

the adze, and it would be a fair inference that they were sawed, though not necessarily by water power, for we know that some extensive sawing was done by hand in sawpits.

. . . There are three or four successive parts or chapters in the serial story of the old house. The west end of the main structure was built first; of this there is evidence in the material, the workmanship, the age of the woodwork, and in indirect, but convincing written evidence. The main beams of the frame—the posts, sills, girders, joists, rafters, etc.—in this wing are of American larch or tamarack, a soft wood, which, however, has shown astonishing durability in every part except where it has been exposed to moisture. The east part of the main structure, the second chapter, was possibly added in the time of the affluent and pious Captain John Whipple, the second of that name, who, in 1683, was estimated to be "worth" $16,570. In this part of the house the main beams are of oak, and the posts and girders are carved with some attempt at elegance of finish. Later a lean-to was added, the rafters on the north (rear) side of the roof being supplemented by a new set of rafters at an easier angle, carrying the roof at one point almost to the ground. Whether the lean-to was entirely built at one time, or in two sections, is unknown and is not of importance. The lean-to is a relatively modern part, and the original profile of the exterior must have been very angular and high-shouldered in proportion to its ground area.

Now, here are the more interesting dimensions of the building, as it stands. Length, on the ground, fifty feet;

width, thirty-six feet. Great east room, ground floor, twenty-four by seventeen and one-half feet; height seven feet. Fireplace in this room, seven feet and three inches wide; two feet, nine inches deep. Dimensions of oak girders, fourteen by fourteen inches. Windows, diamond panes, and hung on hinges, five feet, three inches wide, and two feet, six inches high; three sashes each; should be leaded glass. East chamber, same measurements as east room below. Fireplace in this room, six feet, two inches wide, and two feet, two inches deep. These figures may mean but little to the layman, but they are full of significance to the architect, the builder, and the antiquarian. The exterior of the Whipple house has nothing in its aspect that would serve to draw especial attention to it; but the interior possesses these two distinct points of architectural merit, remarkable massiveness of construction, and fine, dignified proportions. The two main rooms on the ground floor are in fact superb for their simplicity, size and solidity. The beautiful rich brown tone of the old oak posts, girders and joists gives the key of colour. There is a white plastered ceiling between the joists, the plaster being put directly on the floor-boards of the second story. . . .

One thing is evident, to any visitor who stands in the great east room, and contemplates the stately proportions of the interior; that is, that the Whipples must have been great swells in their day, to possess such a mansion. Indeed, no further proof of their status, so far as means are concerned, is needed than is furnished by the entertaining

inventory of Captain John Whipple's estate in 1683, with its painful particularity, itemizing each separate article of household use, apparel, tools, edibles, beverages, and even "Lawrence ye Indian," who was valued at four pounds, a sum which seems inexpensive, even where the supply of Indians exceeded the demand. It is enough to make collectors' mouths water to run over this list of old furniture, silverware, pewter, china, arms, andirons, brasses, coppers, gallipots, buckles and buttons, "kittles," warming-pans, trenchers, candlesticks, "tin lanthorns," beakers, flagons, "basons," piggins, "sully bub" pots, spinning wheels, and a score of other things, more or less phonetically spelled, after the excellent fashion of the epoch, when, as George Eliot remarks, spelling was mostly a matter of taste.

The first John Whipple, whose estate was inventoried in 1669, was not nearly so well off as his son afterwards became, though he had a farm of about 360 acres of land, worth $750, and houses and lands in the town, worth $1,250, with $45 worth of "apparell," $35 worth of "ffeather beds," $6.75 worth of "chayres," and $12 worth of "bookes."

Speaking of books, the Ipswich Historical Society has in its custody, in the west room of the old house, the most unmitigatedly pious lot of old books I ever saw. They come from the Religious Society in Ipswich, and the visitor may while away long hours in reading such light literature as Jonathan Edwards' "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" (Salem, 1786), Increase Mather's "Angelagraphia" (Boston, 1696), or "The Loving Invitation

of Christ to the Aged, Middle-Aged, Youth and Children, from the mouth of Elizabeth Osborn, only Three Years and Nine Months Old." The collection of books, manuscripts, autographs, etc., displayed in this room embraces a copy of the Breeches Bible (1615); an autograph letter from John Winthrop, Jr., founder of Ipswich (1634); an inventory of the household goods in Winthrop's house in Ipswich; several old petitions, deeds, wills, and other Colonial and Revolutionary documents of interest. On rainy days, when the outside world is dark and dismal, and the time hangs heavy on one's hands, it will be consoling for the people who like that sort of thing to sit down and run through Owen's work on "Indwelling Sin," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Woodward's "Fair Warning," Crawford's "Dying Shots," the account of "Count Struensee's Conversion," Cooper on "Predestination," Edwards on "Original Sin," Shepard's "Sound Believer," Langdon on "The Revelation," Coleman's "Parable of the Ten Virgins," Webb's "Direction for Conversion," Bellamy's "Glory of the Gospel," Ditton on "The Resurrection," Doddridge on "Regeneration," or Stoddard's "Safety of Appearing in ye Righteousness of Christ." But, though the theology of these stalwart Calvinists may seem a bit inflexible and unlovely to modern eyes, what they did not know about setting up a title-page was not worth knowing. As religionists they were of their day, took their creeds straight and hot, and their rum ditto; but they were first-rate printers!

The house is a veritable museum of Seventeenth- and

Eighteenth-Century relics and curios. There is a buffet full of old china in the west room which contains some very rare and choice pieces. The andirons in this room are cast-iron figures of Hessians, in grenadier caps, picked out with gilt. The iron fire-back is dated 1693. The andirons in the east room are dated 1596. The great east room is fitted up as a kitchen. The fire burns on the hearth as of yore, and the spacious fireplace is fully equipped with ancient cooking utensils. Huge pewter platters and obsolete fire-arms adorn the walls. The spinning-wheels, cheese-press and churns are in their places. Here we find the yarn reels, the great winnowing fan, the old cradle, foot-stove, candle-mould, candlesticks, nice pieces of old needlework, samplers, old lamps, pewter porringers, tinder-boxes, trivets, lanthorns, trammels, tin kitchens with spits, etc., and a highly interesting collection of old furniture. In the west room are the cabinet of old china, sundry heirlooms, an ancient piano, antique chairs and pictures. The paintings comprise a smoky old panel depicting the harbour of Ipswich, in which the vessels fly the British flag, showing that it was painted prior to the Revolution, and a life-size bust portrait of Whitefield, anonymous, and somewhat queer about the eyes. Whitefield preached in Ipswich, and he did so to such good effect that Satan fled through the meeting-house window, leaving on the window-ledge the print of his cloven hoof. Mr. Waters may not believe this, but it is just as true as some other local traditions.

"The old mansion," says President Waters, in a pas-

sage of retrospect which shows how sympathetic is his vein of fancy, "is a constant reminder of all the glorious names which hallow and illumine the early years of our town life,—Saltonstall and Winthrop, Symonds and Denison, Ward and Norton and Hubbard and all the rest. They were all friends of the Elder. Every one of them may have crossed our threshold. As we sit here in the flickering firelight we seem to see them sitting, as of old, and conversing on the great themes. . . . The old pavement in the dooryard rings again with the hoofbeats of Captain Whipple's horse hurrying to lead his troopers on a swift ride to Andover to repel an Indian assault. John Appleton and Thomas French are talking in this very room of their imprisonment and trial for advocating resistance to the royal governor's edict and demanding representation before they would submit to taxation. Colonel Hodgkins and Colonel Wade and Major Burnham smoke and sip their steaming cups and chat of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, Washington and Lafayette." And he evokes a vision of the ancient life, its feasts, weddings, funerals, departures and home-comings, its daily toil, and all the lights and shadows of the remote Puritan home life, that revives the far-off days with a singular and touching reality.

FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE

IZA DUFFUS HARDY

FROM Jacksonville to St. Augustine is like a going back from the Nineteenth Century into the Sixteenth. This, the oldest city in the United States—with its history that should be printed in red letters, being one volume of war and siege and bloodshed—is to all appearance the old Spanish settlement still. The world seems to have gone on and left it behind; the march of modern improvement has passed it by; the tourist has found it out, and the hotel-keeper, of course, keeps him company; but they have failed to spoil, or modernize and mar the quaint old town. Step outside your hotel, and you at once step into a bygone age. The old Spanish city lies wrapt in a dreamy peace; it seems asleep in the sunshine. Narrow, unpaved, sandy streets; quaint wooden houses breaking out into balconies and piazzas; untidy yards with ragged banana-trees and palms and oleanders and climbing roses; "coquina" houses, relics of old days, massive of wall and scant of window, built of the curious material "coquina," found only hereabouts (formed of masses of crushed shell dug out of Anastasia Island, just across the river)—this is St. Augustine at a first glance!

The oldest inhabitant is sitting at his door under his own vine and fig-tree, smoking the pipe of peace in his shirt sleeves. He bids us good evening; we stop and chat

awhile with the old man, who is like a picture, his snow-white hair and beard framing a rugged brown face. He is a Spaniard, he tells us, born here, and nearly grown to manhood when the Spanish flag was hauled down to give place to the Stars and Stripes. He points out one of the oldest Spanish houses, a pink house, built of "coquina," and plastered over with a delicious soft pink like the flush of sunset. Its little lattice windows are broken, so that we can see the thickness of its massive "coquina" walls; it is empty and falling rapidly to ruin. Down the narrow, sunny, sandy, almost deserted street comes a riderless horse, trotting at a brisk pace. He knows his home, and turns in under his own archway smartly. Next comes a solitary cow, and presently a mare, also unencumbered by rider or saddle, followed by a pretty little foal. They are all returning to their respective homes in a quiet, business-like way.

We walk on to the Plaza, the central spot in which the sluggish currents of life in St. Augustine seem to meet and eddy and make a little stir in the sleepy old place. Facing on the Plaza is the old Catholic church, with its high quaint belfry, to which the guide-books and residents invariably call the attention of the tourist. Here is the old market, under whose arched roof, men, women and children were bought and sold once upon a time, and not so long ago, before the slave traffic (which brought ts curse with it, and pulled down the pillars of the temple, and drew ruin, at least for a season, on these fair lands of the South), gave place to the innocent bargaining for fish,

FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

flesh, fowl and fruit, which is all these old walls look down upon to-day.

Beyond the Plaza we come upon the "sea-wall," which our little guide-book has led us to anticipate as a "promenade." When we behold it, however, our dreams of promenading vanish. It runs along the shore, from the modern barracks at one end of the town to the ancient fort at the other. It is simply a low, massive stone wall, the top of which, unprotected by any rail or parapet, is described as the favourite "Lover's Walk"; but, if it is so, St. Augustine lovers must be slender as well as affectionate. We find it quite enough to walk singly upon it with a steady head. The tourist is "promenading himself" there, of course, with his wife in her palmetto-hat; and we perceive, on observation of the various couples, that lovers, when young and slim, *may* walk double, though more frequently *he* walks behind *her*. A soft, fresh breeze blows up from the unseen Atlantic, which is shut from our view by the long slip of Anastasia Island, running parallel with the sea-wall, between the ocean, whose salt fragrance floats faintly to us, and the river lapping the base of the wall. The sea-wall walk leads us to the old Fort Marion, which is, perhaps *the* sight to be seen here.

The first stone was laid in 1592, the last, as the inscription over the gateway tells us, in 1756. The great fortress is in excellent preservation. Its massive "coquina" walls stand almost untouched by time or siege, though the wild grass waves under our feet in the barbican and blue flowers blossom from the chinks in the "coquina" blocks. A

grim silence broods over the ancient walls, as we explore turret and drawbridge, casement and bastion. There is an old sergeant whose mission is to show visitors over the place, but he is apparently off duty, for we seek and find him not. A fellow-tourist, however, gives us all the information we require. We sit on damp blocks of stone on a mud floor under a vaulted roof, while he tells us of the "locked dungeon," into which admission can only be gained through the absent sergeant. He pioneers us into the "bakehouse," a huge, dimly-lit stone room, also with mud floor and vaulted roof, with a recess which served as oven, and one aperture which combined the offices of chimney and window. It was here that, during the siege of St. Augustine, all the townsfolk collected for shelter; and a wretched community they must have been! From this bakehouse a gloomy archway leads into a pitch-dark dungeon. Our escort lights matches, which only serve to make the darkness visible. By their feeble glimmer we can see neither roof nor walls, nothing but the thick blackness which closes round us like a pall. We are told, however, that the obscurity here is nothing to the inky darkness of the "locked dungeon," wherein, the story goes, skeletons were found in iron cages,—but this is, by the best authorities, denied.

We next inspect a comparatively light and airy cell, with a narrow grating high up, to our eyes unattainable and impassable, but through which the Indian chief, "Wild Cat," is said to have effected his escape. The great Osceola, his companion in obscurity, nobly refused to avail himself of

the same means. It strikes me as possible that the "Cat" was the slenderer and more agile of the two. From the fort we cross a rough and pathless stretch of sand and turf to another relic of the past—to the old city gates. They are built of "coquina," of course. We inspect the barred and grated sentinel-boxes, the high towers flanking the gateway and dutifully resist the temptation to chip off a piece of "coquina" as a souvenir.

The next day is Easter Sunday; the quaint old streets are crowded with gaily-dressed people; the Plaza is swarming with happy pairs. This is truly the "Land of Flowers." As we saunter in the shade of the great trees that make King Street rather a forest-glade than a street, and linger to gaze into the groves and gardens which surround almost every residence, we drink in the fragrant breeze, heavy with perfumes of myriad blossoms, and revel in the luxuriance of tropical bloom and foliage all around us. Here is the lance-leaved palmetto, and here the beautiful feathery date-palm; here the oleanders droop their pink and pearl, starred and scented boughs high out of reach above our heads; here climbing roses straggle up to the housetops; here are great forest-like trees covered with the sweet yellow flowers of the apoppinac; here the giant magnolia, tall as a poplar and sturdy as an oak, is opening the great white petals of its mammoth flower. Now and then we come upon the bridal blossoms of the orange and again upon branches weighed down under their globes of ruddy gold.

We take a farewell stroll down St. George's Street—where the oldest inhabitant still sits smoking under his fig-

tree, and the ragged bananas and spiky palms in the gardens stand out against the deepening glow in the west—as evening draws on. We wander down to the sea-wall, which is nearly deserted now. There are one or two wild-looking men on horseback, their saddles mere mats of crimson or blue embroidered cloth, their feet thrust into the unsightly bags known as Mexican stirrups. There are several dogs, one large yellow mastiff taking his siesta on the sea-wall, occupying the entire width of the "promenade"; a canine friend, coming to interview him, stands on his hind legs, with his fore-paws on the top of the wall. This somehow makes the "Lover's Walk" look a very small affair. One of the riders spurs his horse up on to the wall, and, like the successful admirer of "the Lady Kunigonde of the Kynast," he "rides along the battlemented parapet," breaking up the canine *tête-à-tête*. Fortunately, there are no lovers on the wall to be startled from off their own particular domain, only the yellow mastiff scuttles down in a hurry as horse and rider gallop by.

The sun is setting behind the town, and the eastern sky before us catches a tender reflected blush just on the horizon. Beyond the sea-wall lies a stretch of water, blue as heaven and calm as a dream; it scarcely laps against the old stones; the little boats on its surface "float double" boat and shadow; an indescribable softness, like a sleep, broods over its waveless tide. Beyond this entranced water lies the long dark shade of Anastasia Island; beyond that, the pale reflected rose of the eastern sky fades slowly with the dying day. The one or two stragglers on the sea-wall stand out

in vivid silhouette against the blue water and blushing sky; the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as the equestrian Blondin dashes along the top of the wall, seems to shatter the silence like the breaking of a spell.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, QUEBEC[1]

ANNA T. SADLIER

LONG ago, in some far away time too distant for actual history to have recorded the fact, a few Breton sailors, coming up the great river were surprised by a terrific storm. In all the terror of the moment, the blackness of the night, the howling of the winds and the rushing of the waters, their hearts went back to distant Brittany. In childhood and in youth they had been taught to have recourse to the beloved patroness of their *chère Bretagne*. Never had St. Anne d' Auray failed to hear a simple and heartfelt prayer. They registered a vow: if the good saint brought them once more to land, there where their feet touched they would build her a shrine. A morning came blue and cloudless. These brave men were ashore and where? They looked about them. To the northward rose the Laurentian hills, to the southward the wide-rolling St. Lawrence, to the eastward a little stream, now the St. Anne, dividing the settlement from the neighbouring parish of St. Joachim. In such surroundings they built a simple wooden chapel and laid the foundation of a shrine now famous throughout America.

The years went on; these hardy *voyageurs* passed on their way and were heard of no more in the village they had founded. But habitations soon grew up, and the settlement

[1] Reprinted by permission of the Editor of the *Catholic World*.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, QUEBEC, CANADA

of Petit-Cap began to be known by the little temple which stood in its very heart. Meanwhile in the passing years, the springtime floods and the winter storms, and even the hand of time itself, began to tell upon the sturdy wooden frame of the good saint's shrine. The project of rebuilding it was first seriously entertained somewhere about 1660. A prosperous farmer of the village, named Etienne Lessard, made a generous donation of land sufficient for the erection of a church, provided only that the work was begun at once. A discussion now arose as to the propriety of changing the site; but the matter was finally decided and M. Vignal, a priest from Quebec, went down to Petit-Cap to bless the foundations. He was accompanied by M. d' Aillebout, Governor of New France, who went thither expressly to lay the corner-stone.

This second church, which remained in use till 1876, was built of stone and stood just at the foot of the hill, where the present chapel for processions now is. During the years following its erection multitudes of pilgrims flocked thither.

Amongst those whose interest in the welfare of the church and the propagation of the devotion have woven a halo round this village shrine is that immortal Bishop of Quebec—he who coming of the ancient and knightly race, the Barons Montmorenci de Laval, forsook the splendours of a luxurious court and the softness of a southern climate to devote his wonderful intellect to the service of the primitive Canadian Church.

Rich gifts began to pour in and the attention of royalty

itself was drawn to the spot; for a gleam from the magnificence of that traditionally splendid court of Louis le Grand fell upon that humble sanctuary hard by the blue stream, which still bore the Indian *voyageur* upon his way. It is part of the romance which antiquity has lent to the place, this offering made by the queen-mother of Louis XIV. Anne of Austria's own royal hands worked a handsome chasuble as a gift to the good St. Anne. The ornaments upon it are red, white and black arrows and the whole is richly wrought in gold and silver. Now, though that splendid pageant of a dream, that gorgeous phantom of a dead royalty, has passed into tradition, the vestment worked by the royal mother's hands is still seen at the altar of St. Anne's upon great occasions.

A costly silver reliquary adorned with precious stones and two pictures painted by the Franciscan friar, Luc Lafrançois, are the gifts of Mgr. de Laval; while there is a crucifix of solid silver presented by the hero of Iberville in 1706 in return for favours obtained. So does the past intermingle everywhere with the present, and such tokens speak like the voices of the dead, giving testimony of answered prayers. Kneeling there before that beloved mother of the Mother of Christ, we can see in fancy, as humble suppliants by our side, the great and good prelate whose name shines out from the early Canadian annals with an unsurpassed lustre, or the valiant soldiers, proud and warlike viceroys, gay and gallant barons of France, who have bent the knee here, humble, believing, hopeful as the poor fisher whose boat rocked the while upon the surging waters with-

out. In 1875, a magnificent banner, seven feet and a half high by four and a half broad, was presented to the Curé by his Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Quebec. On one side of it is St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin, the two figures encircled by a silver shower. Above and below is inscribed: "St. Anne, Consolation of the Afflicted, pray for us." The reverse of the banner represents St. Joachim as a pilgrim, proceeding to the temple with his simple gift of two white doves. The work thereupon was done by the Sisters of Charity.

The walls and sanctuary are fairly covered with crutches, hearts of gold and silver, and the like, each one telling of a belief in some cure obtained, or petition heard.

The year of 1876, the year of the building of the new church was crowned by a rescript of His Holiness Pius IX., bearing date the 7th of May, by which he declared St. Anne patroness of the Province of Quebec, as long ago St. Joseph had been declared patron of all Canada.

The interior of the church is adorned with eight altars, the high altar being the gift of his Grace Mgr. Taschereau, of Quebec; the Blessed Virgin's, that of the Bishop of Montreal; one to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that of the Bishop of St. Hyacinth; while St. Joseph is donated by the Bishop of Ottawa, the Holy Angels by the clerks of St. Viator.

Two really beautiful stained windows which adorn the chancel are the gift of four parishioners. Various pictures upon the walls commemorate remarkable deliverances from shipwreck and the like. Such is Le Père Pierre and the

crew of the ship *Saint Esprit* making a vow to St. Anne; or the King's vessel, *Le Héros*, on the point or foundering; or yet another caught in the ice and saved through the intercession of St. Anne. Of the artistic excellence of many of these pictures we say nothing.

Besides the relics of St. Anne, the Church of Beaupré can boast many others, such as the one of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Deodatus, St. Benedict, St. Valentine, St. Remi, St. Eulalie, St. Amantis, Pontianus, St. Cæsarius, and others. The Rev. M. Gauvreau, Curé from 1875 to 1878, almost completely finished the exterior of the new church. In 1876, he likewise built a school chapel for the children of the neighbouring concessions. He also conceived the idea of building the Chapel of the Processions out of the material of the old church. It was consecrated October 2, 1878, and is intended to perpetuate the ancient edifice, being erected after the same fashion and surmounted by the same bell-tower, whence the same sweet-toned voice calls the people to prayer that called the dead and gone generations ago. Situated upon an eminence, and being used especially when the concourse of pilgrims is very great, it is an imitation of the altar of the *Scala Sancta* at St. Anne d' Auray. There is a fountain just before the entrance to the new church, where crowds of pilgrims are seen using the water. It is surmounted by a statue of St. Anne.

The one principal street of St. Anne's runs along the slope of a hill which in the summer-time is thickly covered with fruit-laden trees. Canadian homesteads of comfort and of plenty line it on either side. The population con-

sists of some hundred and fifty families, who, experiencing little of "life's" long and fitful fever," spin out their days in a primitive and rural simplicity which belonged to the golden epoch of *la Nouvelle France*. The traveller fresh from the restless bustle of a modern Babylon seems to find himself suddenly transported to some far-away Utopia of simple content which has slept for centuries an enchanted sleep, and awakes isolated indeed from the Juggernaut of progress. The handsome church, sole token of modern enterprise, arises like a new Aladdin's tower from amid the group of quaint, almost mediæval dwellings. In the spring and summer-time St. Anne's awakes from a lethargy in which it has been plunged during the long winter, and, as the city of some Arabian Nights' tale, is suddenly aglow with life and animation. Pilgrims of every rank and condition of life fill its street; matron and maiden, priest and layman, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, come thither, an eager but silent and recollected throng, to the feet of the good St. Anne. Prayers go up, hymns ring out on the stilly evening, or at tranquil morn, and the pilgrims take their homeward way, with a vision of the calm, restful loveliness of nature there in that favoured spot to haunt them for many days. They remember Nature at St. Anne's, with her dim and night-empurpled hills, amongst which linger the memories of hundreds of years, with her flowing sunlit streams, the waving of trees and grass, the dreamy village life, and above all a something indescribable. The chant and the organ-tone and the murmur of pilgrim voices fade into a

distant memory, but the voyager down that sapphire stream, the St. Lawrence, to that hill-shadowed sanctuary, keeps for a life-time the impression of what he has seen and heard.

THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND

NATHAN GOOLD

THE Wadsworth-Longfellow house was built in 1785–1786, by General Peleg Wadsworth, the grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was a native of Duxbury, a graduate of Harvard College, and a major-general in the army of the Revolution.

According to the account of his daughter, Zilpah, General Wadworth's appearance, at this time, was as follows:— "Imagine to yourself a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff small clothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so-called."

At first, the house was of two stories with a pitched roof and was the first house in Portland to have brick walls. The bricks came from Philadelphia to build these walls which are sixteen inches thick. The third story was not added until 1815.

The poet's mother was about eight years old when her father built this house. In 1804, she was married to Stephen Longfellow, in the house which had been her home from childhood. Longfellow was born in another

house in Portland, but at the early age of eight months he was brought by his parents to the Wadsworth House.

Henry W. Longfellow lived here during his childhood, boyhood and young manhood, and here he came, to his old home, to the end of his life. Here were the scenes of his bringing up and here he profited by the examples and precepts of his honoured parents. Here he wrote his first poem and others, together with portions of his prose works. It was really his home until the purchase of the 'Craigie House,' at Cambridge, in 1843, a period of thirty-five years. The home remained with the old furnishings undisturbed until the death of Mrs. Pierce. Longfellow's last visit here was in July, 1881, when he wrote to a friend in Rhode Island :—

"Portland has lost none of its charms. The weather is superb and the air equal to that of Newport or East Greenwich or any other Rhode Island seashore. I shall remain here a week or two longer, and think of running up to North Conway and to Sebago, to see the winding Songo once more. It is very pleasant sitting here and dictating letters. It is like thinking what one will say without taking the trouble of writing it. I have discovered a new pleasure."

The poems now known to have been written in this house are :—

The Battle of Lovell's Pond, 1820; Musings, 1825; The Spirit of Poetry, 1825; Burial of Minnisink, 1825; Song: When from the eye of day, 1826; Song of the Birds, 1826; The Lighthouse; The Rainy Day, 1841;

THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE

Changed, 1858, and probably others. A portion of Hyperion was written here and, no doubt, much was outlined in this house while staying here.

The old house has sixteen rooms. It was the home of the Wadsworth and Longfellow families for one hundred and fifteen years and is in a good state of preservation. It has no

> "Weather-stains upon the wall,
> And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
> And creaking and uneven floors."

It was

> "Built in the old Colonial day,
> When men lived in a grander way,
> With ampler hospitality."

It has eight open fireplaces, and in former times, during a year, over thirty cords of wood were burned in them. What a tale of bygone days they could tell!

The living or sitting-room has the same general appearance as when occupied by the Longfellows. For about ten years it was used by the father for a law office, and the poet, his brother Stephen, George W. Pierce and others studied law here. The vestibule or "Little Room" was added as an addition or entrance to the law office. His brother wrote of Longfellow: "In this room the young graduate scribbled many a sheet." After the removal of the office, about 1828, this room was changed into a china closet and the poet wrote his sister Elizabeth, from Göttingen, under date of March 29, 1829: "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together; . . . and no soft poetic ray

has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry and turned the *sanctum sanctorum* of the 'Little Room,' into a china closet."

Back of the living-room is the kitchen with its broad fireplace, in which is the old iron back, on which is the fish "that forever bakes in effigy." This fireplace has never been closed, and the utensils and china seen here were used by these families in the poet's time and before. This room, being as of old, is one of the most interesting in the house. It tells its own story.

On the opposite side of the front hall is the "Den" or the old dining-room, made especially famous by the fact that here, between the windows, looking out into the garden, on the same desk now standing there, was written "The Rainy Day" in 1841. From these windows the poet saw the flowering grapevine mentioned in the third line,

"The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,"

which is living and is still to be seen there. The furniture on the first floor of the house, on exhibition, was theirs and was used by the family.

The second story has four rooms, the "Mother's Room," the "Guest's Room," the "Children's Room" and Mrs. Pierce's old room. They contain a wonderful collection of the families' belongings for the inspection of the visitors interested.

The third story, added in 1815, is reached by a well-

worn stairway of especial interest from the fact that over these stairs climbed the Longfellow children to their bedchambers where they were under the immediate charge of their aunt, Lucia Wadsworth. This floor has seven rooms. The room of rooms is the poet's boyhood one, in which he wrote "Musings" and "The Lighthouse." It is furnished with many of the articles of yore. "The Boys' Room," which, at times, has been occupied by all the Longfellow boys, looks out on the garden and the western sky. It contains the old trundle-bed and the writings of the children on the casing of the window, with many articles of much interest. The remaining rooms on this floor are used for exhibition purposes. From the front windows, in those days, could be seen the harbour, its islands, and Cape Elizabeth; from those in the rear, Back Cove, the fields and forests, back of which loomed up the White Mountains. It was a magnificent prospect. Longfellow wrote: —

> "Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
> Nor the march of the encroaching city,
> Drives an exile
> From the hearth of his ancestral homestead."

On the window casing in the "Boys' Room" one of the children has inscribed, "How dear is the home of my childhood." The poet expressed his sentiments of the love of the old home in words that will never be stricken from our language: —

"Truly the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affections. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret

longings to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them, and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow and burn and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home."

The Wadsworth-Longfellow House came into the possession of the Maine Historical Society in 1901 by donation from Anne Longfellow Pierce, a sister of the poet. She was born here in 1810 and died here in 1901. It is now practically a museum of Longfellow relics and attracts many visitors, no less than 30,000 having been admitted since it was opened to the public.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK

THE old Hasbrook house, as it is called, situated on the west bank of the Hudson, a little south of the village of Newburgh, is one of the most interesting relics of the first and heroic age of our republic; for at several periods of the War of the Revolution, and especially from the autumn of 1782 until the troops were finally disbanded, it was occupied by General Washington as the headquarters of the American army. The views from the house and grounds, as well as the whole neighbourhood around it, are rich alike in natural beauty and in historical remembrance. You look from the old house upon the broad bay into which the Hudson expands itself just before entering the deep, rocky bed through which it flows towards the ocean between the lofty mountain-banks of the Highlands. On the opposite shore is seen the ridge of mountains, upon the bald, rocky summits of which during the war of 1776 the beacon fires so often blazed to alarm the country at the incursions of the enemy from the south, or else to communicate signals between the frontier posts in Westchester, along the line of the American positions at Verplanck's Point, West Point and the barracks and encampments on the plain of Fishkill. As these mountains recede eastward

from the river, you see the romantic stream of Mattavoan winding wildly along their base, through glens and over falls, until, at last, as if fatigued with its wanton rambles, it mingles quietly and placidly with the Hudson. On this side of it are stretched the rich plains of Dutchess County, with their woody and picturesque shores. All along these plains and shores are to be found other memorials of the Revolution; for there were the store-houses, barracks and hospitals of our army, and there, for many months, were the headquarters of the Father of American tactics, the disciplinarian Steuben. To the south, you look down upon the opening of the Highlands, and the rock of Pollopell's Island, once a military prison, and thence follow with your eye the "Great River of the Mountains"[1] till it turns suddenly and disappears around the rocky promontory of West Point—a spot consecrated by the most exciting recollections of our history, by the story of Arnold's guilt and André's hapless fate and the incorruptible virtue of our yeomanry; by the memory of the virtues of Kosciusko and Lafayette; of the wisdom and valour of our own chiefs and sages.

The Hasbrook house itself is a solid, irregular building erected about 1734. The excellent landscape painted by Weir and engraved with equal spirit and fidelity by Smillie, will give the reader a better idea of its appearance and character than words can convey. The interior remains very nearly as Washington left it. The largest room is in the centre of the house, about twenty-four feet square, but

[1] The Indian name of the Hudson.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH

so disproportionately low, as to appear very much larger. It served the General during his residence there, in the daytime for his hall of reception and his dining-room where he regularly kept up a liberal, though plain hospitality. At night it was used as a bedroom for his aides-de-camp and occasional military visitors and guests. It was long memorable among the veterans who had seen the chief there for its huge wood fire built against the wall, in, or rather under a wide chimney, which was quite open at both sides. It was still more remarkable for the whimsical peculiarity of having seven doors and but one window. The unceiled roof of this room, with its massive painted beams, corresponds to the simplicity of the rest of the building, as well as shows the indifference of our ancestors to the free communication of noise and cold air, which their wiser or more fastidious descendants take so much pains to avoid. On the north-east corner of the house, communicating with the large centre room, is a small chamber, which the General used as a study or private office.

Those who have had the good fortune to enjoy the acquaintance of officers of the northern division of our old army, have heard many a Revolutionary anecdote, the scene of which was laid in the old square room at Newburgh, "with its seven doors and one window." In it were every day served up, to as many guests as the table and chairs could accommodate, a dinner and a supper, as plentiful as the country could supply and as good as they could be made by the continental cooks, whose deficiency in culinary skill drew forth in one of his private letters, the

only piece of literary pleasantry, it is believed, in which the great man was ever tempted to indulge. But then, as we have heard old soldiers affirm with great emphasis, there was always plenty of good wine. French wines for our French allies and those who had acquired or who affected their tastes, and sound Madeira for the Americans of the old school, circulated briskly, and were taken in little silver mugs or goblets made in France for the General's camp-equipage. They were accompanied by the famous apples of the Hudson, the Spitzenbergh and other varieties and invariably by heaped plates of hickory nuts, the amazing consumption of which by the General and his staff, was the theme of boundless admiration to the Marquis de Chastelleux and other French officers. The jest, the argument, the song and the story circulated as briskly as the wine; while the chief at the head of his table, sat long, listened to all, or appeared to listen, smiled at and enjoyed all, but all gravely, without partaking much in the conversation, or at all contributing to the laugh, either by swelling its chorus, or furnishing the occasion; for he was neither a joker nor a story-teller. He had no talent, and he knew he had none, for humour, repartee, or amusing anecdote; and if he had possessed it, he was too wise to have indulged in it in the position in which he was placed.

One evidence among many others, of the impression which Washington's presence in this scene had made, and the dignity and permanence it could lend to every idea or recollection, however trivial otherwise, with which it had been accidentally associated, was given at Paris. The Amer-

ican Minister (we forget whether it was Mr. Crawford, Mr. Brown, or one of their successors), and several of his countrymen, together with General Lafayette, were invited to an entertainment at the house of a distinguished and patriotic Frenchman, who had served his country in his youth, in the United States during the war of our independence. At the supper hour the company were shown into a room fitted up for the occasion, which contrasted quite oddly with the Parisian elegance of the other apartments where they had spent their evening. A low, boarded, painted ceiling, with large beams, a single, small uncurtained window, with numerous small doors, as well as the general style of the whole, gave at first the idea of the kitchen, or largest room of a Dutch or Belgian farm-house. On a long, rough table was a repast, just as little in keeping with the refined kitchen of Paris, as the room was with the architecture. It consisted of large dishes of meat, uncooth-looking pastry, and wine in decanters and bottles, accompanied by glasses and silver mugs, such as indicated other habits and tastes than those of modern Paris. "Do you know where we are now?" said the host to General Lafayette and his companions. They paused for a few moments in suspense. They had seen something like this before, but when and where? "Ah, the seven doors and one window," said Lafayette, "and the silver camp-goblets, such as our marshals of France used in my youth! We are at Washington's Head-quarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!"

We relate the story as we have heard it told by the late

Colonel Fish, and, if we mistake not, the host was the excellent M. Marbois.

There is another anecdote of a higher and more moral interest, the scene of which was also laid in this house. A British officer had been brought in from the river, a prisoner and wounded. Some accidental circumstance had attracted to him General Washington's special notice, who had him placed under the best medical and surgical care the army could afford, and ordered him to be lodged at his own quarters. There, according to custom, a large party of officers had assembled in the evening to sup with the commander-in-chief. When the meats and cloth were removed, the unfailing nuts appeared, and the wine, a luxury seldom seen by American subalterns, except at "his Excellency's" table, began to circulate. The General rose much before his usual hour, but, putting one of his aides-de-camp in his place, requested his friends to remain, adding, in a gentle tone: "I have only to ask you to remember in your sociality, that there is a wounded officer in the very next room." This injunction had its effect for a short time, but, as the wine and punch passed around, the soldier's jest and mirth gradually broke forth, conversation warmed into argument, and, by-an-by, came a song. In the midst of all this, a side-door opened, and some one entered in silence and on tiptoe. It was the General. Without a word to any of the company, he passed silently along the table, with almost noiseless tread to the opposite door which he opened and closed after him as gently and cautiously as a nurse in the sick room of a tender and beloved patient. The song,

the story, the merriment died away at once. All were hushed. All felt the rebuke, and dropped off quietly, one by one, to their chambers or tents.

But the Newburgh Head-quarters are also memorable as the scene of a far more important transaction.

In the autumn of 1783, the war had closed with glory. The national independence had been won. The army, who had fought the battles, who had gone through the hardships and privations of that long and doubtful and bloody war without a murmur, were encamped on the banks of the Hudson, unpaid, almost unclothed, individually loaded with private debt, awaiting to be disbanded, and to return to the pursuits of civil life, without the prospect of any settlement of their long arrears of pay and without the means of temporary support until other prospects might open upon them in their new avocations. It was under these circumstances, while Congress, from the impotence of our frame of government under the old confederation, and the extreme poverty of the country, found themselves utterly unable to advance even a single month's pay, and, as if loth to meet the question, seemed but to delay and procrastinate any decision upon it; the impatient and suffering soldiery, losing, as their military excitement died away with its cause, all feeling of loyalty towards their civil rulers, began to regard them as cold-hearted and ungrateful masters who sought to avoid the scanty and stipulated payment of those services, the abundant fruits of which they had already reaped. Then it was that the celebrated anonymous Newburgh letters were circulated through the camp, touching

with powerful effect upon every topic that could rouse the feelings of men suffering under the sense of wrong and sensitive to every stain upon their honour. The glowing language of this address painted their country as trampling upon their rights, disdaining their cries and insulting their distress.

The power of this appeal did not consist merely in its animated and polished eloquence. It was far more powerful, and, therefore, more dangerous, because it came warm from the heart and did but give bold utterance to the thoughts over which thousands had long brooded in silence. Precisely that state of feeling pervaded the whole army, that discontent towards their civil rulers, verging every hour more and more towards indignation and hatred, that despair of justice from any other means or quarter than themselves and their own good swords, that rallying of all their hopes and affections to their comrades in arms and their long-tried chief, such as in other countries have again and again enthroned the successful military leader upon the ruins of the Republic he had gloriously served.

The disinterested patriotism of Washington rejected the lure to his ambition, his firm and mild prudence repressed the discontents and preserved the honour of the army, as well as the peace, and, probably, the future liberties of his country. It was the triumph of patriotic wisdom over the sense of injury, over misapplied genius and eloquence, over chivalrous, but ill-directed feeling. The opinions and the arguments of Washington, expressed in his orders and in the address delivered by him to his officers, calmed the

minds of the army and brought them at once to a sense of submissive duty; not solely from the weight of moral truth and noble sentiment, great as that was, but because they came from a person whom the army had long accustomed to love, to revere and to obey; the purity of whose views, the soundness of whose judgment and the sincerity of whose friendship, no man could dream of questioning. Shortly after, the army disbanded itself. The veterans laid down their swords in peace, trusting to the faith and gratitude of their country, leaving the honour of the "Continental Army" unstained and the holy cause of liberty unsullied by any one act of rebellious, or ambitious, or selfish insubordination. They fulfilled the prophetic language of their chief, when, in the closing words of his address on this memorable occasion, he expressed his sure confidence that their patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings, would enable "posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example they had exhibited to mankind, had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining."

Why should we dilate here on the particulars of this transaction? They form the brightest page in our history, the noblest theme of our orators; but no eloquence can increase the interest and dignity of the narrative, as told in the plain language of Marshall and in the orders and address of Washington himself.

Let it suffice for us to fulfil faithfully the humbler task of the local antiquary, which we have here undertaken to

perform. When any of our readers visit this scene, they will feel grateful to us for informing them that it was in the little northeastern room of the "old stone house" at Newburgh, that Washington meditated on this momentous question and prepared the general orders to the army and the address which he read with such happy effect to the military convention that assembled on his invitation, on the 15th of October, 1783, at a large barrack or storehouse, then called "the new building," in the immediate neighbourhood.

It was but a few days after this, that, upon the lawn before the house, Washington finally parted with that portion of his army which did not accompany him to take possession of New York. He parted with his faithful comrades with a deep emotion that contrasted strongly with the cold and calm serenity of manner which had distinguished him throughout the whole seven years of the war.

THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY

LADY HARDY

THERE are few passengers on board the train as we steam through the suburban districts of Mormonland. The magnificent chain of the Wahsatch Mountains rising in the east and the great Salt Lake stretching away towards the west, the rest of the scene made up of fertile lands, green meadows, fields of yellow corn and purple clover, form an enchanting panorama as we fly past them; we are full of an undefined curiosity and anxious to see this City of the Saints of which we have heard so much.

We reach the City of the Saints at last, and find it as fair and beautiful as we had expected. It is in truth an oasis in a desert, a blooming garden in a wilderness of green. We can scarcely conceive how this flowery world has lifted itself from the heart of desolation; it is only one more proof that the intellect and industry of man can master the mysteries of nature, and force her in her most harsh uncompromising moods to bring forth fair fruits. It lies in a deep wide valley, bounded on the east by the mighty range of the Wahsatch Mountains, which lift their rugged stony feet stretching away and reaching towards the west, where the great Salt Lake unrolls its dark waters, and widens and wanders away until it is lost in the distance. The streets are wide, the houses of all sorts and sizes, some one-story high, some two or even three, all built in

different styles, or no style of architecture; each man having built his dwelling in accordance with his own taste, or convenience. The streets are all arranged in long straight rows, and stretch away till they seem to crawl up the mountain-sides and then are lost. On either side of the roadways are magnificent forest-trees, which in summer-time must form a most delightful shade, though now it is autumn and the leaves are falling fast. Streams of water with their pleasant gurgling music flow on either side, through a deep cutting (which we should irreverently call the gutter), rushing along as though they were in a hurry to reach some everlasting sea. The women come out with their buckets and help themselves, while the children sail their toy boats, clapping their hands gleefully as the tiny craft is tossed and tumbled and borne along on the face of the bubbling water. Street-cars come crawling along the straight streets, crossing and re-crossing each other at different points; but a private cab or carriage is rarely to be seen. Every house, be it only composed of a single room, is surrounded by a plot of garden ground, where fruits, flowers and vegetables all grow together in loving companionship. Everything seems flourishing, and everybody seems well-to-do; there are no signs of poverty anywhere; no bare-footed whining beggars fill the streets; tramps there may be, passing from one part of the State to another, but these are all decently dressed and well fed, for at whatever door they knock, they are sure to find food and shelter, charity to those in need being a part of the reigning religion.

THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The far-famed tabernacle strikes one as a huge monstrosity, a tumour of bricks and mortar rising on the face of the earth. It is a perfectly plain egg-shaped building, studded with heavy entrance doors all around; there is not the slightest attempt at ornamentation of any kind; it is a mass of ugliness; the inside is vast, dreary, and strikes one with a chill, as though entering a vault; it is 250 feet long and 80 feet high; its acoustic properties are wonderful —the voice of him who occupies the rostrum can be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the building. If you whisper at one end your words are repeated aloud at the other, without being caught up and hunted through every crevice by ghostly mocking echoes. A gallery runs all around, supported by rows of thin, helpless-looking pillars. The seats in the body of the building are raised on sloping ground, like the pit of a theatre,—a wide expanse of empty benches, dreary and depressing to the wandering eye, which finds no pleasant spot to dwell upon. In the centre stands a fountain with four plaster-of-Paris lions *couchant*, poor, mangy-looking beasts at best. From the white plastered ceiling or dome, being concave perhaps it may be called so, hangs a gigantic star, hung round with artificial flowers and evergreen pendants, something like a monstrous jack-in-the-green turned upside down. The whole interior is gloomy and dark; I doubt if people could ever see to read their prayers. At one end of this huge barn-like building hangs an immense blue banner emblazoned with a golden beehive, which flaunts over the heads of the faithful. At the other end stands an organ, the largest in the world they

say, and it may be so, for it is certainly immense. They are justly proud of it, for it is of home manufacture entirely, and was built precisely where it stands, under the supervision of an English convert named Ridges, and contains upwards of a thousand pipes, some of such a circumference you feel as though you could wander up and down them, and be lost in a world of music. Notwithstanding its immense size, it has not a single harsh or metallic sound; on the contrary, it is marvellously soft-toned; from the low flute-like wailing voice of the *vox humana* to the deep bass roll which stirs the air like a wave of melodious thunder, it has all the delicacy of the Æolian harp, with the strength and power of its thousand brazen voices. The case is of polished pine of elegant and simple design. All wood, metal and other material used was brought from the forest or mines of Utah.

Sloping down from the organ towards the auditorium are semicircular rows of seats, for the elders and dignitaries of the Church. In the centre is a desk with a shabby blue sofa behind it; this was used by Brigham Young and his two chief councillors. Below this are the seats for the twelve apostles and for the choir and benches where the elders may congregate to consult together. In front of all this combination stands a long narrow table, an altar perhaps it may be called, covered with a red cloth, whereon is arranged a gorgeous array of silver cups, of all shapes and sizes, as though prepared for an unlimited christening party or an everlasting service libation to some heathen deity rather than to a Christian God.

Passing out from the tabernacle, we glanced at the Endowment House, where many of their religious ceremonies are performed, and where, if rumour speaks truly, gross licentiousness is carried on under the sanction of the Church—where some ugly secrets and mysteries lie hidden, of which no one can speak and live. Across the road stands the president's office, and next to that the "Beehive House" of Brigham Young notoriety. It is a long low-roofed, adobe building, railed in, a desolate-looking place where, in old days, some dozens of his wives were domiciled; it is now occupied by his wives—some of them. A high stone wall filled in with adobe encloses the president's residence and many other buildings, with arched gateways and heavy wooden gates; there is a double archway leading to some factories and stables, surmounted by a beehive in the grip of a monstrous eagle—an illustration of the Mormon faith in the cruel clutch of the Stars and Stripes. Close by is the school-house, first erected for the sole education of Brigham Young's family, which was large enough to fill it; it is now devoted to the benefit of the masses. The whole of these buildings are crowded together, and are generally surrounded by a high wall, which gives them a gloomy appearance, suggestive of an Eastern harem.

THE NATIONAL WASHINGTON MONUMENT

JOSEPH B. VARNUM

"Yonder shaft,
Which States and peoples piled the stones
That from its top the very winds might waft upon,
To distant shores, the name of Washington."

THE most interesting fact connected with the Monument is, that it stands on the site where Washington supposed he was to be commemorated. In 1783, Congress passed resolutions directing the Minister at Versailles to secure the services of the best artist in Europe, for the preparation of a statue of Washington, "to be erected at the place where the residence of Congress shall be established."

The Commissioners who planned the Federal City, set apart the place where the Monument now stands, as the site for this statue; and their report with this provision, was communicated by Washington to Congress. It has been said that the statue by Houdon, in Virginia, was from the cast which Jefferson, then Minister to France, procured, with reference to fulfilling this resolution of Congress; but the statue never appears to have been ordered, probably for want of funds. Like many other acts of the Continental Congress, it was probably delayed in its execution by the uncertainty which existed about a Seat of Government, as well as the embarrassments incident to a government just

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

emerging from a war, and dependent for all its resources on the action of the States.

In 1799, Congress directed President Adams to correspond with Mrs. Washington, and ask her consent to the interment of the remains of her illustrious husband, under a monument to be erected by the United States in the Capitol at the City of Washington. Mrs. Washington gave her assent in the following letter:

"Taught by the great example I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request of Congress which you have had the goodness to transmit to me; and, in doing this, I need not, I cannot, say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

But the monument was not erected, and the remains, therefore, were not removed from *Mount Vernon.*

In 1816, the subject was revived in a report by Mr. Huger, of South Carolina, from a joint committee for a public monument and the removal of the remains, but nothing was done. In February of the same year the legislature of Virginia authorized Governor Nicholas to apply to Judge Bushrod Washington, then proprietor of *Mount Vernon*, for leave to remove the remains of General and Mrs. Washington from *Mount Vernon* to Richmond, to be placed under the monument proposed to be erected to the honour of Washington, at the capital of the State. Judge Washington declined, and, among other reasons stated the following:

"But obligations more sacred than anything which con-

cerns myself—obligations with which I cannot dispense—command me to retain the mortal remains of my venerated uncle in the family vault where they are deposited. *It is his own will, and that will is to me a law which I dare not disobey.* He has himself directed his body should be placed there, and I cannot separate it from those of his near relatives, by which it is surrounded."

Mr. John A. Washington declined on a similar ground, a proposition made by Congress in 1832, to remove the remains of General and Mrs. Washington to a vault under the rotunda of the Capitol.

On the 26th of September, 1833, a number of citizens of Washington digested a plan for the erection of a monument which, in the language subsequently used by Mr. Winthrop, should "bespeak the gratitude, not only of the State, or of cities, or of Governments, not of separate communities, or of official bodies; but of the people, the whole people of the nation: a national monument erected by the citizens of the United States of America."

At first the plan was to raise the funds by dollar subscriptions; but the whole collection amounted to only $28,000, when, owing to the financial embarrassments of the country, the collections were suspended. But the amount on hand was invested, and the interest regularly re-invested, so that it had increased to $40,000 when the new collection was begun in 1846.

As to the design, it is not easy to say what would have suited the public at large, and satisfied to a reasonable degree the critics. For our own part we should have thought

that something might have been designed more particularly expressive of its object and more American in its details, less of a mere imitation of the ancients, something which would have embodied in it the trees and products peculiar to our country, something a little less like a second edition of Bunker Hill Monument, and which could present internal as well as outward attractions.

The obelisk presents some decided advantages—

First: It is of all monuments the strongest and most enduring, next to that of the pyramid. In 1800, when the question in Congress was between adopting the statue of 1783, or a mausoleum in pyramidal form, it was stated in debate, without any concert whatever, a remarkable concurrence had taken place between West, Trumbull and other respectable artists, who gave an unequivocal preference to a mausoleum. A mausoleum would last for ages, and would present the same imperishable appearance two thousand years hence that it would now; whereas a statue would only remain until some civil convulsion, or foreign invasion, or flagitious conqueror, or lawless mob should dash it into atoms, or until some invading barbarian should transport it as a trophy of his guilt to a foreign shore. Besides, a statue was minute, trivial, perishable. It was a monument erected to all that crowd of estimable but subordinate personages that soar in a region elevated indeed above common characters, but which was infinitely below that of Washington. At that session, after a long discussion, a bill passed one House for the erection of a "mausoleum of American granite and marble in a pyramidal

form, 100 feet square at the base and of a proportional height."

Secondly: It is like the Government and character of Washington, simple and majestic, with no attempt at ornament. It cannot well be spoiled in building, or by bad sculpture. We could not hope to rival the magnificent productions of the Old World in structure, however creditable the works of our artists may have been in one or two instances.

Thirdly: It excels all others in one respect, that of height.

NOTE.—The work was begun in 1858 and finished in 1885. The original designs were by Robert Mills and the total cost reached the sum of $1,187,710.31. In 1878, it was noticed that the foundations were not secure, and deep excavations were made around the base to strengthen the obelisk which had by that time reached the height of 156 feet. The area of the foundation was enlarged from 6,400 to 16,000 feet. The National Washington Monument has a total height of 555 feet 5⅓ inches, higher than St. Paul's, London (404 feet), St. Peter's, Rome (434¾ feet), the Strasburg Cathedral (495 feet) and the Cologne Cathedral (514 feet). It is 231 feet higher than Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in the harbour of New York.—E. S.

THE CLARKE-HANCOCK HOUSE, LEXINGTON

IN 1778, the City of Boston placed a tablet on the walls of Christ Church, Boston, which reads: "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeples of this church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

Important as the "midnight ride of Paul Revere" was, it owes its chief fame to Longfellow, who made it the subject of a story in *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*, written in 1863. The Landlord begins:

"Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
In the Eighteenth of April, Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.'
Then he said 'Good-night!' and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,

And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

* * * * * *

"Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

* * * * * *

"Meanwhile impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight,
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight
Kindled the land into fame with its heat.

* * * * * *

"It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock

Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

* * * * * *

"So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Closely associated with this ride is the old house known as the Clarke-Hancock House and now owned by the Lexington Historical Society. On the night of Paul Revere's ride, two of the leaders of the American cause were sleeping quietly there,—John Hancock and Samuel Adams, upon whose heads a price had been set. They were attending the daily sessions of the Provincial Congress in Concord and returned every night to Lexington where they lodged in the home of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, who had married a niece of Hancock's. Another inmate of the house at this time was Hancock's betrothed bride, Dorothy Quincy, whom he married in the following year. It was very important that Hancock and Adams should be kept informed of the progress of events in Boston, and Paul Revere, then a man of forty, was a regularly employed and

paid messenger from the patriots of Boston to them. Revere, an engraver and silversmith, was one of the "Sons of Liberty," a society composed largely of artisans and workmen; and, moreover, he was one of a company who patrolled the streets of Boston to watch the movements of British soldiers and Tories.

Revere's own account of this ride, written about 1783 and published in an early number of the *Massachusetts Historical Society's* publications, reads:

"About ten o'clock, Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were the objects. When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington —a Mr. William Dawes. The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington, to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clarke's. I returned at night through Charlestown; there I agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, that if the British went out by water, we would show two lanthorns in the North Church steeple; and if by land, one as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River a little to the eastward, where the *Somerset* man-of-war lay. It was

then young flood, the ship was winding and the moon rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town, I met Colonel Conant and several others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse; I got a horse of Deacon Larkin."

Revere went directly to the Clarke house. His narrative continues:

"After I had been there for about an hour Mr. Dawes came; we refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord, to secure the stores, etc., there. We were overtaken by a young Dr. Prescott, whom we found to be a high Son of Liberty. I told them of the ten officers that Mr. Devens met, and that it was probable we might be stopped before we got to Concord; for I supposed that after that night, they divided themselves, and that two of them had fixed themselves in such passages as were most likely to stop any intelligence going to Concord. I likewise mentioned that we had better alarm all the inhabitants till we got to Concord; the young Doctor much approved of it, and said he would stop with either of us, for the people between that and Concord knew him, and would give the more credit to what we said. We had got nearly half-way; Mr. Dawes and the Doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house; I was about one hundred yards ahead, when I saw two men, in nearly the same situation as those officers were near Charlestown. I called for the Doctor and Mr. Dawes to come up; in an instant I was surrounded by four; they had placed themselves in a straight road, that inclined each way;

they had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road, and two of them were under a tree in the pasture. The Doctor being foremost, he came up; and we tried to get past them; but they being armed with pistols and swords, they forced us into the pasture; the Doctor jumped his horse over a low stone-wall, and got to Concord.

"I observed a wood at a small distance, and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horseback and ordered me to dismount. One of them, who appeared to have the command, examined me, where I came from and what my name was. I told him. He asked me if I was an express? I answered in the affirmative. He demanded what time I left Boston? I told him; and added that their troops had catched aground in passing the river and that there would be five hundred Americans there in a short time, for I had alarmed the country all the way up."

Revere was ordered to mount his horse, and was led by the soldiers back to Lexington; but when they arrived near the meeting-house, "the militia fired a volley of guns, which appeared to alarm them very much." The officers rode off with Revere's horse and he hurried back to Mr. Clarke's house, where he related his adventures. It was then decided that Hancock and Adams had better leave Lexington, and so they, with Dorothy Quincy, accompanied by Hancock's secretary, Lowell, and Paul Revere, went to Woburn. Revere and Lowell returned to Lexington, to

"find what was going on." The former tells us that on reaching the town:

"Mr. Lowell asked me to go to the tavern with him to get a trunk of papers belonging to Mr. Hancock. We went up chamber, and while we were getting the trunk, we saw the British very near, upon a full march. We hurried towards Mr. Clarke's house. In our way, we passed through the militia. They were about fifty. When we had got about one hundred yards from the meeting-house, the British troops appeared on both sides of the meeting-house. They made a short halt; when I saw and heard a gun fired, which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns, and then a continued roar of musketry; when we made off with the trunk."

A concise and interesting version of this story is thus told by Thomas Wentworth Higginson:

"When on the night of the 18th April, 1775, Paul Revere rode beneath the bright moonlight through Lexington to Concord with Dawes and Prescott for comrades, he was carrying the signal for the independence of a nation. He had seen across the Charles River the two lights from the church steeple in Boston which were to show that a British force was going out to seize the patriotic supplies at Concord: he had warned Hancock and Adams at Rev. Jonas Clarke's parsonage in Lexington, and had rejected Sergeant Monroe's caution against unnecessary noise, with the rejoinder: 'You'll have noise enough here before long —the regulars are coming out.' As he galloped on his way

the regulars were advancing with steady step behind him, soon warned of their own danger by alarm-bells and signal guns. By the time Revere was captured by some British officers who happened to be near Concord, Colonel Smith, the commander of the expedition, halted, ordered Pitcairn forward, and sent back prudently for re-enforcements. It was a night of terror to all the neighbouring Middlesex towns, for no one knew what excesses the angry British troops might commit on their return march. . . .

"Before 5 A. M., on April 19, 1775, the British troops had reached Lexington Green, where thirty-eight men, under Captain Parker, stood up before 600 or 800 to be shot at, their captain saying: 'Don't fire unless you are fired on; but if they want a war, let it begin here.' It began there; they were fired upon; they fired rather ineffectually in return, while seven were killed and nine wounded. The rest, after retreating, re-formed and pursued the British towards Concord, capturing seven stragglers—the first prisoners taken in the war. Then followed the fight at Concord, where 450 Americans instead of 38, were rallied to meet the British. The fighting took place between two detachments at the North Bridge, where

"'Once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.'"

The old house, which witnessed such exciting scenes, stands not far from the village green of Lexington. It is known as the Clarke-Hancock House, and was built by Thomas Hancock, the rich Boston merchant, in 1740, pre-

sumably for his father "Bishop" Hancock, who dwelt there. The following description is by Samuel Adams Drake:

"The house belongs certainly to two, and perhaps to three, periods. It is composed of a main building in the plain, substantial style of the last (Eighteenth) Century, and of a more antiquated structure standing at right angles to it. The first confronts you, if you have come down the road from the Common; the last faces the street from which the whole structure stands back a little distance, with a space of green turf between. A large willow is growing in front of the main house, and on the verge of the grass-plot stands an elm, its branches interlacing those of a fellow-tree on the other side the way, so as to form a triumphal arch under which no patriot should fail to pass. We have christened the twain Hancock and Adams. The one is sturdy, far reaching and comprehensive; the other, graceful, supple, but of lesser breadth. About the house flourish lilacs, syringas and the common floral adjuncts of a New England home. . . .

"The room occupied by 'King' Hancock and 'Citizen' Adams is the one on the lower floor on the left of the entrance. Care has been taken to preserve its original appearance.

"The woodwork of Southern pine has remained unpainted, acquiring with age a beautiful colour. One side of the room is wainscoted up to the ceiling, the remaining walls bearing the original paper in large figures. The staircase in the front hall has also remained innocent of paint and is handsome enough for a church. Age has given to

the carved balusters and panelled casings a richness and depth of hue that scorns the application of any unnatural pigment. The room we have just left is in the southwest corner of the house. Passing to the opposite side of the hall we enter the best room, which corresponds in finish with that just described, except that the painter's brush has been applied to the wainscot and newer paper to the walls. . . .

"The best room communicates with the ancient or original house, which is seen fronting the street with its single story and picturesque dormer windows and roof. This part was doubtless built by the bishop's parishioners soon after his settlement. It formerly stood nearer the high-road until the new building was completed, when it was moved back and joined upon it. The house is a veritable curiosity and would not make a bad depository for the household furniture and utensils of the period to which it belongs, being of itself so unique a specimen of early New England architecture. The floors and wainscot are of hard wood, upon which time has left not the least evidence of decay. The farmers clearly meant their minister to inhabit a house of a better sort than their own, as is apparent in the curious panelling of the outer door, which still retains its original fastenings, and in the folding shutters of the little study at the back. A cramped and narrow staircase conducts to the chambers above, from the room in which we are standing. The same old dresser is attached to the wall, garnished of yore by the wooden trenchers and scanty blue china of the good bishop's housekeeping. Some old three-legged tables

are the only relics of the former inhabitants. This one room according to the custom of the times, served as kitchen, dining-room and for the usual avocations of the family. The little study has the narrow windows which first admitted light upon the ponderous folios of the minister, or the half-written sheets of many a weighty sermon."

CASTLE ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC

J. M. LE MOINE, F. R. S. C.

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope, down
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town."

—*Marmion.*

IN describing the antique castle, several writers have mixed up dates and incidents referring to the Fort St. Louis begun in 1620, with those relating to the Château St. Louis, which, after several changes and transformations, assumed that name only in 1647, under Governor de Montmagny. Hawkins is quite correct in saying that: "The Castle of St. Louis was in early times rather a stronghold of defence than an embellished ornament of royalty. Seated on a tremendous precipice:

"On a rock whose haughty brow
Frown'd o'er St. Lawrence's foaming tide,"

and looking defiance to the utmost boldness of the assailant, nature lent her aid to the security of the position. The cliff on which it stood rises nearly two hundred feet in perpendicular height above the river. The castle thus commanded on every side a most extensive prospect, and until the occupation of the higher ground to the southwest, afterwards called Cape Diamond, must have been the principal object among the buildings of the city.

CASTLE ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC

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"When Champlain first laid the foundation of the Fort, in 1620, to which he gave the name of St. Louis, it is evident he was actuated by views of a political, not of a commercial character. His mind was in better keeping with warlike enterprises than the acquirement of wealth. He was perfectly disinterested in all his proceedings. Foreseeing that Quebec would become the seat of dominion and invite a struggle for its future possession, he knew the necessity of a stronghold, and determined to erect one in opposition to the wishes of the Company of Merchants." The building was commenced in July, 1620.

Champlain, at first, styled his fort "*demeure, corps-de-logis*"—that is, a dwelling-place. In 1621, he put in charge of it, one M. Du Mai, with a few men. In 1622, he pushed on the work, "insisting on the importance of completing it, having it equipped with an armament, stores and a suitable garrison." On the 29th November, 1623, the ruggedness of the ascent from the *Abitation* to the fort, induced him to establish a road or path (since known as Mountain Hill) to Fort St. Louis. The walls of the fort later on covered about four acres. On the 18th April, 1624, his artificers were busy putting in their place the timber conveyed there by his Indian allies on sledges over the snow on the 10th December, 1623. Two years later, a violent wind storm carried away over the cliff the roof of the building.

On his departure for France in August, 1624, though Champlain had left orders to continue the work on his fort, he found on his return that no progress worth mentioning

had been made. In anticipation of the time not far distant when he expected the French King would be sending colonists to Quebec, as well as soldiers for their protection, the founder of Quebec decided on razing the small fort begun in 1620. With the materials, he set to work to lay the foundations of the larger one, which he may have occupied as a residence previous to the surrender of the fort to the Kertks in 1629, but where he certainly made his home when he returned from France in 1633, until his death there on Christmas Day, 1635.

Louis Kertk held it from 1629 to 1632, Emery de Caen and Duplessis Bochart took possession of it in 1632, until Champlain's return, 23d May, 1633.

The first Château, a one-story building commenced in 1647 by Governor de Montmagny, and which is styled "Corps de Logis au Fort," after some repairs was finally demolished by Count de Frontenac in 1694 and rebuilt by him. The second Château, begun in 1694–5, to which a wing was added was completed in 1700. It is described by La Potherie, and later on, in 1749 by the Swedish botanist and traveller, Herr Peter Kalm, the friend of Linnæus. Capt. John Knox of the 43d, a companion-in-arms of Wolfe, also alludes to it in his voluminous diary of the great siege of 1759, when the bombardment inflicted on Quebec by Admiral Saunders, left it in ruins. It so remained until Gov. Murray had it repaired in 1764, and occupied it in 1765.

On the 5th May, 1784, General Haldimand set to work to construct an addition to St. Louis Castle for public balls

and official dinners, whilst the state levees continued to take place in the old Château. A portion of the walls of Fort St. Louis were used in constructing the first story of the building, which took the name of Château Haldimand. It was inaugurated with *éclat* more than two years after the Governor's departure, on the 18th January, 1787, by a splendid ball on Queen Charlotte's birthday when Lady Dorchester-Maria, the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Iffingham—presided. On August 15th, 1787, Prince William, a middy on board the frigate *Pegasus*, then in port, afterwards Duke of Clarence, and later on, William IV., King of England, paid his respects to the Governor-General at Government House, the old Château and inspected the new building.

On the 21st September of the same year, and on the 4th of October, 1787, the overseer of Military Works, Sergeant James Thompson records in his diary the extensive preparations made to welcome to Quebec the King's son, without forgetting the platform erected for the occasion on the roof of the old powder magazine (razed in 1892), in the rear of Château Haldimand, in order to witness the fireworks set off in his honour. In December of that year, the Governor removed his household goods to the new building, leaving the old Château to be used as public offices, and about this time the castle was allowed to get out of repair. The Governor for the time being inhabited the new building, the Château Haldimand, it being more modern and roomy, in its internal arrangements.

In 1808, at the request of His Excellency, General Sir

James Henry Craig, the provincial legislature voted and spent £10,000 in re-building two stories higher the antique castle; and a short time before his departure, in 1811, he removed to it from his summer retreat, Spencer Wood, and his winter quarters at Château Haldimand. On the 23d January, 1834, it was entirely consumed by fire; but its dependency, Haldimand Castle escaped. Lord and Lady Aylmer, the previous occupants of Château St. Louis, instead of inhabiting General Haldimand's structure, took their abode on the Cape with Col. Craig, until they could rent a house. Four years later, in 1838, the pompous but able Governor and Grand Commissioner, the Earl of Durham, having declined to accept from the authorities any remuneration for his short time of office, it is said, directed this fund to be donated to the razing of the ruins of the old Château, and to the erection on their foundations, of a terrace (Durham Terrace until 1879), 160 feet in length. This the Minister of Public Works, in 1854, the Hon. P. Chabot, M. P. P. for Quebec, increased to 270 feet. Under Lord Dufferin's Plans of City Embellishments, it was extended, at Government and Municipal cost, to 1,420 feet in length. The corner-stone to this incomparable promenade was laid on the 18th October, 1878, by the Earl of Dufferin, and was named and inaugurated by their Excellencies, the Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, as Dufferin Terrace on the 19th June, 1879, at the request of the Mayor, City Council and Citizens of Quebec.

On the 12th June, 1846, an awful fire, attended by the

loss of forty lives, obliterated the remaining walls of the old Château and its stables, transformed first into a riding-school and next into a theatre.

From 1852 to 1855, and from 1860 to 1865, the remaining modern building, Château Haldimand, was used by the Provincial Board of Works, the Crown Lands, King's Domain and Registrar. In 1857, it became the seat of the Normal School, and again until 1860 and later on.

With the old French powder-magazine in rear, it was razed in 1892 to the ground to make room for the stately pile, the Hotel Château Frontenac, planned by an eminent New York architect, Mr. Bruce Price, for the Château Frontenac Co., of which Thos. G. Shaughnessy is the president. It was built at a cost of $500,000 on a site purchased from the Provincial Government of Quebec, covering 57,000 feet.

Montmagny, Chevalier de Malte, had pushed forward colonization, among other measures drawing on Normandy, Brittany, Perche, Poitou, Aunis, and set to work to inspire respect to the Indians hutted around his fort. The latter styled Montmagny *Ononthio*, which means "Great Mountain"—playing on his name (Mons Magnus). The surname was borne by the succeeding French Governors.

His next care was to lay out streets, widen and straighten the footpaths which intersected Stadacona. But a *chevalier sans cheval*, as Mr. E. Gagnon well observes, could not be the correct thing. So a horse as a mount—the first seen in the colony—was imported from France by the inhabitants on the 20th June, 1647, a very suitable present to

the worthy Knight. What became of it history does not say. Matters were evidently looking up at the Fort and Château when M. d'Ailleboust, the new Governor took possession of Government House at Quebec in 1648. He was replaced by M. de Lauzon, 1651–56. Lauzon re-occupied it as administrator in 1657, and his successors under Viscount d'Argenson in 1658; Baron d'Avougour, in 1661, and Chevalier Saffrey de Mesy in 1663.

Governor de Courcelles arrived at Quebec in 1665, with the magnificent Marquis de Tracy, the King's Lieutenant-General in America. Tracy was accompanied by several companies of the dashing Carignan-Salières regiment, and made his *début* with extraordinary pomp. His advent was quite a social event in Quebec, which had just been granted a Royal Government, and for the first time was styled a town. De Courcelles's administration lasted until 1672, when Count de Frontenac was named Governor. His first administration lasted until 1682. He was followed by Labarre, 1682–85, and by the Marquis De Nonville, 1685–89, when the stern old warrior was recalled to his former position, which he occupied until the year of his death, in 1698. Callières followed, 1699–1703, when Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, was named and governed the country until 1725.

Charles Le Moine, Baron de Longueuil, administered the colony, 1625–26; he was succeeded by the Marquis de Beauharnois. Count de la Galissonnière was next sent out to govern, from 1746 to 1749, during the captivity of the Marquis de la Jonquière, who, on his way to

Quebec, had been taken prisoner by an English fleet. The Marquis, however, at his release ruled here, in 1752, when Charles Le Moine, the second Baron de Longueuil, administered the Government from May to July, 1752. That year the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville replaced him, and the last Governor under French rule was Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil Cavagnal until 1760.

History tells of one distinguished guest Herr Peter Kalm, the Swedish *savant* and botanist, who was dined and wined there for forty days by another *savant* Count de la Galissonnière, Governor of Quebec, in the summer of 1749. Hark to his description of the Château:

"The Palace (Château Saint Louis), is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a courtyard, surrounded partly with a wall and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad paved with smooth flags and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and river exhibit a charming prospect. This *gallery* serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure. The place is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and in the courtyard; and when the Governor, or the Bishop comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The

Governor-General has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the Recollets, which is very near the palace."

The Castle and Fort St. Louis under England's domination has had its sunshine and its shadows; its dark as well as its bright, radiant memories; its anxious hours of siege and alarm—nay, even of blockade, followed by the welcome roar of artillery, proclaiming British victories; more than once social pageants and many festive displays.

Facing the site of the fort, long since vanished, a few yards to the west, lies the well-known area, *La Grande Place du Fort* (since 1862, the Ring), mantled in foliage and trees, planted when Mayor Thomas Pope held out at the City Hall. Our warlike ancestors knew it as the *Place d'Armes*. In days gone by, have met, not for military drill, but for annual roll-call, on St. Peter and St. Paul's Day, June the 29th, the city militia—an important though a very pacific body. It was continued for years until dropped about 1850.

Hark! to the rousing cheer of the British soldiery, as they plant on the Grande Parade, facing the historic Château, on the 18th of September, 1759, on the day of the capitulation of Quebec, the solitary gun, drawn from the Heights of Abraham through St. Louis gate. Captain John Knox, of the 43d Regiment, tells us how his brave commander hoisted the English flag, after taking possession of the keys of Quebec from de Ramsay, its late Governor.

But the lordly castle of other days, riddled by the shot and shell of the English fleet, tenantless, uninhabitable,

was not thoroughly repaired until 1764–5, when General James Murray, first Governor of Quebec, had his Royal Commission read on the adjoining square, prior to his taking possession of the Castle as his official residence. A decade later, and the occupant (Sir) Guy Carleton, so appropriately named the "saviour of Quebec," might notice, from the Château windows, the arrival on the Levis shore, on the 5th of November, 1775, of Benedict Arnold's hungry and worn-out continentals, eager to cross the St. Lawrence, and land at Wolfe's cove above. But a wise precaution had induced Lt.-Governor Cramahe to remove to the Quebec side the Levis canoes and water conveyances before the arrival of the invading host. The wave of invasion, triumphant at Montreal, Sorel, Chambly, Three Rivers, St. John and elsewhere, was hurled back by the granite rock of Quebec. On the 31st December, 1775, at 9 A. M., the intrepid chieftain, Guy Carleton, could from his parlour windows look down triumphantly, but not scornfully, on the New England soldiery, escorted to the Grande Parade—426 rank and file—marched up prisoners of war, from the Sault-au-Matelot assault, to await crestfallen, the orders of His Excellency before being detailed to their respective prisons.

Might one not unreasonably infer, from the official etiquette that has ever prevailed among naval commanders frequenting our port, that the youthful captain of the sloop of war, *Albemarle*, Horatio Nelson, present here in 1782 paid his *devoirs* at the Castle to the distinguished Governor-General Sir Frederick Haldimand, and partook of the hos-

pitalities usually shown to visitors of distinction? At his romantic time of life did Nelson, like many subsequent lovers, indulge in a sentimental promenade on the famed Castle terrace? Did he ever, at the witching-hour when the citadel evening-gun calls to barrack military *beaux*, meet there the adorable Mary Simpson, the girl for whose sake he was, he said, ready to quit the service? Southey, as well as Lamartine, in their biographies of the hero of Trafalgar, state that violence had to be used to tear the smitten Horatio from his Quebec charmer. Miss Simpson after marrying Major Matthews, Secretary to the Governor, removed to London with her husband who became Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

A titled visitor of no ordinary rank entered the portals of the Castle in 1787, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, subsequently William IV., King of England. He was then a roystering middy on board H. M. frigate *Pegasus*, anchored in the port below the Château. A grand ball was given there in his honour by Lord and Lady Dorchester.

A volume would not suffice to detail the brilliant receptions and state balls given at the Castle during Lord Dorchester's administration—the lively discussions, the formal protests originating out of points of precedence, burning *questions de jupons* between the touchy magnates of the old and those of the new *régime*; whether La Baronne de St. Laurent would be admitted at the Château or not; whether a de Longueuil or a de Lotbinière's place was on the right of Lady Maria, the charming consort of His Ex-

cellency Lord Dorchester, a daughter of the great English Earl of Effingham; whether dancing ought to cease when their Lordships the Bishops entered and made their bow to the representative of royalty. Unfortunately, Quebec had then no Court Journal, so that the generations following can have but faint ideas of all the witchery, the stunning head-dresses, the *décolletées*, and high-waisted robes of their stately grandmothers, whirled around in the giddy waltz by whiskered, epauletted cavaliers, or else courtesying in the demure *minuet de la cour*.

We are now nearing the stormy era of "Little King Craig." Troublous times are looming out portentously for the earnest, hospitable, but stern Laird of the Castle, Sir James Henry Craig. The lightning cloud, however, will burst over his successor, Sir George Prevost. As oft before, the trumpet of Bellona has sounded; this time at Washington, on the 18th of June, 1812. "Prepare for the Invader," is repeated with bated breath in the streets of Quebec.

"Five cannon taken at Detroit, are now lying in the Château Court," says the Quebec *Mercury* of 27th October, 1813, whilst the prisoners taken at Detroit, brought down to Quebec, await embarkation for Boston for purposes of exchange. Quebec was martial with United States uniforms—American prisoners—the Yankee Generals Winder, Chandler and Winchester; Colonel Winfield Scott, later on General Winfield Scott, who culled laurels in the Mexican War, and so many other officers and privates, that the Governor of Canada scarcely knew how to

dispose of them. Colonel Scott remained in Canada from the date of his surrender, 23d October, 1812, to the period of his departure from Quebec, say May, 1813. But he was on *parole* all the time.

In bringing to a close this brief sketch, may we not recall how many representatives of royalty, under French and under English rule, Viceroys, proud Dukes, distinguished Earls, martial Counts and Barons, occasionally held there their Court, in quasi-regal style, in order to keep up the prestige of France's *Grand Monarque* (Louis XIV.) and thereby impress, the surrounding Indian tribes with his might; or as worthy representatives of the British Crown in the New World: Champlain, de Montmagny, D'Ailleboust, Lauzon, D'Argenson, de Mesy, de Courcelles, stern old Frontenac, La Barre, Callières, de Vaudreuil, de Ramsay, de Longueuil, de Beauharnois, de la Galissonnière, de la Jonquière, Duquesne, General Murray, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir F. Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir James H. Craig, Sir George Prevost, Sir James Kempt, Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, Earl Dalhousie, Lord Aylmer?

SUNNYSIDE, TARRYTOWN

BENSON J. LOSSING

APPROACHING Tarrytown, we observe upon the left of the highway an already populous cemetery covering the crown and slopes of a gentle hill. Near its base is an ancient church, and a little beyond it flows a clear stream of water, which the Indians called *Po-can-te-co*, signifying a "run between two hills." It makes its way in a swift current from the back country between a hundred hills, presenting a thousand scenes of singular beauty in its course. The Dutch named it *Slaeperigh Haven Kill*, or Sleepy Haven Creek, and the valley in the vicinity of the old church through which it flowed *Slaeperigh Hol*, or Sleepy Hollow, the scene of Washington Irving's famous legend of that name.

The little old church is a curiosity. It was built, says an inscription upon a small marble tablet on its front, by "Frederic Philips and Catharine Van Cortland, his wife, in 1699," and is the oldest church edifice existing in the state of New York. It was built of brick and stone, the former imported from Holland for the purpose. Over its little spire still turns the flag-shaped vane of iron, in which is cut the monogram of its founder (VF in combination, his name being spelt in Dutch Vedryck Flypsen); and in the little tower hangs the ancient bell, bearing the inscription in Latin: "*If God be for us, who can be against us?* 1685."

The pulpit and communion table were also imported from Holland. The former was long since destroyed by the iconoclastic hand of "improvement."

At this quiet old church is the opening of Sleepy Hollow, upon the shores of the Hudson, and near it is a rustic bridge that crosses the *Po-can-te-co*, a little below the one made famous in Irving's legend by an amusing incident.[1] In this vicinity, according to the legend, Ichabod Crane, a Connecticut schoolmaster, instructed "tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted, Dutch urchins" in the rudiments of learning. He was also the singing-master of the neighbourhood. Not far off lived old Baltus Van Tassel, a well-to-do farmer, whose house was called *Wolfert's Roost*. He had a blooming and only daughter named Katrina, and Ichabod was her tutor in psalmody, training her voice to mingle sweetly with those of the choir which he led at Sabbath-day worship in the Sleepy Hollow Church. Ichabod "had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex." He fell in love with Katrina. He found a rival in his suit in stalwart, bony Brom Van Brunt, commonly known as Brom Bones. Jealousies arose, and the Dutchman resolved to drive the Yankee schoolmaster from the country.

Strange stories of ghosts in Sleepy Hollow were believed by all, and by none more implicitly than Ichabod. The chief goblin seen there was that of a Hessian trooper,

[1] "Over a deep, black part of the stream, not far from the church," says Mr. Irving, in his *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, "was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it and the bridge itself were thickly shaded by overhanging trees which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night."

"SUNNYSIDE," IRVINGTON, NEW YORK

whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball. This spectre was known all over the country as "The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow."

About three miles below Tarrytown is *Sunnyside*, the residence of Washington Irving. It is reached from the public road by a winding carriage-way that passes here through rich pastures and pleasant woodlands and then along the margin of a dell through which runs a pleasant brook, reminding one of the merry laughter of children as it dances away riverward and leaps in beautiful cascades and rapids into a little bay a few yards from the cottage of *Sunnyside*.

Around that cottage and the adjacent lands and waters, Irving's genius has cast an atmosphere of romance. The old Dutch house—one of the oldest in all that region—out of which grew that quaint cottage, was a part of the veritable *Wolfert's Roost*—the very dwelling wherein occurred Katrina Van Tassel's memorable quilting frolic that terminated so disastrously to Ichabod Crane in his midnight race with the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow." There, too, the veracious Dutch historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, domiciled while he was deciphering the precious documents found there, "which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians." But its appearance had sadly changed when it was purchased by Mr. Irving, about 1836, and was by him restored to the original form of the *Roost*, which he describes as "a little, old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners in an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact," con-

tinues Mr. Irving, "to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escurial was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence." It was built, the chronicler tells us, by Wolfert Acker, a privy councillor of Peter Stuyvesant, "a worthy, but ill-starred man, whose aim through life had been to live in peace and quiet." He sadly failed. "It was his doom, in fact, to meet a head wind at every turn and be kept in a constant fume and fret by the perverseness of mankind. Had he served on a modern jury he would have been sure to have eleven unreasonable men opposed to him." He retired in disgust to this then wilderness, built the gabled house and "inscribed over the door (his teeth clenched at the time) his favourite Dutch motto '*Lust in Rust*' (pleasure in quiet). The mansion was thence called *Wolfert's Rust* (Wolfert's Rest), but by the uneducated, who did not understand Dutch, *Wolfert's Roost*." It passed into the hands of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman, who espoused the cause of the Republicans. The hostile ships of the British were often seen in Tappan Bay, in front of the *Roost*, and Cow Boys infested the land thereabout. Van Tassel had much trouble: his house was finally plundered and burnt, and he was carried a prisoner to New York. When the war was over, he rebuilt the *Roost*, but in more modest style. "The Indian spring"—the one brought from Rotterdam—"still welled up at the bottom of the green bank; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself into the little cove where of yore the water-guard harboured their whale-boats."

The "water-guard" was an acquatic corps, in the pay of the Revolutionary government, organized to range the waters of the Hudson, and keep watch upon the movements of the British. The *Roost*, according to the chronicler, was one of the lurking-places of this band and Van Tassel was one of their best friends. He was, moreover, fond of warring upon his "own hook." He possessed a famous "goose-gun" that would send its shot half-way across Tappan Bay. "When the belligerent feeling was strong upon Jacob," says the chronicler of the *Roost*, "he would take down his gun, sally forth alone, and prowl along shore, dodging behind rocks and trees, watching for hours together any ship or galley at anchor or becalmed. So sure as a boat approached the shore, bang! went the great goose-gun, sending on board a shower of slugs and buck shot."

On one occasion Jacob and some fellow bush-fighters peppered a British transport that had run aground. "This," says the chronicler, "was the last of Jacob's triumphs; he fared like some heroic spider that had unwittingly ensnared a hornet, to the utter ruin of its web. It was not long after the above exploit that he fell into the hands of the enemy, in the course of one of his forays, and was carried away prisoner to New York. The *Roost* itself, as a pestilent rebel nest, was marked out for signal punishment. The cock of the *Roost* being captive, there was none to garrison it but his stout-hearted spouse, his redoubtable sister, Notchie Van Wurmer, and Dinah, a strapping negro wench. An armed vessel came to anchor in front; a boat full of men pulled to shore. The garrison flew to arms, that is to say,

to mops, broomsticks, shovels, tongs, and all kinds of domestic weapons, for, unluckily, the great piece of ordnance, the goose-gun, was absent with its owner. Above all, a vigorous defence was made with that most potent of female weapons, the tongue; never did invaded hen-roost make a more vociferous outcry. It was all in vain! The house was sacked and plundered, fire was set to each room, and in a few moments its blaze shed a baleful light over the Tappan Sea."

THE OLD WITCH HOUSE, SALEM

ESTHER SINGLETON

ON the corner of Essex and North Streets, in Salem, there stands a house that attracts many visitors, although it is neither picturesque nor impressive. "The Old Witch House," however, appeals to the imagination, recalling one of the darkest chapters in the history of this country,—the witchcraft mania of the Seventeenth Century.

This belief, transplanted from the Old Country, flourished luxuriantly under the dark shadow of Puritanism. Although witchcraft was believed in throughout the Middle Ages, the witch-mania proper begins in 1484 when Innocent VIII. gave the sanction of the Church to the prosecution of all who were believed to practice sorcery; and soon after this the famous *Malleus Maleficarum, or Hammer for Witches* was drawn up by two German inquisitors and a clergyman of Constance. In this book witchcraft is described and a code for the trial of witches systematized. Fires for burning witches blazed in nearly every town on the Continent for nearly four centuries. In Germany the persecutions were frightful, and in Geneva five hundred persons were burned in three months in 1515–1516! The witch-mania was rampant in England and Scotland, where in the Seventeenth Century a horrible class called "witch finders" went from town to town, where, for the small fee of twenty shillings, they discovered witches, subjecting

innocent persons—the old, the young, the attractive and unattractive, the infirm and the ill, as well as the hale and hearty—to most inane tests and cruel tortures till they confessed themselves bewitched. It is said that the greatest number of legal executions in England took place during the sitting of the Long Parliament (1640–1660), when three thousand persons were put to death. This figure, however, does not include those poor creatures who suffered death at the hands of the mob.

This witch-mania had, in great measure, abated at home when it broke out in the British Colonies in America. A few trials occurred in Maryland and Virginia and a few persons were hung in Connecticut; but Massachusetts was the soil most favourable to the growth of this terrible delusion. Salem has the distinction of having sent the greatest number of victims to their unjust doom. The town became panic-stricken and no one was safe. An historian writes:

"So violent was the popular prejudice against every appearance of witchcraft, that it was deemed meritorious to denounce all that gave the least reason for suspicion. Every child and every gossip was prepared to recognize a witch, and no one could be certain of personal safety. As the infatuation increased, many of the most reputable females, and several males also, were apprehended and committed to prison. There is good reason to believe that, in some instances, the vicious and abandoned availed themselves of gratifying their corrupt passions of envy, malice and revenge."

THE OLD WITCH HOUSE, SALEM

A graphic description of the Salem horrors is given in *Old Naumkeag*, by Webber and Nevins (Salem, 1877):

"Salem witchcraft commenced during the month of February, 1692, at the house of the Rev. Samuel Parris, in that part of the original town, which is now Danvers. The daughter of Mr. Parris and his niece Abigail Williams, aged nine and twelve years respectively, began to act 'in a strange and unusual manner.' They would utter loud and piteous cries, creep into holes, hide under benches and put themselves into odd postures. The physicians pronounced them bewitched, and all the ministers were invited to meet at Mr. Parris's house, and unite with him in solemn religious services. As the interest in their actions increased, they became more violent, and accused Tituba, a South American slave in the Parris family, of having bewitched them. Mr. Parris beat Tituba and compelled her to acknowledge herself guilty. These children next complained of Sarah Goode and Sarah Osborne, and then of two other women of excellent character, Corey and Nurse. All were thrown into prison. John, Tituba's husband, for his own safety, accused others. The demon was thus let loose in the midst of the people, but it was the demon of superstition rather than the demon of witchery."

The following list of those who were executed is also taken from the same authorities:

"Rev. Geo. Burroughs, of Wells, Maine; Wilmot Reed, of Marblehead; Margaret Scot, of Rowley; Susanna Martin, of Amesbury; Elizabeth Howe, of Ipswich; Sarah

Wildes and Mary Estes, of Topsfield; Samuel Wardwell, Martha Currier and Mary Parker, of Andover; John Proctor, Geo. Jacobs, Sen., John Willard, Sarah Goode, Rebecca Nurse, Giles Corey and Martha Corey of Salem Village, Ann Pudeater, Bridget Bishop and Alice Parker, of Salem.

"Corey was pressed to death, because he refused to speak, knowing that speech would avail him nothing. His tongue was pressed out of his mouth, but was forced in again by the sheriff with his cane. About 150 persons in all were accused of witchcraft, including nine children varying from five to fourteen years.

"Various were the accusations brought against them, such as having familiarity with 'the black man,' who it was claimed was ever by their side whispering in their ear; holding days of hellish fasts and thanksgivings; eating red bread and drinking blood; transforming themselves and their victims into various forms; signing contracts with Satan; entering his employ and yielding to his commands; afflicting others by pinching, pricking with pins, striking, etc., while many miles distant; and divers other accusations that would be laughed to scorn at the present day. All matters of affliction or of discord among the people, such as a controversy respecting the settlement of a minister, which had for a time been going on; also the death of some of the most influential of the citizens, were attributed to Satanic influences. With such inflammable matter, in an age of superstition, the result is not to be wondered at.

"Cotton Mather, one of the most learned ministers of

that time, led in the preaching to the people of sermons designed to inflame rather than abate the panic. He adopted the doctrine of demons, and was exceedingly energetic in endeavouring to spread the delusion into other parts of the Colony. To him is largely ascribed the extent of the calamity."

Victims were quickly dragged to "Witch Hill," after being quickly convicted. It is said that many speedy and informal trials took place in the "Witch House," which was in 1692 the residence of the intolerant Judge Corwin.

Dr. Bentley says:

"From March to August, 1692, was the most distressing time Salem ever knew: business was interrupted, the town deserted, terror was in every countenance and distress in every heart. Every place was the subject of some direful tale, fear haunted every street, melancholy dwelt in silence in every place after the sun retired. The population was diminished, business could not for some time recover its former channels, and the innocent suffered with the guilty. But as soon as the judges ceased to condemn, the people ceased to accuse. Terror at the violence and the guilt of the proceedings, succeeded instantly to the conviction of blind zeal, and what every man had encouraged, all now professed to abhor. Every expression of sorrow was found in Salem. The church erased all the ignominy they had attached to the dead, by recording a most humble acknowledgment of their error. But a diminished population, the injury done to religion and the distress of the aggrieved were seen and felt with the greatest sorrow."

When the authorities finally realized their error, all the victims locked up in the Salem prison were discharged without trial, and those suspected persons who had fled to other towns for safety were permitted to return to their homes without fear of being molested.

Regarding this outbreak in Salem, James Russell Lowell writes:

"Credulity, as a mental and moral phenomenon, manifests itself in widely different ways, according as it chances to be the daughter of fancy or terror. The one lies warm about the heart as Folk-lore, fills moonlit dells with dancing fairies, sets out a meal for the Brownie, hears the tinkle of airy bridle-bells as Tamlane rides away with the Queen of Dreams, changes Pluto and Proserpine into Oberon and Titania, and makes friends with unseen powers as Good Folk; the other is a bird of night, whose shadow sends a chill among the roots of the hair; it sucks with the vampire, gorges with the ghoul, is choked by the night-hag, pines away under the witches' charm, and commits uncleanness with the embodied Principle of Evil, giving up the fair realm of innocent belief to a murky throng from the slums and stews of the debauched brain. . . .

"The Puritan emigration to New England took place at a time when the belief in diabolic agency had been hardly called in question, much less shaken. They brought it with them to a country in every way fitted, not only to keep it alive, but to feed it into greater vigour. The solitude of the wilderness (and solitude alone by dis-furnishing the brain of its commonplace associations, makes it an apt

theatre for the delusions of imagination), the nightly forest noises, the glimpse, perhaps, through the leaves, of a painted savage face, uncertain whether of redman or Devil, but more likely of the latter, above all, that measureless mystery of the unknown and conjectural stretching away illimitable on all sides and vexing the mind, somewhat as physical darkness does, with intimation and misgiving,—under all these influences, whatever seeds of superstition had in any way got over from the Old World would find an only too congenial soil in the New. The leaders of that emigration believed and taught that demons loved to dwell in waste and wooded places, that the Indians did homage to the bodily presence of the Devil, and that he was especially enraged against those who had planted an outpost of the true faith upon this continent hitherto all his own. In the third generation of the settlement, in proportion as living faith decayed, the clergy insisted all the more strongly on the traditions of the elders, and as they all placed the sources of goodness and religion in some inaccessible Other World rather than in the soul of man himself, they clung to every shred of the supernatural as proof of the existence of that Other World, and of its interest in the affairs of this. They had the countenance of all the great theologians, Catholic as well as Protestant, of the leaders of the Reformation, and in their own day of such men as More and Glanvil and Baxter. If to these causes, more or less operative in 1692, we add the harassing excitement of an Indian war (urged on by Satan in his hatred of the churches), with its daily and nightly apprehensions and alarms, we shall be

less astonished that the delusion in Salem Village rose so high than that it subsided so soon."

The "Old Witch House" that forms the subject of our sketch was originally the home of Roger Williams while he was preaching in Salem in 1635–1636. From it he fled to the shores of Narraganset Bay, where he founded the Colony of Rhode Island. Its next occupant was Captain Richard Davenport who cut the cross from the King's colours because "it savoured of Popery." In 1674 or 1675, Judge Corwin of witchcraft fame took possession and made many alterations. Before his day the old house presented a more attractive appearance, resembling many houses of this period still standing in England. In its original state, it was composed of several overhanging stories, each larger than the one below and the roof was broken into several peaked gables, each of which was ornamented with a pineapple of carved wood. Narrow windows with lozenge-shaped panes added to its quaintness. More alterations were made in 1746 and 1772, and all feeling of picturesqueness has vanished completely.

SHRINE OF GUADALUPE

THOMAS UNETT BROCKLEHURST

ONE day I took a car to pay a visit to the shrine of Guadalupe, which is situated three miles from the city (Mexico), and is a great point of attraction both to residents and visitors.

The old road from the city to Guadalupe, with its handsome wayside shrines, was given up to the Vera Cruz Railway, and a new road for tramcars and traffic has been made alongside of it. As soon as we had passed the gates and the *aduna*, "crack, crack, hi, hi, hi!" and off we went at a hand gallop past adobe houses and *pulquerias*, the snow-capped giant Popocatapetl lifting his white head to the azure on the right, and soon, through the avenue of trees, the little church on the hill Tepeyac, erected where the Virgin appeared to the peasant Juan Diego, and the Cathedral at its foot, with its flat façade flanked by low towers, were both visible in the distance.

The cars came to a standstill in front of the Cathedral, and a motley crowd of loungers watched us alight.

The houses are one-storied and old, the windows barred after the fashion introduced by the Moors into Spain; behind the bars stood village maidens and matrons who signalled and saluted their male acquaintances by holding up the left hand, the fingers extended, which they wiggled to and fro about half-a-dozen times; this is their mode of saluta-

tion, possibly it means we have fruit and entertainment to offer.

The church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe is the most famous of all the churches in the country, owing its notoriety to the legend that, on the 12th of December, 1531, the Virgin Mary appeared to a poor Mexican shepherd in that neighbourhood; he reported the vision to the priests, who asked him to substantiate his statement by proofs. The Virgin showed herself to him on five different occasions, and finally stamped her image on his blanket; this mark was accepted; Our Lady of Guadalupe was officially proclaimed the patron saint of Mexico by the authority of Pope Clement VII., and thereby the influence of the Catholic religion was greatly extended, it being asserted that, by her graciously appearing to a native, all natives were taken under her special protection. A shrine was erected on the top of the hill where the vision appeared. At its foot rose a magnificent Cathedral, which at one time was very rich in gold and silver ornaments, the offerings of the faithful; but many of these were confiscated and coined into money by order of President Benito Juarez in 1860, and have since been replaced by inferior metal.

The name of Guadalupe was combined with that of Hidalgo, the Mexican priest who in 1810 raised the cry of independence from the Spanish yoke. He had painted on his standard the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe which greatly helped to excite the patriotism of the natives; more than 100,000 of them rallied round him; but they were so badly armed that they could not compete with the Spanish

CHURCH OF GUADALOUPE, MEXICO

forces, who, curious to say, fought under the banner of the Virgin Los Remedios.

Poor Hidalgo was captured by the Spaniards and shot in 1811; but his followers in whom he had aroused much enthusiasm, continued the war, and, after eleven years' hard fighting, independence was accomplished, in 1821, under Iturbide; and Spanish Viceroys and their rule were abolished. Mexican presidents, nominated every four years by the plebiscite of the nation, took their place.

There is not much to see in the Cathedral, which has been despoiled of its silver and valuables (the golden frame of the Virgin was taken, but returned); so I made the ascent by a zigzag road to the shrine at the top of the hill.

Before entering the chapel, stop to look at the view; it will repay any amount of trouble taken in mounting the steep steps. The city, the lake and Chapultepec are within the range of a camera, if it could be so fixed as to avoid the roof of the Cathedral below you. Turn and enter the shrine: at a little altar on the right are rude daubs of pictures representing miracles worked through the intervention of the Virgin—pious offerings in commemoration of a child saved from fire, a husband from lightning, a wife from a runaway train, a lady and gentleman from an overturn of a carriage, people rising from a bed of sickness, and such like—some of them with the paint hardly dry.

The altar railing is of solid silver; this railing was, of all the sumptuous church fixtures throughout the land, alone spared by the Liberals. Its value must be immense; pious Mexicans do not like to appraise it, for reasons best known

to themselves. The great gem, however, of this church is the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, which she herself imprinted—according to the legend—upon the *tilma*, or garment, of Juan Diego, the poor peasant, as a proof that she had appeared to him; this relic is hung over the high altar in a wrought-iron case and is only exposed on rare holidays. By especial grace I obtained a view of it. The *tilma* is a very coarse piece of woollen fabric; the colouring of the image is distinct, and may have been touched up from time to time. On a table at the door are copies of the picture in all sizes, and you see them in every Indian hut, every wayside shrine, in all the public offices, in every church—indeed in every place in the land, appropriate or inappropriate, as the case may be.

In an adjoining churchyard are some pretty tombs, and great prices are paid for interment in this sacred spot. Santa Anna rests here, and the names of the leading families of Mexico could be read on the marble on all directions.

After descending from the hill I visited the miraculous sulphur spring, said to cure everything; the church or dome which covers it was being redecorated at great expense at the time of my visit. The legend says that this spring of sulphur hydrogen gushed forth from a spot touched by one of the Virgin's feet. On the 12th of December every year (the anniversary of the apparition), thousands of natives from all parts of the country visit this shrine and the Church of Guadalupe. The name is familiar to many people as that of a town between Toledo and Trujillo in Spain, where there is a famous shrine to the Virgin.

There is always a longing in the minds of colonists to perpetuate the names of the country of their birth, and Guadalupe is no doubt an instance of this patriotic feeling on the part of the Spaniards; the Geronomite convent in Spain was at the time of the Conquest the richest and most venerated shrine in the old country, its celebrated figure of the Virgin, being believed to have been carved by St. Luke himself, and it was given by St. Gregory the Great to San Leandro for putting down Arianism. The figure was hidden and miraculously preserved during six centuries of Moorish invasion, and when brought to light was so venerated by the whole Spanish nation that the settlers in New Spain would delight in perpetuating the name of the shrine in their new home.

CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA

BISHOP MEADE

THE town of Alexandria was at first called Hunting Creek Warehouse, sometimes Belle Haven, and consisted of a small establishment at that place. Its growth was encouraged by successive acts of the Legislature, establishing semi-annual fairs and granting certain privileges to those who attended them. In the year 1762, it was enlarged by the laying off of numerous lots on the higher ground, belonging to Dade, West and the Alexanders, after which it improved rapidly, so that at the close of the Eighteenth or beginning of the Nineteenth Century its population was ten thousand, and its commerce greater than it now is. So promising was it at the close of the war, that its claims were weighed in the balance with those of Washington as the seat of National Government. It is thought that, but for the unwillingness of Washington to seem partial to Virginia, Alexandria would have been the chosen spot, and that on the first range of hills overlooking the town the public buildings would have been erected. Whether there had been any public worship or church at Alexandria previous to this enlargement of it, and the great impulse thus given to it, does not appear from the vestry-book, though it is believed that there was. But soon after this, in the year 1764, Fairfax parish is established, and measures taken for the promotion of the Church in this place. The vestry-

OLD CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

book commences in 1765. At one time there were two churches in the new parish of Fairfax—one at the Falls, called, as the present one is Little Falls Church; the position of the other—the Lower Church—is not known. It may have been an old one at Alexandria.

Among the first acts of the vestry was the repairing of the two old churches in the parish, at a cost of more than thirty-two thousand pounds of tobacco. In the year 1766, it is determined to build two new churches,—one at the Little Falls, very near the old one, and one in Alexandria, to contain twenty-four hundred square feet and to be high-pitched so as to admit of galleries. Mr. James Wrenn agrees to build the former, and Mr. James Parsons the other, for about six hundred pounds each. A most particular contract is made for them. The mortar is to have two-thirds of lime and one of sand,—the very reverse of the proportion at this day, and which accounts for the greater durability of ancient walls. The shingles were to be of the best cypress or juniper, and three-quarters of an inch thick, instead of our present half-inch ones. Mr. Parsons was allowed to add ten feet to the upper part of the church on his own account, and to pay himself by their sale, on certain conditions. He commenced his work, but was unable to finish it. It lingered for some years, until in 1772, Mr. John Carlisle undertakes it, and completes it in 1773. The ten pews are now sold, and General Washington, though having just been engaged in the erection of Mount Vernon Church, which was finished the same year, and having a pew therein, gives the highest price for one

in Christ Church, which was occupied by him and his family during his life, and has been by some of his name ever since. The gallery was not put up until the year 1787, at which time the pews were balloted for. The steeple is of modern construction.

Christ Church stands on Cameron and Washington Streets in a pretty green churchyard, where in 1774, Washington addressed the citizens advocating resistance to Great Britain; and it was on the spot also that General Lee agreed to take command of the Virginia forces at the beginning of the Civil War in 1861.

Washington attended Christ Church regularly, and his pew is still shown. Unfortunately, the old high backed pews were cut down a few years ago at the instance of the rector of an important church in Washington. Washington always drove from *Mount Vernon* to Alexandria in a handsome cream-coloured coach, the body of which was suspended by heavy leather straps. The sides and front were shaded with green blinds and black leather outside curtains. The lining of the coach was black leather; the Washington arms were painted on the doors and a picture of the seasons was also painted on each of the four panels. Four horses were ordinarily harnessed to this coach except when six were required for long journeys. What became of this coach we learn from Bishop Meade, who says:

"There was one object of interest belonging to General Washington, concerning which I have a special right to speak,—viz.: his old English coach, in which himself and Mrs. Washington not only rode in Fairfax County, but travelled through the length and breadth of our land. So faithfully was it executed that, at the conclusion of this long journey, its builder, who came over with it and settled in Alexandria, was proud to be told by the General that not a nail or screw had failed. It so happened, in a way I need not state, that this coach came into my hands about fifteen years after the death of General Washington. In the course of time, from disuse, it being too heavy for these latter days, it began

to decay and give way. Becoming an object of desire to those who delight in relics, I caused it to be taken to pieces and distributed among the admiring friends of Washington who visited my house, and also among a number of female associations for benevolent and religious objects, which associations, at their fairs and other occasions, made a large profit by converting the fragments into walking-sticks, picture-frames, and snuff-boxes. About two-thirds of one of the wheels thus produced one hundred and forty dollars. There can be no doubt but that at its dissolution it yielded more to the cause of charity than it did to its builder at its first erection. Besides other mementos of it, I have in my study, in the form of a sofa, the hind-seat, on which the General and his lady were wont to sit "—E. S.

A GLIMPSE AT NEW ORLEANS HOUSES

LADY HARDY

WE start in the early morning on a pedestrian excursion through this "Paris of the South." We almost fancy that we have gone to sleep in the New World, and woke up in the old fair and familiar city across the sea. It is the same, yet not the same; there is a similarity in the general features especially in the vicinity of Canal Street, to which I shall allude more fully by and by, and an insouciant gaiety in the aspect of the people, which pervades the very air they breathe; an electric current seems always playing upon their spirits; moving their emotional nature, sometimes to laughter, sometimes to tears. It seems as though the two cities had been built on the same model, only differently draped and garnished, decorated with different orders and stamped with a different die. Coming down a narrow lane, we met a Frenchwoman, her mahogany coloured face scored like the bark of an old tree scarcely visible beneath her flapping sunbonnet. She wore short petticoats, and came clattering along over the rough stones in her wooden sabots, while her tall blue-bloused grandson carrying her well-filled basket strode beside her; and a meek-eyed Sister of Charity bent on her errand of mercy passed in at a creeking doorway. These were the only signs of life we saw as we first turned on our way to the

ST. CHARLES'S AVENUE, NEW ORLEANS

French quarter of the town, which still bears the impress of the old Colonial days. This is the most ancient portion of the city, and full of romantic traditions of the days that are dead and gone. The long narrow crooked streets, running on all sides in a spidery fashion, with rows of shabby-looking houses, remain exactly as they were a hundred years ago. Strict conservatism obtains here; nothing has been done in the way of improvement; the old wooden houses are bruised and battered as though they had been engaged in a battle with time and been worsted; they are covered with discolourations and patches, naked and languishing for a new coat of paint. There are no dainty green sun blinds here, but heavy worm-eaten wooden shutters and queer timber-doors hung on clumsy iron hinges; here and there we get a glimpse of the dingy interiors while a few bearded men are lounging smoking in the doorways, and a few children, clattering like French magpies, are playing on the threshold. Everything is quiet and dull—a sort of Rip Van Winkle-ish sleep seems drooping its drowsy wings and brooding everywhere, till a lumbering dray comes clattering over the cobble stones, and sends a thousand echoes flying through the lonely streets.

From these stony regions, past the little old-fashioned church where the good Catholics worshipped a century ago and we emerge upon Canal Street, the principal business thoroughfare of the city; it is thronged with people at this time of day, busy crowds are passing to and fro, the shop windows are dressed in their most attractive wares, temptingly exposed to view. Confectioners, fruit and fancy

stores overflow into open stalls in front and spread along the sidewalk; huge bunches of green bananas, strawberries, peas, pines, cocoa-nuts and mangoes, mingled with dainty vegetables, are lying in heaps. We are tempted to try a mango, the favourite southern fruit, of whose luscious quality we have so often heard, but the first taste of its sickening sweetness satisfies our desires. The street is very wide, and the jingle-jangle of the car-bells, the rattling of wheels and the spasmodic shriek and whistle of the steam engine—all mingle together in a not unsweet confusion. Lumbering vehicles, elegant carriages, street-cars and a fussy little railway, all run in parallel lines along the wide roadway. This is the great backbone of the city, whence all lines of vehicular traffic branch off on their diverse tracks into all the highways and byways of the land. Here we get on to a car which carries us through the handsomest quarter of the city. Quaint old-fashioned houses, surrounded by gardens of growing flowers, and magnificent magnolias, now in full bloom, stand here and there in solitary grandeur, or sometimes in groups like a conclave of green limbed giants, clothed in white raiment, and perfumed with the breath of paradise. Past lines of elegant residences, where the *élite* of the city have their abode, and we soon reach a rough wooden shed yclept a "depot."

The architectural beauty of New Orleans is unique, and wholly unlike any other Southern city; the avenues are wide and beautifully planted, a generous shade spreads every way

you turn. The dwelling-houses which line St. Charles's Avenue are graceful, classical structures, no blending together of ancient and modern ideas, and running wild into fancy chimney-pots, arches, points and angles like a Twelfth Cake ornament. Some are fashioned like Greek temples, most impressive in their chaste outline and simplicity of form; others straight and square, with tall Corinthian columns or fluted pillars, sometimes of marble, sometimes of stone. The severe architectural simplicity, the pure white buildings shaded by beautiful magnolias and surrounded by brilliant shrubs and flowers, form a vista charming to the eye and soothing to the senses, and all stands silhouetted against the brightest of blue skies—a blue before which the bluest of Italian skies would seem pale.

The aspect of the city changes on every side; we leave the fashionable residential regions and enter broad avenues lined with grand old forest trees, sometimes in double rows, the thick-leaved branches meeting and forming a canopy overhead. The ground is carpeted with soft green turf, and bare-legged urchins, black and white, are playing merry games; a broken down horse is quietly grazing, and a cow is being milked under the trees, while a company of pretty white goats, with a fierce-looking Billie at their head, are careering about close by. Pretty pastoral bits of landscape on every side cling to the skirts and fringe the sides of this quaint city. As we get farther away from St. Charles's Avenue, the better class of residences get fewer and fewer, till they cease altogether, and we come upon pretty green-

shuttered cottages, with their porches covered with blossoms and rows of the old-fashioned straw bee-hives in front. Here and there are tall tenement houses built of cherry-red bricks, which are let out in flats to the labouring classes.

THE CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL

MAJOR A. C. YATE

THE history of Canada that is destined to live is that of its earliest explorers and colonists, amongst whom the French rank first and the English second. One of the most interesting monuments of that history is the Château de Ramezay in Montreal, of which I propose to record here what little I have been able to learn during a short visit to Canada. It was built about 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, "a distinguished soldier of noble birth," who was Governor of Montreal from 1703 to 1724. In some books I find the name spelt Ramsay or Ramesay, but Ramezay is the spelling adopted by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal. It is practically certain that the Governor of Montreal who bore the name was of Scotch extraction. In the Seventeenth Century the cadets of many families of the French nobility emigrated to Canada ("La Nouvelle France," as it was then called), while the nominal Vice-royalty was held by several of the highest nobles of the land, viz., the Prince de Condé, Duc de Montmorenci, and Duc de Ventadour. The emigrant nobles were granted seigneuries in various parts of New France, and in some cases these seigneuries have remained in their families to the present day. The Château de Ramezay is the town mansion of one of these seigneurial families. Very little, however, seems to be known of Claude de Ramezay. An

autograph letter of his, presented by Judge Baby, is in the museum. In 1703, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Commandant of Montreal, succeeded the Chevalier de Callière (who had also in his day been Governor or Commandant of Montreal) as Governor of Canada. Claude de Ramezay apparently succeeded De Vaudreuil as Military Governor of Montreal. He appears to have been a man of capacity and to have interested himself keenly in the pioneering and exploring work to which so many men at that time devoted themselves. In 1702, during his Governorship, a French post was established at Detroit, and in 1717, another at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, on Lake Superior, where Fort William now is. Nor was M. de Ramezay backward in organizing military expeditions against the English settlements in the New England States. During the whole of De Ramezay's Governorship the English and French colonies in America were at war, as indeed they almost always were, whether the mother-countries were at peace or not.

The Governorship of Claude de Ramezay is said to have ended in 1724, whether owing to his death or retirement we are not told. In 1745, the Château passed into the hands of "*La Compagnie des Indes*," and remained with them till September, 1760, when Montreal surrendered to the united forces of Amherst, Haviland and Murray. We are not told what use was made of the Château from 1724 to 1745. Tradition associates with the Château the name of De Vaudreuil, one celebrated in the annals of "*La Nouvelle France*," but it is not explicit as to date, or indeed any detail. The first Marquis de Vaudreuil, after having been

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THE CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL

for some years Commandant of Montreal, became Governor of Canada in 1703, and retained that post until he died, respected and regretted in 1725.

It is said that when Claude de Ramezay died (no date given), his heirs found themselves unable to bear the expense of keeping up so large a residence, and sold it to "*La Compagnie des Indes.*" From 1745 to 1760, it was thus the headquarters of a great French trading-company, the resort of Indian *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*, coming in from the north and west with their loads of furs, and selling or bartering them to the agents of the company, by whom they were shipped to France. This company also held by charter a monopoly in the purchase and sale of all imports and exports in the Colony. When Canada passed into the possession of Great Britain, in 1760, the Château de Ramezay became General Amherst's headquarters, and subsequently for a short time those of General Gage. We find from Withrow's History that it was a De Ramsay (as Withrow spells it), who surrendered Quebec to General Townshend after Wolfe's victory on the Heights of Abraham.

When Canada was ceded to the British, the Château de Ramezay was not at first annexed as the residence of the Governor of Montreal. It was purchased from the "*Compagnie des Indes*" by William Grant, Baron de Longueuil.[1]

[1] The Grants, Barons de Longueuil, hold the only Colonial peerage in the British Empire. Their barony, though created by the Bourbons, is held in right of their domain in Canada, and as such is now recognized by the Herald's office.

It is doubtful if the Grants ever occupied the Château, for it continued to be known for some ten years after the cession by the name of the "Indian House." The Governor of Canada then, finding it necessary to provide the Lieutenant-Governor with a suitable residence, leased it. The first Lieutenant-Governor who attended it was Mr. Cramahé. He had scarcely settled there when the approach of General Montgomery, in November, 1775, with a force of New England Revolutionists compelled him to vacate it and retire to Quebec. There, pending the arrival of General Sir Guy Carleton, he made energetic preparations for the defence of Quebec, and declined to give any answer to Benedict Arnold's summons to surrender, which was made on the 14th of October. On the 19th Sir Guy Carleton arrived, and assumed command of the defence. It was on the 12th of November, 1775, that General Montgomery entered Montreal, and on the 4th of December his forces and those of Arnold, about 1,200 men in all, appeared before Quebec. Montgomery was slain in a vain attempt to capture the town on the night of the 31st of December, 1775. Finally, early in May, 1776, the Americans were driven from before Quebec, leaving guns, stores, provisions, and even their sick behind. Meanwhile three American Commissioners, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, came to Montreal to urge the Canadians to join the revolted colonies against Great Britain. Benjamin Franklin, certainly, if not the other two Commissioners, resided when in Montreal in the Château de Ramezay, and here a certain M. Mesplet, under the orders of Ben-

jamin Franklin, set up the first printing-press in Montreal.

The first printing-press in Canada was set up in Quebec in 1764, and on the 21st of June of that year the first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, a journal which till recently was still published, made its appearance. Benedict Arnold, after his failure at Quebec, went to Montreal and took command of the Revolutionary troops there. He resided in the Château de Ramezay.

After the withdrawal of the Americans, the Château de Ramezay remained untenanted until the government bought it from the Grants, and made it the official residence of the Governors of Lower Canada temporarily resident in Montreal. Their permanent residence was at Quebec, and for years the Governors, when they visited Montreal, had to bring their own furniture with them. At last, however, a grant of money was voted to them for the purchase of permanent furniture for their Montreal residence. For half a century it was occupied by successive Governors, who made many alterations and additions. Lord Metcalfe (1843–1844) was the last resident Governor, the seat of Government between the years 1841 to 1858, being fixed successively at Quebec, Kingston, Montreal, then at Toronto and Quebec alternately, and finally, by Her Majesty's decision, at Ottawa, where it has since remained.

The union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada was formerly proclaimed on the 10th of February, 1841. After the establishment of the Governor-General in a new

Government House, and again, when the headquarters of the provincial government of the Lower Province was transferred to Quebec, the Château de Ramezay was used for various governmental purposes. Among others, the Law Courts sat there, and afterwards certain rooms were used for classes of the Normal School and of the Medical Faculty of Laval. The extensive vaults and cellars below the house had in the Eighteenth Century been used by the French as store-houses for the large quantities of supplies which, owing to the hostility of the Indians it was necessary to maintain there. So incessant were at times the raids of the Iroquois, whether instigated by the New England Government or not, that cultivation was almost an impossibility, and all food supplies had to be imported from France and stored in Montreal. Some of the vaults also were used as dungeons, and at times refractory Indian chiefs were probably incarcerated there to give them time to see reason; while in some cases they were detained as hostages for the good faith of their tribe. There was also a deep well in one vault, now boarded over. Under the English Governors, these vaults were used as wine-cellars, servants' offices and quarters for the Governor's guard, for the preservation of the old French and English official and other records, and for the storage of fuel and supplies. In one vault we still find the kitchen. The huge fireplace was fitted up above with an arrangement for smoking ham and bacon, while on one side opened a large oven, about five feet in diameter, for baking bread. In a recess close by was hung a drum, in which worked, like a squirrel in a cage, the turnspit-dog

that roasted the joints. In a corner of another vault still lies a portion of the first system of water-pipes used in Montreal. It is the trunk of a tree, ten or twelve feet long, by nine or ten inches in diameter, hollowed out. The walls of the vaults are in some places of great thickness; ranging from five to eight feet. In the early part of the Eighteenth Century, when a good house was built, it was solidly built. It is stated that some fifty years ago, soon after the Château ceased to be the residence of the Governors, the City Council authorized the demolition of a portion of it, in order to open up a thoroughfare. The building was thus cut in two. The portion which is now used as the museum was retained by the civic authorities. The remainder was turned into a hotel in which Jenny Lind and Charles Dickens, amongst others, are said to have stayed. Between 1880 and 1890 the City Magistrates of Montreal meted out justice for petty misdemeanours in this building. Rooms which had been tenanted by a Governor-General, and which for a hundred and forty years had been the centre of the French and British rule in Montreal thus gradually sank to the level of a police magistrate's court. About this time, however, public attention was drawn to this building (largely owing to the exertions of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal), and to its antiquarian and historical interest. When, in 1893, the Provincial Government offered it for sale by public auction, it was bought by the Corporation of the City of Montreal with the view of preserving the building and establishing in it a free public, archæological, scientific and historical musuem. In 1895, the custody of the

Château, on behalf of the people of the city, was vested in the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society.

It was in the Château de Ramezay that met from 1838 to 1840, the Special Council (half English and half French), which was appointed by the Home Government to act in place of the legislature of Lower Canada during the Rebellion and so-called "Patriotic War" of 1837–1838. The Constitution was for the time suspended. The Special Council paved the way for the Act of Union of 1840, which was a step towards the present Constitution of the Dominion. The confederation of 1866 was the final step.

Two of the principal rooms in the Château are now known as the *Salle du Conseil* and the Library. With the former, tradition associates many names (already mentioned), well-known to history, and on whom the varying fortunes of Canada have depended. Its walls are now hung with engravings and documents that commemorate those names and those fortunes. The old fireplace in the Library has only recently been discovered, having been walled up for many years. The treasures that have already been collected in this, the first Canadian Museum of Antiquities, are most interesting and valuable, and some are unique. There are 113 portraits, 82 historical pictures and 74 old prints, which illustrate the most celebrated names and the most famous scenes and events of Canadian history, from Jacques Cartier to Sir John Macdonald. Early explorers, Jesuit missionaries, governors and generals, both French and English; old maps and prints of Canada, Quebec and Montreal, etc., are the subjects. In addition, there is a collection of scarce

books, papers, documents and magazines connected with Canada, weapons of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, and many quaint and curious relics both of war and peace.

THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK

ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

IT is a great pity that the open space now known as City Hall Park is so restricted in area, because the City Hall is an admirable architectural edifice apart from its historical associations, and is worthy of a better setting. As it is, it suffers terribly from its surroundings, being dwarfed, crushed and overwhelmed, by the "World" building, office sky-scrapers and other unsightly buildings that surround it. If we want to realize the architect's intent, we must level the monster structures in the immediate vicinity and restore the scene of the date when the City Hall was designed.

A tablet under the Mayor's office informs us that here Washington read the Declaration of Independence to the troops, but the City Hall did not occupy that site in those days. The present miniature park is a very small part of the original common land known as the "Commons," or the "Fields." Under the Dutch, this open space was called the Vlackte (the Flat). In Colonial days, the Bridewell, and the New Jail, and the stake at which negroes were occasionally burnt were situated on it. King's College was on the West; on the North was the Collect Pond and the stream flowing to the Hudson through Lispenard's Meadow. A powder house also stood on the Commons and the old Boston Post Road (now Chatham St.) passed

THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK

through it on the East. At the corner of Park Row and Nassau St. was the Brick Presbyterian Church. The Sons of Liberty used to assemble in the "Fields"; and the present Post Office covers the spot whereon the Liberty Pole was raised.

The first City Hall, or Stadt Huys, was modest enough. It was a stone house built for a tavern by Governor Kieft, in 1642. The site, on the "Waal," at the corner of Pearl St. and Coenties Alley, was selected on account of its being convenient to the ferry. Thirteen years later, it was ceded to the city authorities for the sittings of the Burgomasters and Schepens of New Amsterdam. It was used also as a prison. This old Dutch house, with its "crow-stepped" gable and cupola, stood till 1700.

The next City Hall, which lasted throughout the Eighteenth Century, was situated almost on the site of the present Sub-Treasury on Wall St.

In 1800, the corporation of the city of New York felt the need of a more spacious and imposing civic building, so a prize of $350 was offered for a plan and elevations of a town-hall of four façades. One of those sent in received the approbation of the City Fathers two years later; and the Common Council immediately appointed a building committee, and appropriated $25,000 for the work. The architect was a native of New York: his name was John McComb. Born in 1763, he had already gained distinction in his profession by his plans for the front of the Government House, Washington Hall, St. John's Church, the Murray St. and Bleecker St. churches, and many other

public and private edifices in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities.

Mr. McComb was quite abreast with the architectural tastes of his day. He had no sympathy with the Gothic style, nor is his work in the least reminiscent of the great Renaissance town-halls of the Netherlands. He seems to have almost slavishly followed the English school of architects, particularly the Adam brothers and Sir William Chambers. The works of the latter especially were held in the highest esteem and admiration by the New York architect.

It is not difficult to trace the sources from which Mr. McComb derived his inspiration for a City Hall which even to-day is unsurpassed in dignity, simplicity, beauty and purity of design by any building of this kind in the country. Cross-sectioned north and south it strongly resembles the Register Office, Edinburgh, that was built by the Adams in 1774. About the same date they were responsible for the Assembly Rooms, Glasgow, the stairway of which the one in the City Hall greatly resembles, but the latter is more graceful and better proportioned. In fact, the interior details show an intimate acquaintance with the works of the Adam brothers.

For the principal elevations, the architect went to Inigo Jones's plans for Whitehall Palace: with the exception of the Banqueting House, these had never been carried out. Sir William Chambers was closely followed in the exterior details; and Adam, Richardson, Soane, Campbell and Richardson, in the plan and interior work.

When the site was chosen, it was considered that he would indeed be a wild dreamer who would expect the city to spread further up town than what is now City Hall Park: the chief façade therefore looked at the city lying below it, and the back towards the open country was left plain and unornamented,—for who would ever see that side?

The front, therefore, was built of Stockbridge marble, the sides of Morrisania or Verplanck marble, and the rear of brown stone. The marble was carved by John Lemair, whom the architect held in high esteem. He wrote: "I have visited the carver's shop almost daily, and I have always been pleased with Mr. Lemair's attention, mode of working and finishing the capitals,—work which is not surpassed by any in the United States and but seldom seen better executed in Europe and which for proportion and neatness of workmanship will serve as models for carvers in future."

The work on the interior, however, was not so satisfactory; the execution of the wood-carving is very inferior: there was a scarcity of good wood-carvers in New York at that date. On account of the scarcity of labour and funds, it took ten years to build; but on the whole the work was well done and economically, for it cost no more than half a million dollars.

In the original design, a clock was placed in the centre window of the attic story front: this clock was not supplied till 1830, when it was placed in the cupola which was altered to receive it. This change was detrimental to the general effect as originally intended.

In 1811, before it was quite completed, the Fourth of July was celebrated in the new City Hall; and the Aldermen took up their quarters there in August of that year. From that time it became the nucleus of municipal life, and its grounds were visited for recreation as well as business. The park gave its name to the famous Park Theatre, that stood on the south-east side.

A writer of the day describes the Park as "a piece of inclosed ground in front of the new City Hall, consisting of about four acres, planted with elms, planes, willows and catalpas, the surrounding foot-walk encompassed with rows of poplars. This beautiful grove in the middle of the city, combines in a high degree ornament with health and pleasure; and to enhance the enjoyments of the place, the English and French reading-room, the Shakespeare gallery, and the theatre, offer ready amusement to the mind; while the mechanic-hall, the London hotel and the New York gardens present instant refreshment to the body. Though the trees are but young, and of few years' growth, the Park may be pronounced an elegant and improving place."

The artistic beauty of the building has more than once suffered from overzealous repairs and renovations. Two or three years ago, the exterior was scoured and cleaned with a sand-blast process that deprived the marble of all the mellow tones and tints with which Time had beautified it: but Time can also heal this wound.

In 1858, at the great celebration in honour of the successful laying of the first Atlantic cable, there was a grand display of fireworks, during which a stray spark set fire to

some inflammable material stored at base of the cupola. The latter was consumed, and the low dome over the stairway was also damaged. This was not the only damage done by this fire, for the clock was also destroyed, and the scales fell from the hands of Justice,—the figure that surmounted the cupola. Moreover, when the old bell hanging there, that had so often clanged forth its alarm to summon the citizens, was removed, the cornice was injured. For several years, no effort was made to repair the damage; the windows were boarded up, and the façade remained smoke-blackened. When the work of repair was finally taken in hand, there was no attempt to restore anything but the general appearance of the original, so that both dome and cupola suffered in that Medean cauldron.

The City Hall has often been the scene of important functions. On Feb. 22, 1819, a grand ball was given in honour of General Andrew Jackson; and in 1825, General Lafayette was escorted there immediately after his arrival at Castle Garden. A great dinner was given to him within its walls; and in the "Portrait Room" he held public receptions every day from twelve to two o'clock, during his stay in New York.

Nearly every important foreigner and distinguished "guest of the nation" has been welcomed at the City Hall by the Mayor: a brilliant reception to Prince Henry of Prussia was among the latest.

The City Hall, too, has frequently been illuminated in celebration of some event of importance. That of 1825, in honour of the opening of the Erie Canal was considered

magnificent at the time. Considering that they had neither gas nor electricity, they did very well, for no less than 2,306 lights were displayed, including wax candles, and lamps of various colours. There was a transparency on the front representing the Erie Canal, emblematical figures, etc., etc. There was also a lavish display of fireworks.

Another remarkable demonstration occurred at the City Hall when the Croton Water Works were given to the city in 1842. There was a great procession and a fountain was formally opened in the City Hall Park. This was much admired; and by manipulating the pipes the fountain was made to assume such shapes as the "Maid of the Mist," the "Croton Plume," the "Vase," the "Dome," the "Bouquet," the "Wheat Sheaf" and the "Weeping Willow."

THE WHITE HOUSE

THE long low white mansion with its white colonnades surrounded by green lawns and tall shade trees standing some little distance from Pennsylvania Avenue is familiar to every one in the United States. Even those who have not visited the house—and these are few in number—know it well by means of pictures. Perhaps the prettiest view of the building is the less familiar one of the South Portico, below which the greensward stretches down almost to the Potomac and is broken by fountains and flower beds. The view is very pretty, too, from the Portico itself, embracing the shining river and the tall Monument on the right.

We cannot help regretting that the first President of the United States was never an occupant of the White House and that he did not know it would be popularly called by a name associated with his wife. He took the greatest interest in the architectural plans for it, and with Mrs. Washington visited the mansion just before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Adams.

The story of the White House is as follows:—In 1792, the United States Government offered a prize of five hundred dollars for the best plan for the official residence of the President. The fortunate architect was James Hoban, an Irishman by birth, but at this time a resident of South Carolina. Hoban selected for his model the Duke of Leinster's new house in Dublin, built in the

fashionable classic style of the day. The original plan for the Presidential mansion called for three stories, and Hoban suggested that wings adorned with colonnades should be added as need for extension arose. Public opinion, however, was aghast at such magnificence, and, although Washington liked the plan, the architect was obliged to modify it.

The stone of which it is built was quarried at Rock Creek, near Washington. The corner-stone was laid by General Washington in 1792; but the house was not finished until 1799. By this time John Adams had become President of the United States and he and Mrs. Adams were the first occupants. Mrs. Adams's description shows very plainly that the Mansion was not, in any sense, palatial. She says in one of her chatty letters:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables—an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments from the kitchen to parlours and chambers is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort! To assist us in this castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not how to do, or what to do. . . . We have not the least fence, yard or other conveniences without, and the great unfinished

audience-room [the East Room] I make a drying-room of to hang my clothes in. Six chambers are made comfortable; two lower rooms, one for a parlour and one for a ballroom."

Little or nothing was done to make the Executive Mansion more sumptuous during either Jefferson's or Madison's administrations; and it must have been a surprise to visitors from other parts of the world to see such a simple dwelling. Writing home in 1804, Thomas Moore says: "The President's house is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduced visitors."

The Madisons, whose home it became in 1809, were noted for the old-fashioned Virginia hospitality that they extended to those invited to both public and private entertainments. The famous Dolly Madison was a gracious hostess, and her abundant table did not escape criticism.

The Madisons were compelled to flee from the house on the approach of the British troops in 1814. Many stories are told of how Mrs. Madison saved the valued portrait of Washington that had been hanging in the State Dining-Room since 1800; but her own is the best. Mrs. Madison did not cut the picture from the frame as the legend has it, but ordered this to be done. Just before her flight, she writes to her sister on the 23d of August, 1814:

"My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's House until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my

assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two despatches from him written with a pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him."

After the Battle of Bladensburg, she continues:

"Our kind friend Mr. Carroll has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humour with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. The process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave the house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. Where I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow I cannot tell!

DOLLY."

The British troops entered the Mansion and set fire to it. "I have indeed to this hour," wrote an eye-witness in 1855, "the vivid impression upon my eye of columns of smoke and flame ascending all through the night of August 24, 1814, from the Capitol, President's house and other public buildings, as if the whole were on fire, some burning slowly others with bursts of flames, and sparks mounting high in the dark heavens."

This spectator was with President Madison, the Secretary of the Navy and others across the river, watching the spectacle.

After the fire of 1814, the Madisons lived in rented houses in Washington.

When the Mansion was partially restored and again made habitable, the blackened exterior was painted white and the building received the name White House in honour of Mrs. Washington's early home in Virginia. President and Mrs. Monroe held the first public reception in 1818, on New Year's Day.

The White House was refurnished in 1825, for the visit of General Lafayette. Congress allowed John Quincy Adams $14,000 for this purpose. Another allowance of $13,000 was made to Martin Van Buren for further decorations and furnishings, and President Johnson was allowed $30,000 to repair the building after the Civil War.

The portico on the North Side was added in President Jackson's time.

The most important changes, however, have taken place

during President Roosevelt's administration. About half a million dollars have been spent in making architectural improvements, both within and without. A terrace has been added on the west side, leading to the executive offices, and by the removal of the conservatory, the state dining-room has been enlarged. This room has also been refurnished with panels, tapestries and trophies of the chase.

The historical rooms are the great "East Room," where the public receptions are held and where the brilliant marriages of Nelly Grant and Alice Roosevelt took place; the "State-Dining-room"; the "Red Room," the "Blue Room" and the "Green Room"; and although the furniture and draperies of these rooms have been changed from time to time, the colours have been rigidly adhered to.

The "Blue Room," of which Jefferson was particularly fond, is the President's reception-room. It is oval in shape. At present the walls are covered with blue silk and the window curtains are blue sprinkled with golden stars.

Scattered through the various rooms are many portraits of the Presidents and their wives.

The conservatory of the White House, which owes much to President Grant, has always been noted, and supplies choice flowers and plants for the state dinners and other important entertainments.

The White House is full of memories and associations of the public and private life of the Presidents. Weddings, funerals, and births have occurred here. Within its walls President Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation. Here Garfield languished for weeks after his assassi-

nation. The last notable event was the wedding of Miss Alice Roosevelt, the President's daughter, to Mr. Nicholas Longworth,—the most brilliant entertainment that the White House has ever seen.

THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY, RICHMOND

ONE of the Meccas of the Southern States is a house in Richmond formerly known as "The White House of the Confederacy," and now as "The Confederate Museum." It is a plain, substantial house with columns at the back and is a typical residence of Richmond and of the Nineteenth Century. The house was built in 1819 by Dr. Brockenbrough for his residence and must have been more imposing with the original garden.

In 1862 Mr. Lewis Crenshaw, the owner, sold it to the city of Richmond for the use of the Confederate Government; and the city, having furnished it, offered it to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States for his residential and official home. Mr. Davis refused to accept the gift, and it was then rented from the Confederate States for the "Executive Mansion." President Davis and his family lived here for three years until the evacuation of Richmond, when he left with the government officials on the night of April 2, 1865. The "Mississippi Room" was his study, and in it all the important conferences of the President and his officers were held. It may be interesting to quote here from Mrs. Davis's *Memoirs of Jefferson Davis*, regarding this historic house. She writes:

"In July we moved to the old Brockenbrough house, and began to feel somewhat more at home when walking through

the old-fashioned terraced garden or the large airy rooms in the seclusion of family life.

"The mansion stands on the brow of a steep and very high hill that is sharply defined against the plain at its foot through which runs the Danville railway that leads to the heart of Virginia. The house is very large, but the rooms are comparatively few, as some of them are over forty feet square. The ceilings are high, the windows wide and the well-staircases turn in easy curves towards the airy rooms above. The Carrara marble mantels were the delight of our children. . . .

"The tastes, and to some extent, the occupations and habits of the master of the house, if he, as in this case, assisted the architect in his design, are built in the brick and mortar, and like the maiden's blood in the great bell, they proclaim aloud sympathy or war with those whom it shelters. One felt here the pleasant sense of being in the home of a cultivated, liberal, fine gentleman, and that he had dwelt there in peaceful interchange of kind offices with his neighbours. The garden, planted in cherry, apple and pear-trees sloped in steep terraces down the hill to join the plain below. To this garden or pleasance came always in my mind's eye a lovely woman, seen only by the eye of faith, as she walked there in 'maiden meditation.'

"Every old Virginia gentleman of good social position who came to see us, looked pensively out on the grounds and said, with a tone of regret, something like this: 'This house was perfect when lovely Mary Brockenbrough used to walk there, singing among the flowers'; and then came a

description of her light step, her dignified mien, her sweet voice and the other graces which take hold of our hearts with a gentle touch and hold them with a grip of steel. At first it seemed odd and we regretted our visitor's disappointment, but after a while Mary came to us, too, and remained the titular goddess of the garden. Her name became a household word. 'Whether Mary would approve' was a question my husband playfully asked, when he liked the arrangement of the drawing-rooms."

When General Godfrey Witzel, in command of the Northern troops entered the city on the morning of April 3, 1865, he made this house his headquarters; and it was used as the headquarters of the United States Government during the five years that Virginia was under military rule and was called "District No. 1." When Abraham Lincoln passed through Richmond a few days after the evacuation, he was received in the "Georgia room" of this old house.

After the war "The White House of the Confederacy" became the home of the first public school established in Richmond and was used as such for more than twenty years. Finally, to save it from destruction, for the house was falling into decay, a mass-meeting was held in Richmond to take measures for its preservation. A society was formed called the "Confederate Memorial Literary Society" whose first act was to petition the city to yield it to its charge for the purpose of establishing a Museum of Confederate relics and a memorial to President Davis.

The Museum was formally opened in 1890. Quoting from the charter:

"The purposes for which it is formed are to establish in the city of Richmond, in the State of Virginia, the capital of the late Confederate States of America, a Confederate Memorial Literary Society or Association, to collect and receive, by gift, purchase, or otherwise, all books and other literary productions pertaining to the late war between the States, and of those engaged therein; all works of art or science, all battle-flags, relics, and other emblems of that struggle, and to preserve and keep the same for the use of said Society and the public."

A room, bearing the distinctive name, shield, and colours of the State it represents, is assigned to each State of the Confederacy, and is a repository for memorials from that State. A Regent and Vice-Regent are appointed to represent each State and to assume the care and expense of their respective rooms—collecting by loan, donation, or otherwise, contributions of what they think will make their rooms attractive.

The Solid South is represented by a general reception room, library and gallery in which the portraits of the President of the Confederate States and of his Cabinet as well as those of the distinguished civil and military leaders are hung. On the left is the "Virginia Room" and on the right the "Georgia Room" and beyond that the "Mississippi Room," in which the Confederate Cabinet sat. The relics of Jefferson Davis are appropriately placed here. The

Kentucky, Alabama, South and North Carolina and Maryland Rooms are in the second story, and in the third, the Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, Missouri, Louisiana and Texas Rooms are situated.

The collection is exceedingly large and of great interest to the student of the great struggle of 1861–1865.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON[1]

EDWARD G. PORTER

THE Old State House stands upon the site of the original market-place, opposite the first meeting-house in which, for a quarter of a century, the town-meetings were held, according to the custom of the time.

In the year 1656 Captain Robert Keayne, one of the founders of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, left, in his voluminous and eccentric will, "the sum of three hundred pounds, current money," for a Town House, which was to furnish room for the market, as well as for the courts, a library, an exchange, an armoury, etc. An equal amount was contributed by citizens, and a wooden structure was erected on this spot which served the purposes of the town until it was destroyed in the great fire of 1711. There are good descriptions extant of this first building, but no pictures or plans. It was the scene of the administration of Endicott, Bellingham, Leverett, Bradstreet, Andros, Phips, Stoughton, Bellomont, and Joseph Dudley. By this time the Town House had become such a necessity that its successor was immediately provided for, one-half the expenses being borne by the Province, and the other half by the Town and the Country in equal proportion.

The first Governor who presided in this building was Joseph Dudley, and after him came Tailer, Shute, Dummer,

[1] From *Rambles in Old Boston* (Boston, 1887). By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Cupples, Upham, and Company.

Burnet, Belcher, and Shirley. It was during the latter's brilliant administration that the famous expedition against Louisburg was planned and successfully carried out in 1746 under General (afterwards Sir William Pepperell) and Commodore Warren.

The following year the Town House (at that time commonly called the Court House) was seriously injured by fire, which began in the second story and destroyed much of the interior, and nearly all the records, pictures and furniture. The building, however, was reconstructed very much as before; and from that day to this, no essential changes have taken place in its appearance.

An interesting description of it is found in a journal dated 1750 :—

" They have also a Town House, built of brick, situated in King's Street. It's a very Grand Brick Building, Arch'd all Round and Two Storie Heigh, Sash'd above; its Lower Part is always open, design'd as a Change, tho the Merchants in Fair Weather make their Change in the Open Street, at the eastermost end. In the Upper Story are the Council and Assembly Chambers. It has a neat Capulo, Sash'd all Round, which on rejoycing days is Elluminated."

The administrations of Pownall, Bernard, and Hutchinson bring us to the stirring events immediately preceding the Revolutionary War. At that time many eyes were turned to this building in hope or fear, as the scene of the royal authority in the Council Chamber, and of the popular demands for Liberty in the Hall of Representatives. The obnoxious measures of the Crown, which followed so rap-

idly upon the accession of George III. in 1760, were here officially promulgated by the Governors, and vehemently denounced by the patriots.

The collision which finally came in 1775, was foreshadowed in the speeches of James Otis and Samuel Adams, in the protests of the Legislature against the unjust imposition of taxes, in the arrival of the British regiments, and in the massacre of March 5, 1770, which occurred almost under the windows of the Council Chamber.

The quartering of troops in the Town House and the planting of cannon at its doors gave great offence to the people, and served only to increase the difficulty. Under General Gage, the last of the Royal Governors, were developed those military movements which made Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill immortal, and which led to the organization of an American army, by whose achievements the British were compelled to evacuate Boston on the 17th of March, 1776.

In July of the same year, the Declaration of Independence was read to the citizens of Boston from the famous east window of the Council Chamber, where in the earlier time the Royal succession had been in three instances proclaimed "with Beat of Drum and Blast of Trumpet," and where also had been announced in turn the appointment of eight governors of Massachusetts under the Crown, and where at last, in 1783, the Proclamation of Peace was read by the Sheriff of Suffolk, amid the grateful shouts of the multitude and the salutes of thirteen cannon at the forts.

In this building John Hancock was inaugurated the first

Governor under the Commonwealth; and here presided his successors, James Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, and Increase Sumner. In 1789, General Washington, during his last visit to Boston, reviewed the procession from a temporary balcony erected at the west end of the Hall of Representatives.

Here the Legislature of Massachusetts met for the last time in 1798, and then marched in a body to the more imposing structure which had just been completed on Beacon Hill.

The old building has since then been given up to business purposes, except during an interval of ten years, 1830–1839, when it was occupied by the municipality as a City Hall.

In 1882, it was carefully restored and formally re-dedicated to the public use as a memorial hall. The second floor, containing the ancient Council Chamber and Representatives Hall, has been confided to the custody of the Bostonian Society for a term of years. Valuable portraits, engravings, documents, and other historical relics may here be inspected daily by the public without charge. The tower, the quaint roof, the lion and unicorn, the central stairway, and, in fact, all the details of the building, present with almost absolute accuracy the characteristic features of the old Town House of the fathers. And it is confidently believed that the venerable structure will continue to grow more and more in the affections of the people of Boston, because it was here that "the child Independence was born."

THE MORRIS-JUMEL HOUSE, NEW YORK

COMMANDING an extensive view, or "prospect," as they would have said in Colonial days, of the Harlem River and Long Island Sound, there stands a dwelling of the Georgian period famous under two names,—the "Morris House" and the "Jumel Mansion." The house was built by Colonel Roger Morris, an English officer who came to this country with General Braddock and was wounded in the ill-fated expedition to Fort Du Quesne. He also served under General Wolfe at Quebec and left the army in 1764 to settle in New York, where he became a member of the King's Council. He bought the property on Harlem Heights and erected the house now standing as a present for his wife, Mary Philipse, daughter of Frederick Philipse, whom he married in 1758. The Morrises made a charming home here and entertained with lavish hospitality the most distinguished guests until the beginning of the Revolution, when, being Tories, they were forced to leave their house. Eventually, included in the bill of attainder, they went to England, and their house and property in Harlem Heights were confiscated and sold.

Immediately after the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, General Washington retreated with his army to Harlem and selected the Morris House for his headquarters. Here Aaron Burr, associated with the later destinies of the house, served as secretary to Washington.

One day, after nearly three months' residence, Wash-

ington started out on a reconnoitering expedition and about fifteen minutes after he had left, the British troops under Sir Thomas Stirling took possession of this desirable place; and from that moment until the evacuation of New York in 1783, the "Morris House" was the headquarters of General Knyphausen and his Hessian soldiers.

In 1785, the house became a tavern and was used as such for several years. It next looms into importance in 1810, when it was purchased by Stephen Jumel, whose handsome and clever American wife and the society that she gathered around her brought it once more into notoriety.

There have been several conflicting stories regarding Madame Jumel's parentage; but Mr. Josiah Collins Pumpelly in an article published in the *New England Genealogical and Biographical Record* (1903) obtained the following statement from a relative: "Eliza (Bowen) Jumel was born, April 2, 1777, in Providence, R. I., but not in a poor-house, as was asserted by her enemies during the lawsuit. The statement made in Appleton's *Cyclopædia of National Biography* that the lady's name was Capet, and that she was born at sea, is not sustained by reliable history. Eliza Jumel was the daughter of Phœbe and John Bowen. Her father was a sea-captain and owned his own vessels; her brother and father were drowned together."

In 1804, she was married to Stephen Jumel, a rich coffee planter of San Domingo, who, during an insurrection on the island and massacre of the French, escaped to New York about 1790. He was much older than his beautiful bride;

for at the time of his marriage he was nearly fifty and she twenty-seven. In 1810, they purchased the "Morris House" on Harlem Heights where they lived in great style. Subsequently the Jumels had a home in Paris, where they also entertained sumptuously until M. Jumel's large fortune melted away. In 1821, Madame Jumel returned to her New York home. It seems that Madame Jumel immediately disposed of her rich furniture and other treasures, for in 1821 the following advertisement appears in the New York newspapers: "On Monday, the 16th of April next, at the Mansion House of Mrs. Jumel, Harlem Heights, the whole of her Furniture and Gallery of original Paintings, together with Kitchen Furniture, Carriages, Horses, and other implements on the premises. Any attempt to describe those superb and elegant articles would hardly convey an idea of what they are; and as people will be at liberty to go and see them one week previous to the sale, it is deemed sufficient to say that such a collection has never been offered to the public and connoisseurs in this country; being a careful selection made in Paris by the best judges from the museum and palace of the late Emperor."

M. Jumel returned to New York in 1828 and recovered his lost fortune. From that date till his death in 1832, the house again witnessed scenes of gay society. Among the distinguished visitors at this period were Joseph Bonaparte and Louis Napoleon.

Again to quote from Mr. Pumpelly:

"After the death of her husband Madame Jumel carried

on her business affairs by herself. She displayed in them excellent judgment and ability. The varied experiences of her life had sharpened her faculties, and the poor Rhode Island girl, with whom scandal had made free, had developed into a woman of culture, tact and superior powers. She furnished her mansion with somewhat of its former splendour. It displayed abundant souvenirs of the First Empire and its renowned master. There were eight chairs which had belonged to the First Consul, a table, the marble top of which had been brought to her from Egypt, a clock which the Emperor had used in the Tuilleries, a chandelier that he had once given to Moreau, tapestries and paintings which had been collected by Josephine; also a set of drawing-room furniture which had once been owned by Charles X.; a bedstead upon which Napoleon had slept for many months and his army chest. Visitors also told of a stand that was said to have belonged to Voltaire, a black leather trunk which was supposed to have been used by Napoleon on the march to Moscow, and an elaborate embroidery of flowers surrounded by a golden chain, which had been made by the Empress. On the furniture was emblazoned the symbolic 'N' of the Empire in commemoration of its great chief."

In 1833, Madame Jumel was married in the drawing-room of this historic house to Aaron Burr. After her death in 1865, the house became the property of Mr. Nelson Chase, whose first wife was Madame Jumel's niece. It now belongs to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

FORT SUMTER

IZA DUFFUS HARDY

THE next morning we sally forth early under a tropical sky of burning blue and take our way to the market, a bright and busy scene, and cool and pleasant even this hot day, the breeze blowing gently through the long airy sheds, supported by open archways, the abundant array of fruit and flowers and vegetables refreshing to the eye. The negro element is in almost exclusive possession behind the stalls, the white in front, but not exclusively. There is a negro majority in South Carolina, in the market as well as elsewhere. Here are all shades of black, yellow and brown; here a good-looking brown girl with immense gold earrings, sits half hidden behind tempting great heaps of rosy tomatoes, golden Florida oranges and crimson plantains; there an old woman, black as a coal, coifed in a gorgeous striped bandana, presses green peas upon our attention; here the tourist is buying bananas and the housekeeper pricing pineapples.

We linger among the fruit-stalls and do not hurry ourselves past the fishmonger's department, where the cool shining fish lie on slabs spread with green leaves. But we hasten through the butcher's quarter; it is too hot to look at raw beef. We observe strutting about here, picking up pieces under the stalls and perching over the doorways, a number of large birds, which we take at first for turkeys.

They are, however, buzzards, unfit to eat, but useful in picking up offal, and therefore encouraged about this quarter of the market.

Returning to the main street of Charleston, we pass by the ruins of the old church.

"Burnt during the war, of course?"

"No, madam, burnt by accident before the war."

There its ruined and blackened walls stand still, the long grass growing where aisle and altar were. We pass by the shops and soon come to the private houses, pretty and picturesque detached villas (residences "unattached," are, of course the rule in these warm climes). Many are surrounded by their own gardens; some nestle in the shadow of tall trees; others are buried from basement to roof in the luxuriant purple blossoms of the wisteria. At the end of this street we come upon the Battery, the most beautiful spot in this beautiful city by the sea.

Here, facing the strip of park which lies between them and the water, stand the finest residences in Charleston, built in the palmy days before the war, some of them survivals of the old Colonial times. No two of these handsome houses are alike; each is stamped with its own character and individuality; they are of all styles—Greek, Gothic, Elizabethan, and nondescript, and of all pale tints of cool grey, white, and light brown. They all luxuriate in balconies, piazzas, verandahs, and every device for enjoying an almost tropical air in shade and sunshine, and many of them rejoice in their own shadowing trees. The scorching breath of the Southern summer has not yet rusted

FORT SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA

the green of the turf and tree; the grass in the Battery Park is the richest velvet sward that our feet have ever pressed; the spring-leafage of the scrub-oaks is fresh and tender, though the warmer tints of autumn linger yet here and there among the boughs. At the further border of the long narrow slip of park is a fine sea-wall, beyond which the sleepy waters of Charleston Harbour lap the stone of the embankment. Here on the Battery stand various monuments, one, of course, in memory of "the brave who are no more." It is here, all along this walk, that the ladies of Charleston collected in crowds, on one memorable 12th of April, to watch the bombardment of Fort Sumter in the distance.

Fort Sumter, of course, is the first excursion the tourist takes from this city. A short cut through the market leads us to the wharf where the little paddle-steamer waits to carry us thither. The sun blazes fiercely in a heaven of dazzling sapphire blue, the little waves lap and gurgle softly in transparent ripples of emerald, as the boat cuts its calm way along. We pass the sunny shores, the green trees and white villas of Mount Pleasant—well so named!—we pass Sullivan's Island; we near Fort Moultrie; and now we are in sight of Sumter. The deck is crowded with excursionists, most of them Northern tourists; there are a few Southerners, one or two Germans—we discover no English except ourselves. We make acquaintance with some of our fellow-passengers; all seem sociably inclined; all gather together along the bulwarks at the first sight of Fort Sumter. Here are North and South, "Yankee" and rebel harmoniously and amicably associating on a pleasure excur-

sion to the scene of the first conflict of the terrible four years' struggle, the spot where "twenty years and more" ago, that first shot was fired which rang through the civilized world, which thrilled like a bugle-call through the hearts of North and South, and "let slip the dogs of war" to their dreadful work. Here this morning are the men who wore the vanquished grey and those of the victorious blue, brothers once more! In sight of the shattered walls of Sumter, no word except of friendliness is heard.

We observe in the conversation of the various groups that they one and all delicately refrain from speaking of the "other side" in audible tones except as "Federal" and "Confederate," although to each other, in their *sotto voce* discourse, we catch the old terms "Yank" and "Reb" passing freely.

The Federal element, as represented on board this boat, does not appear very well informed as to the facts and details of the siege. We inquire in vain: How many were in the fort? What was the besieging force? How many lives were lost? In answer to this last question, there are a variety of answers, apparently most of them conjectural, and ranging from "three hundred" down to "none."

"It was from Fort Moultrie yonder that the first gun was fired," observes one tourist, drawing from his next neighbour the mild correction: "Pardon me, sir, the *very* first shot was from Fort Johnson."

Hereupon both parties pull out of their pockets—no, not revolvers, but little blue paper—covered "Guides to Charleston."

Meanwhile we are drawing nearer and nearer to the low, sandy island that is the goal of our excursion. We wonder, as we look on that barren sand-heap scorching in the yellow sand-glare, was *that*, once upon a time, the lofty fort of Sumter? Could ever those fragments of battered wall have towered up towards these blue skies in proud defiance? In fancy, we see the pall of smoke wrap Sumter round again, hear the thunder of the cannonade, and above the "burning battlehell" of fire and smoke, we see streaming to the wind the ghost of the "Stars and Bars!"

We land on the little pier, and pick our way along narrow planks laid across the heavy sand, amongst heaps of cannon balls, old guns, new guns, up steps, down steps, underground and overground, in and out of gloomy bombproofs, from the loopholes of which the "dogs of war" thrust forth their huge, black muzzles. One of the little garrison of the fort shows us round, and acts as general *cicerone* to our party. He answers our questions—the Northern tourists put quite as many as we strangers do; is it not twenty-two years since the siege? A whole world behind to them; but our soldier-guide has the whole story fresh in his mind. So has a bronzed and grizzled Southerner, who now for the first time, in the subterranean shades of a bombproof-tunnel, comes to the fore, and thenceforth divides public interest and attention with the lawful *cicerone*.

Somebody puts to this new authority the old question—how many lives were lost in the opening bombardment?

"Not one, sir," is the prompt answer, "not one by the Confederate attack. Seems strange, but so 'tis. There

was one life lost, and that was after the fort had surrendered. A man was blown up and killed. He laid a mine, as a trap to blow up the Confederates, and he tripped his foot, stumbled, and touched it off, and was killed by his own mine."

A gentle smile of contemplative satisfaction irradiated the Confederate's countenance as he narrated this anecdote—of which we afterwards heard divers and contrasting versions. I was walking with a gentleman from Massachusetts, but, as my escort did not appear able to feed my feminine curiosity with all the details I desired, I drew the better-informed Confederate authority to join us; and we rambled on in an exemplarily harmonious trio.

Our Southerner was brimming over with reminiscences, all uttered in dulcet and lamb-like tones which would well have befitted an idyllic love-story.

"With a seven-inch bore, like this," he observed, resting his boot-heel tenderly on a big gun that lay half buried in the sand, "we sunk the first monitor that came along. Hit the turret and made her careen, and then the lower battery took her right between wind and water."

He smiled softly, as if cherishing sweet and tender memories.

"I put a little Confederate flag on the buoy out there," he continued, pointing to a spot on the sunny water, "and it stayed there all the time."

"Didn't we come after it?" inquired the tourist from Massachusetts.

"Oh, yes; the Federals, they came after it several times;

but they didn't happen to get it," the mild Carolinian replied in his soft lingering drawl.

I do not know how much or how little correct history was current amongst us that day; but there certainly was a good deal of information to be had for the asking.

"Getting ready for our cousins!" observed a New York girl, patting a fine new gun approvingly.

"What cousins?" I inquired.

"Our English cousins," was the reply. "They might take a fancy to come over here!"

"I don't think we want to come over, except as tourists, as we have come to day," I observed, mildly deprecating.

"I guess you and the Southerners have had enough of that," replied the young lady contentedly.

Our bronzed Southerner was picking up a sea-shell from the sand as a souvenir for me, and, probably by way of a coal of fire, he picked up a finer shell for her, and polished it with his pocket handkerchief.

In every group some chapter of the story of the siege was being told—I fear occasionally coloured according to the bias of the narrator. The names of Beauregard, Sherman, Lee, Anderson, were echoing on every side. Indeed it was not 1883, it was 1861, in which we all lived that hour!

Time was up; the whistle sounded. We left the sandy isle of Fort Sumter—deserted now, save for a little garrison to be counted on the fingers of one hand—and returned to our boat, and to the present year of our Lord, 1883.

OLD STONE TOWER, NEWPORT

BENSON J. LOSSING

THE object of greatest attraction to the visitor at Newport is the Old Tower or windmill, as it is sometimes called. On the subject of its erection history and tradition are silent, and the object of its construction is alike unknown and conjectural. It is a huge cylinder composed of unhewn stones—common granite, slate, sandstone, and pudding-stone—cemented with coarse mortar, made of the soil on which the structure stands, and shell lime. It rests upon eight round columns, a little more than three feet in diameter and ten feet high from the ground to the spring of the arches. The wall is three feet thick, and the whole edifice is twenty four feet high. The external diameter is twenty-three feet. Governor Gibbs informed me that, on excavating the base of one of the pillars, he found the soil about four feet deep, lying upon a stratum of hard rock, and that the foundation of the column, which rested upon this rock, was composed of rough-hewn spheres of stone, the lower ones about four feet in circumference. On the interior, a little above the arches, are small square niches, in depth about half the thickness of the wall, designed apparently to receive floor-timbers. In several places within, as well as upon the inner surface of some of the columns, are patches of stucco, which, like the mortar, is made of coarse sand and shell lime, and as hard as the stone it cov-

OLD STONE TOWER, NEWPORT

ers. Governor Gibbs remembers the appearance of the tower when it was partially covered with the same hard stucco upon its exterior surface. Doubtless it was originally covered within and without with plaster, and the now rough columns, with mere indications of capitals and bases of the Doric form, were handsomely wrought, the whole structure exhibiting taste and beauty. During the possession of Rhode Island by the British in the Revolution, the tower was more perfect than now, and the walls were three or four feet higher than at present. The British used it for an ammunition magazine, and when they evacuated the island, they attempted to demolish the old "mill," by igniting a keg of powder within it. But the strong walls resisted the vandals, and the only damage the edifice sustained was the loss of its roof and two or three feet of its upper masonry. Such is the Old Tower at Newport. Its early history is yet unwritten and may forever remain so.

There has been much patient investigation, with a great deal of speculation, concerning this ancient edifice, but no satisfactory conclusion has yet been obtained. Of its existence prior to the English emigration to America there is now but little doubt; and it is asserted that the Indians, of whom Mr. Coddington and other early settlers upon Aquitneck (now Rhode Island) solicited information concerning the structure, had no tradition respecting its origin. Because it was called a "mill" in some old documents, some have argued, or rather, have flippantly asserted, that it was built by the early English settlers for a windmill.

Thus Mr. Cooper disposes of the matter in his preface to *Red Rover*. A little patient inquiry would have given him a different conclusion; and if the structure is really ante-colonial, and perhaps ante-Columbian, its history surely is worthy of investigation. That it was converted into and used for a windmill by some of the early settlers of Newport, there is no doubt, for it was easily convertible to such use, although not by a favourable arrangement. The English settlement upon the island was commenced in 1636, at the north end, and in 1639 the first house was erected on the site of Newport, by Nicholas Easton. Mention is made in the Colonial records of a windmill by Peter Easton, in 1663, twenty-five years after the founding of Newport; and this was evidently the first mill erected there, from the fact that it was considered of sufficient importance to the Colony to induce the General Court to reward Mr. Easton for his enterprise, by a grant of a tract of fine land, a mile in length, lying along what is still known as *Easton's Beach*. That mill was a wooden structure, and stood upon the land now occupied by the North Burying-ground in the upper suburbs of Newport. The land on which the tower stands once belonged to Governor Benedict Arnold, and in his will, bearing the date of 1678, forty years after the settlement, he mentions the "stone-mill," the tower having evidently been used for that purpose. Its form, its great solidity, and its construction upon columns, forbid the idea that it was originally erected for a mill; and certainly, if a common windmill made of timber was so highly esteemed by the people, as we have seen, the con-

struction of such an edifice, so superior to any dwelling or church in the colony, would have received special attention from the magistrates and the historians of the day. And wherefore, for such a purpose, were the foundation-stones wrought into spheres and the whole structure stuccoed within and without?

When, in 1837, the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen published the result of their ten years' investigations concerning the discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century, in a volume entitled *Antiquitates-Americana*, the old mill at Newport, the rock inscription at Dighton, in Massachusetts, and the discovery of skeletons evidently of a race different from the Indians, elicited the earnest attention of inquirers, as subjects in some way connected with those early discoveries. Dr. Webb, who was then a resident of Providence, and secretary to the Rhode Island Historical Society, opened a correspondence with Charles C. Rafn, the Secretary to the Royal Society of Copenhagen, Dr. Webb employed Mr. Catherwood to make drawings of the mill, and these, with a particular account of the structure, he transmitted to Professor Rafn. Here was opened for the society a new field of inquiry, the products of which were published, with engravings from Mr. Catherwood's drawings. According to Professor Rafn, the architecture of this building is in the ante-Gothic style, which was common in the north and west of Europe from the Eighth to the Twelfth Centuries. "The circular form, the low columns, their thickness in proportion to their distance from each other, and the entire

want of ornament," he says, "all point out this epoch." He imagines that it was used for a baptistery, and accounts for the absence of buildings of a similar character by the abundance of wood in America. The brevity of the sojourn of the Northmen here was doubtless another, and perhaps principal reason, why similar structures were not erected. The fact that the navigators of Sweden, Norway and Iceland visited and explored the American coast, as far as the shores of Connecticut, and probably more southerly, during the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries (five hundred years before the voyages of Columbus), appears to be too well attested to need further notice here. For the proofs the reader is referred to the interesting work alluded to *Antiquitates-Americana*.

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK

CHARLES HEMSTREET[1]

IN the chapel of St. Paul's, and in the graveyard that surrounds it, there are sights enough to keep a thoughtful person busy during more than one long day. To see the people hurrying along Broadway, without even a glance at the dim, old building, you would never think so. Close by the chapel door, which faces the churchyard, there is a bench which I occupy so often that I have come to feel that it is my personal property. It rests close by the ivy-covered wall, and, although it is but a dozen steps from the street, the intervening churchyard gives it relief and quiet so that all sight and sound of the bustling city seem shut off.

Sometimes there are visitors, doubtless attracted by my at-home appearance as I sit there, who ask me questions about the church and the churchyard. I always like to be asked these questions, and answer them as best I can. If the questioners are interested, I deliver a sort of lecture, telling how very small the city was in the year 1764, when the cornerstone of the church was laid, and how the building was opened in the second year after that. Then I wander on and tell how there were fields all around in those days, and how they sloped from the church door right down to the river. Sometimes, when there is a word of surprise at the

[1] From *When Old New York Was Young* (New York, 1902). By permission of the author.

many houses that now stand between the church and the river, I explain that a great deal of the land has been filled in during the one hundred and thirty odd years that have passed and that it has become too valuable to be left as a green field.

My last inquirer was an old gentleman, who was so much more in earnest than the usual curiosity seeker, that I asked him if he had lived long in the city.

"I am only here for a time, from the West," said he. "This is my first visit to St. Paul's although I love every stone in the old building. My father, when he was a child, lived near here, and, although he left the city with his parents in his youth, he often talked to me of this church, and how he had played among the tombstones when he was a boy. But the church seems smaller than I have imagined it."

And then I told him that to me, too, the church seemed to grow smaller each year, but this was, doubtless, caused by the tall buildings growing up around it; and that the church had, in the time when his father knew it, been considered a giant of a building.

The old man nodded his head. "Yes, yes; doubtless so," said he. Then, on my invitation, he gladly followed me into the chapel, and I led the way to the pew, off the north aisle, where George Washington used to sit when he attended service, and which has been preserved as he used it.

"So this is the Washington pew!" said my companion, as he tenderly tapped the woodwork against which he leaned,

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK

and looked admiringly at the coat-of-arms of New York on the wall above.

"Yes, and you will remember that in 1776, when the invading British force came, the city was fired, Trinity Church was burned, with all its records, and the flames swept away a great part of the western side of the city. St. Paul's Chapel was saved, and here, during the British occupation, Lord Howe, the English commander, and many soldiers of the King attended service. And when the British left New York, and the American forces came, Washington and his army took their places in the church. And to this church, on the day that he was inaugurated as first President of the United States, came Washington, and sat in this pew in which we now sit. Those who visited the church in Washington's time have left the record that he was Commander-in-Chief, and in the days when he was President, he always attended the church without the slightest display, that he walked in very quietly, and that when he was in his seat he paid not the slightest attention to anything except his prayer-book and the clergyman. During all the time that he was in the city, he regularly, each week made the entry for Sunday in his diary: 'Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon.'

"And there you see the sounding-board on the pulpit, with the coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales on the top. During Revolutionary days, patriots rushed through the city and destroyed everything that suggested allegiance to England. In some way, this sounding-board escaped destruction, so that now it is the only pre-Revolu-

tionary relic remaining in the place where it originally stood.

"There, beside the west wall, is a bust of John Wells, erected by the members of the City Bar. He was a talented lawyer, who died in 1823. Wells was the sole survivor of a large family, all the members of which, except himself, were killed by Indians at the Cherry Valley Massacre. That he lived was due to his being at the time away from home attending school. He came to the city, practised law successfully for many years, and died regretted by the entire fraternity."

These things and others in the chapel I pointed out to my companion, and then he followed me out into the churchyard again. We noted the spot, close by Vesey Street, where lay the remains of George Eacker, who killed the son of Alexander Hamilton in a duel, a few years before the great statesman was himself killed in the self-same way. There was another grave, almost in the centre of the yard, of a man who, in his day, had made a name for himself, which is almost forgotten now. It was the grave of Christopher Colles. He first conceived the idea of the Erie Canal, and delivered lectures on the subject, long years before DeWitt Clinton carried the project to a successful conclusion. It was this same Christopher Colles who built a reservoir by the Collect Pond, giving New York her first water-works, and applying steam practically to his pumping-station ten years before Fulton applied it to navigation. Colles died in 1821, a poor man.

The tall monument to the south of the church, erected

to the memory of Thomas Addis Emmett, the jurist and brother of Robert Emmett, interested my companion more than anything else. He took a deep interest in deciphering the inscription on the west side—a curious inscription for a tombstone, for it reads,

40 42′ 40″ N.,
74 03′ 21″ 5 W. L. G.,

and tells the exact latitude and longitude in which the monument is.

When we came to the monument set in the chancel window facing the street, my companion looked at me inquiringly. It was just after the celebration of Decoration Day, and a wreath of fresh flowers, bound with a trailing ribbon of imperial purple, quite hid the inscription on this tomb. Then we talked over the story of the brave hero of Quebec—Major-General Richard Montgomery—whose body lies beneath the chancel; spoke of how he had fallen in that fateful battle of 1775 calling on the men of New York to follow where he led; how the men had followed him, and how many of them had fallen with their general; of the day forty-three years later, when the nation for which he had died, remembering his brave deeds, had brought his body home to the city from its first resting place in Quebec; how on that day the city had been draped in mourning; how the streets had resounded to the tread of marching feet, and how the body had been interred beneath the chancel, where a monument was already set up to a great and good man, and a reminder to all that the deeds of men live after them.

And then we reached the gate which opens into the churchyard from Broadway. For a few moments we stood silently looking at the crowds that hurried past. I do not know what were my companion's thoughts just then, but my own were of those other men who a hundred years before had hurried along the same thoroughfare, and of whom the only reminders now are the tombstones in the churchyard. My companion then left me, mingled with the crowds and was soon lost to sight.

I meant to have told him that to know all the picturesqueness of Old St. Paul's, it should be visited on a night in early winter; one of those dreary nights when the rain falls blurring the glare of lights until those from each separate store-window seem to melt together. Then all the noise and bustle settle down into a sullen roar. Wet and dripping horses flounder past; cable cars glide along with clanging sound of bell; people knock umbrellas together as they hurry on. The rain, the noise, the confusion, the lights bewilder the brain. As one passes the Astor House, where the confusion is greatest, the lights most dazzling, the crowds largest and most in a hurry, you suddenly come upon the churchyard. It is merely to cross narrow Vesey Street,—but it is like stepping from day to night. The sight of the dark old church and the quiet tombs behind the tall iron fence breathe of silence and comfort. In the daytime the tombstones are brown and faded, but on these rainy nights the lights creeping in through the bars make them white as snow.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

A quaint, curious corner, side by side with the roar and rush of the city. The rusty iron railing is a barrier seeming to shut out noise and life, as though to protect the sleepers in their well-earned rest.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

EDWARD G. PORTER[1]

IN 1740 Peter Faneuil, a Huguenot resident of Boston, who had recently inherited a large fortune from his uncle, offered to build a market-house at his own expense and give it to the town, provided they would pass a vote agreeing to accept and maintain it under proper regulations. Accordingly a town-meeting was called to consider the matter, and the thanks of the meeting were unanimously extended to Mr. Faneuil, for his generous offer. But upon the question of accepting it, there was such a division of opinion, that the vote stood 367 in favour and 360 against it. Thus narrowly, by only seven votes in a large meeting, did the project succeed, so slow were the people to see the advantages of the new system.

We can hardly conceive of Boston now without its Faneuil Hall; but the crowds who daily gather about it little imagine how much they are indebted to the energy of its earliest friends in that critical moment when its very existence was hanging in the balance.

The structure was completed in 1742, John Swibert, the portrait painter, being the architect, and Samuel Ruggles the builder. Mr. Faneuil enlarged the original plan and

[1] From *Rambles in Old Boston* (Boston, 1887). By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Cupples, Upham and Co.

added a hall above the market,—and additional proof of his munificence which was gratefully recognized by the town in its public acceptance of the gift, on which occasion the name "Faneuil Hall" was given to it to be retained forever; and "as a further testimony of respect, it was voted that Mr. Faneuil's picture be drawn at full length and placed in the hall." The town also added the Faneuil arms, beautifully carved and gilt by Moses Deshon.

The building was constructed of brick, two stories and a half high, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide, with open arches below and a tower above, and was in many respects the most important edifice in the town. Its architecture was considered imposing and ornate. The spacious hall would contain a thousand persons, and there were various rooms besides. The town-meetings were held here after this, and the selectmen's offices were removed from the old Town-House in King, now State Street, which was left chiefly to the Legislature and the courts.

Most unexpectedly, a few months after the building was completed, its founder died; and the first oration pronounced in the hall, was his own eulogy by John Lovell, the well-known master of the Latin School.

In January, 1761, the interior of the building caught fire, and nothing but the bare walls remained. The records, fortunately, and some other documents were saved. The hall was rebuilt on the old plan, and opened again in March, 1763, when James Otis, Jr., delivered the

dedicatory address. The cause of the patriots was now making such progress in Boston that large meetings were held in Faneuil Hall to give expression to the popular feeling; and hence arose the name "Cradle of Liberty," which it has borne ever since, and which it so well deserves.

In March, 1767, the hall was illuminated by vote of the town, to commemorate the repeal of the Stamp Act. The following year, a convention of representatives from nearly all the towns in the Province was in session here for a week in September, to consider what measures could be taken in view of the expected arrival of a large force of British troops. Governor Bernard refused to recognize the convention, although its proceedings were throughout orderly and constitutional. The fleet arrived immediately after; and the Fourteenth Regiment, Colonel Dalrymple, was quartered in Faneuil Hall for a month, by order of the Governor, though not without a vigorous protest from the people.

During the stormy period preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, many notable town-meetings were convened here, as on the occasion of the Boston Massacre and on the arrival of the "detestable tea." But the hall at that time could not hold as many people as the Old South, and this explains why some of the large meetings adjourned to the latter place.

During the siege of Boston the building was at first used as a storehouse for arms and furniture, and then converted into a theatre for the diversion of the troops. Among the performances, the tragedy of *Zara* and the comedy of *The*

Busybody were frequently given; and, once, at least, a local farce written by General Burgoyne, and entitled *The Blockade of Boston*. This would be an interesting relic of the period if it could be found, but it does not appear ever to have been printed. After the evacuation of Boston, the portraits of Peter Faneuil, George II., Governor Shirley, General Conway, and Colonel Barré, which had hung in Faneuil Hall, were missing, nor has any trace of them ever been discovered.

In the year 1806, with the new era of prosperity, the hall was very much enlarged by doubling the width and adding a third story. This, of course, has greatly changed the appearance of the structure, although its original style has been fairly well preserved.

The interior, with its lofty galleries and classic columns, has become well known to thousands. Here the great questions of the century, touching the commercial, political and philanthropic interests of Boston, have been eloquently discussed by the foremost orators of the time. Many a Bostonian can recall the occasions when he has stood on the sanded floor for hours with a patient and patriotic crowd, applauding the sentiments of one speaker after another as they came forward upon the platform and emphasized the issues of the hour. Here great public receptions have been given to distinguished guests, together with many civic and military banquets. Here, formerly, were held the industrial exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. It is emphatically the people's hall, and will always remain so; for, by a provision in the

city charter, neither Faneuil Hall, nor Boston Common, can ever be sold or let for money.

The collection of portraits attracts many visitors. On the west wall is Healy's large painting of Webster replying to Hayne in the Senate, and near it are Stuart's Washington and Copley's Hancock, Warren and Samuel Adams. There are also portraits of Peter Faneuil, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Governor Andrew, Senator Wilson, Robert Treat Paine, Caleb Strong, Commodore Preble, General Knox, Rufus Choate, President Lincoln, Anson Burlingame, Admiral Winslow and Wendell Phillips. Back of the rostrum are busts of John Adams, Samuel Adams and Daniel Webster. The clock was presented to the city by the school children of Boston in 1850.

The upper hall has been chiefly used as an armory by various military corps, especially of late by the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the country. The Massachusetts Historical Society held some of its early meetings in the northwest corner of the upper story in the old building from 1792 to 1794.

The grasshopper vane is an interesting survivor of the former structure. It was made by Shem Drowne, the well-known copper-smith of the last century, who also made and repaired the cockerel vane for the Second Church. The famous Indian vane on the Province House was also his handiwork. He died in 1774, at the age of ninety years.

The insect is remarkably well preserved, and shows the fidelity with which it was made; all the details being carefully worked out in copper, as if they were to be closely in-

spected. The eyes are of glass and shine in the sunlight with great brilliancy. The grasshopper is supposed to have been suggested by the vane on the Royal Exchange of London. It was also the device for the vane on the summer house of the Faneuil estate on Tremont Street.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

ESTHER SINGLETON

ON Bedloe's Island, a mile and a half below the Battery, on the site formerly occupied by Fort Wood, the most famous statue in America greets and welcomes every ship that enters the beautiful harbour of New York.

Just as soon as you leave the lower New York Bay and note the Brooklyn Bridge—which at this distance and in the twilight appears like a filmy cobweb, so airily suspended above the East River that it seems as if the lightest breeze might blow it away—the eye is fascinated by the sparkling, bluish light from Liberty's uplifted torch. Ever larger and brighter it grows, as your boat speeds through the dying tints of sunset, more brilliant than the silver stars in the sky, the red and green lights of the river craft, and the golden beads that now begin to outline the fairy bridge.

On entering the Harbour in the daytime, the tall, graceful figure silhouetted against the sky soon attracts your attention; and if you are approaching New York from the south, long before you reach the city, long before the sharp, salt, invigourating air from the sea—sweet to smell and sweet to taste—strikes nostril and lip, across the flat meadows of Jersey, you see the great effulgent Star of Liberty shining like Rigel, Sirius, or Arcturus.

The island on which the colossal statue stands was called Minnisais in the Indian language, meaning "small island." In Colonial days it was the summer home of Captain Ken-

STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK

nedy, of the Royal Navy, afterwards the Earl or Cassilis. In 1753, it is described in an advertisement as follows: "To be Let. Bedloe's Island, alias Love Island, together with the dwelling-house and lighthouse being finely situated for a tavern, where all kinds of garden stuff, poultry, etc., may be easily raised for the shipping outward bound, and from where any quantity of pickled oysters may be transported; it abounds with English rabbits."

In 1758, Bedloe's Island became a quarantine station, and during the War of the Revolution, it was chosen as an asylum for Tory refugees; but the buildings prepared for their reception were burned on the night of April 2, 1776.

A strong star fort was erected here in 1814 when the defences of New York were strengthened; and it is on the site of Fort Wood that the great pedestal rests.

The idea of this colossal statue originated with the French Sculptor, Bartholdi, in 1871, while on a visit to New York, and it was first discussed in the house of M. Laboulaye at Glavigny, near Versailles. In 1875, M. Bartholdi submitted his design to the *Union Franco-Americaine*, which had been formed in France for the purpose of presenting the people of the United States with a gift in honour of the country's celebration of its hundred years of independence. When the design was accepted, the French society poetically expressed its intention as follows:

"We desire to erect in the unequalled harbour of New York a gigantic statue on the threshold of the New World, to rise from the bosom of the waves and represent Liberty enlightening the World."

The French people subscribed enough to pay for the cost of the work—more than $250,000, and the wrist and hand with the torch were sent to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 held at Philadelphia. In 1877, the citizens of New York held a meeting and appointed a committee to raise the necessary funds and procure the necessary legislation for the erection of this gift to the nation. Congress authorized its acceptance and passed a resolution to provide for its erection on Bedloe's Island and also for its care. The public subscriptions were devoted to the foundation and the pedestal. In 1884, the statue was finished and presented to the United States Minister in Paris and in the following year it was taken to pieces and shipped in the French man-of war, *Isère*. The statue arrived in New York Harbour on June 17, 1885, and two days later it was taken to Bedloe's Island. It was dedicated on October 28, 1886, with much ceremony. The day was unfortunately misty and foggy. President Cleveland was present and many distinguished French guests, among whom was M. de Lesseps. The ceremony is thus described:

"After a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, the Comte de Lesseps was introduced and made a brief speech on the part of France, and then Senator William M. Evarts in an extended address, delivered the statue to the people of the United States through the President. M. Bartholdi himself with trembling hand pulled the covering from the face of the great statue, and when the roar of the answering cannons had in a measure subsided, President Cleveland, in a few words, accepted the gift. M. W. A. Lefaivre as the

accredited representative of the French nation, made a short address, and the ceremonies were brought to an end by an eloquent oration from Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."

The ideal significance of the statue was thus happily expressed: "We dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world; the spirit of Liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood, it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations."

Figures are rarely interesting; but as Liberty Enlightening the World is the highest statue in the world, its dimensions are worth noting. The figure itself is 111 feet high, and to the extremity of the torch 151–41 feet. The head is 13½ feet high, the thumb is 12 feet in circumference, and the forefinger is 7 feet 11 inches long. The extremity of the torch is 305 feet 11 inches above mean tide. The statue may be ascended by means of stairways within; a stairway leads into the head, which can accommodate forty persons at a time, and a stairway also leads into the extended arm. The pedestal also contains stairways and balconies near the top.

The foundation for the pedestal, which is 89 feet high and built of cut stone, was made within the walls of the old fort. The dimensions of the pedestal are 63 feet square at the base and 43½ at the top. The torch and diadem are lighted by electricity. The statue is composed of 300 bronze plates and weighs 220 tons. General Charles P. Stone was the engineer of the pedestal and Mr. Richard M. Hunt, its architect.

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